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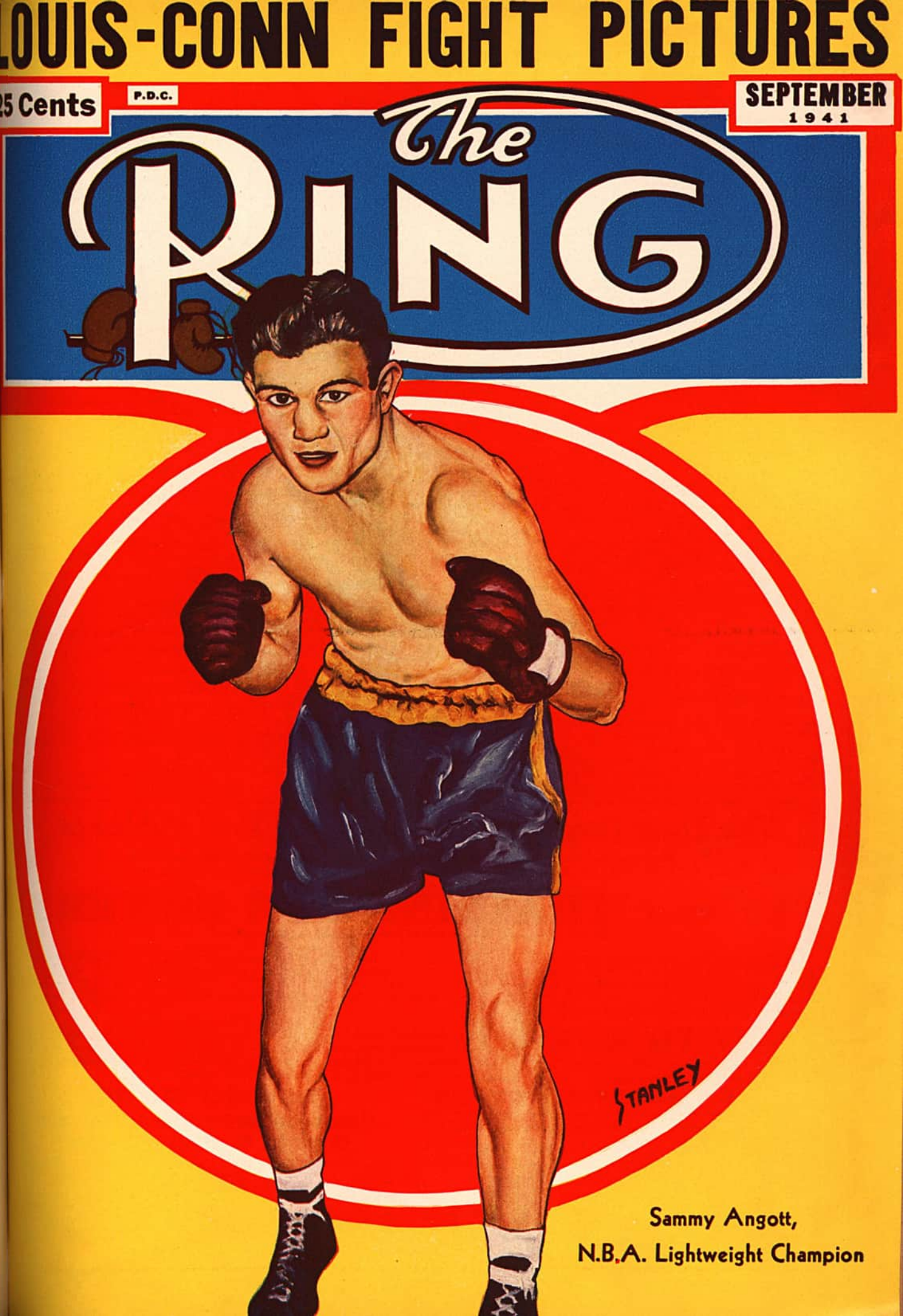

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Vol. XX SEPTEMBER, 1941 No. 8

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Cable Address—"NATRING"—New York

CONTENTS

LOUIS IN ARMY? NO, HE'S IN 3 A	Daniel M. Daniel	3
CONN'S BIG GAMBLE	Hype Igoe	5
HOW CONN'S CLEVERNESS BALKED JOE LOUIS (Page of Photos)		7
WHIRLWIND ATTACKS (Page of Photos)		8
THE START AND THE FINISH (Page of Photos)		9
CONN GREATER IN DEFEAT THAN LOUIS IN VICTORY	George Tickell	10
MAGIC EYE SEES KNOCKOUT (Page of Photos)		12
CURRENT FIGHT SCENES (Page of Photos)		13
I REMEMBER WHEN—	The Veteran	14
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS (Editorial Comment)		16
TOMMY RYAN, IN A CLASS BY HIMSELF	Patsy Haley	19
BANTAMS IN FAVOR	Ted Carroll	20
TOUGH TEST FOR LOUIS	Nat Fleischer	22
NEW FACES	Harvey Thorne	24
MAKING THE GRADE	Fred Eisenstadt	26
LETTERS FROM OUR READERS		28
IN THE FISTIC SPOTLIGHT (Page of Photos)		31
"THE RING" BOXING RECORDS	"Stanley"	32
SHADOWS OF THE PAST	"The Sportsman"	34
IN OUR QUESTION BOX	Nat Fleischer	35
WRESTLERS IN THE SPOTLIGHT	Al Mayer	36
WRESTLING IN CALIFORNIA	Bernice Sandboe	38
WRESTLING NEWS	Eddie Merrill	39

IN RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Meyer Ackerman and "The Ring" Editor	42
BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK	Meyer Ackerman	48
IN SYRACUSE, PHILLY, SOUTH JERSEY AND DELAWARE		49
IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA	Harry E. Winkler	50
IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO	Sheridan Brown	51
ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS, NEVADA AND MONTANA GOSSIP		52
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN, CANADIAN TOPICS AND CLEVELAND CHATTER		53
UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES AND IN SOUTHERN CAMPS	Tom Ephrem	54
BOXING IN PANAMA CAMPS AND CONNECTICUT NEWS		55
COVERING NEW ENGLAND, RHODE ISLAND NEWS AND HOLYOKE NEWS		57
ARKANSAS AND NEARBY FLASHES, MINNESOTA AND IOWA		58
NEWS FROM TEXAS RINGS, MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON		59
BOXING IN CUBA, WITH THE VIRGINIA PUGILISTS AND NEW ZEALAND NEWS		60
KENTUCKY AND SOUTHERN OHIO JABS, MISSOURI NEWS		61
IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER, WISCONSIN NEWS, SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH		62
IN THE COAL FIELDS, HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN, AND BUFFALO, N. Y., NEWS		63
IN CHICAGO	By Gene Engel	64

In Our Next Issue

The coming world heavyweight championship between Lou Nova and Joe Louis holds public attention. The pros and cons of Nova's chances are being discussed wherever the fight fans congregate.

The Californian's chances are better than were those of any fighter who has met the Brown Bomber to date. Will boxing history be repeated and another fighter from the Golden State be added to the list of those who have held a world heavyweight crown? Will Nova take his place with Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries and Max Baer or will he be just another challenger who fell by the wayside when he had almost reached the goal of his ambition?

Read "Up the Ladder and Down the Ladder with Lou Nova," and get an eyeful and earful on the man who is to face the Brown Bomber.

Canada is again taking its place in the pugilistic spotlight, thanks to the efforts of Jimmy McKimmie and Raoul Godbout of Montreal. It is McKimmie's intention to stage a series of Canadian championship bouts in all divisions and his first was that between Dave Castilloux and Maxie Berger for the welterweight title and THE RING Belt, which was refereed by THE RING Editor. Read what Nat Fleischer has to say about this and Canadian boxing in general.

In addition, action scenes of the month's best battles and special articles by THE RING's experts, Daniel M. Daniel, Hype Igoe, Harvey Thorne, Eddie Merrill and others.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass.
Subscription Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden 307 W. 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3845
Send subscriptions to The Ring, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Sole British Distributors of The Ring Magazine, Atlas Pub. and Distributing Co., Ltd., 18. Bride Lane. Fleet Street. London. E. C. 4. England.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
Daniel M. Daniel, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Biker, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States, and in Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25; Canada, $3.50. Other countries, $4.00 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by PHELPS PUBLISHING Co., Springfield, Mass.

LOUIS *in* ARMY? NO, HE'S IN 3A

Champion's Status in Draft Finally Determined—and It Excites a Couple of Parables

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

JOE LOUIS continues to be very much in the news. He got a great, big spotlight when he turned on Billy Conn and let him have it. He got another headline when it became known that all that talk of his going into the army was plain bunk. Then Mrs. Louis gave the heavyweight champion of the world some unrefined publicity with the announcement she was getting a divorce and that Joe was an extremely wealthy man.

Hardly had the ink on that story dried than Mrs. Joe announced she was sorry, and that it looked like sweet reconciliation. Then the title holder got himself still another headline with an interview in which he admitted he no longer was the Louis of the Joe heyday, and if he did not dispose of Lou Nova with exemplary despatch in September, he would retire.

About Joe's marital affairs, we are not the least bit concerned. His family affairs should be his own. Joe is well liked by the public. He has carried on his career in a manner that has gained for him the respect of fight fans, regardless of race or color. He is idolized by his people, as he should be and is likewise placed on a high pedestal by those of other races who like a clean-cut, honest ring performer. But there are other points that do concern the public.

Not so long ago President Franklin D. Roosevelt made a proclamation of complete national emergency. Everything in our national social and industrial life must be examined these days in the light of the President's proclamation.

Also, this is a grand time for frank statement, and the utter discouragement of what is known as the grand old hooey, or the bull-con.

* * *

IT has been established that Joe Louis registered for the draft in Chicago. That the Chicago board rated him 3 A on the grounds of dependencies.

It has been established that Louis stated he was married; he had a dependent mother; he was sending money to poor relations in Alabama; that he had a dependent wife and a sister who was attending college.

While Joe was fighting everybody who came down the pike, while he was meeting the Simons and the rest of the run-of-the-mine heavies, it was stated that the champion was busy making hay before he enlisted into the army.

THE RING, along with others, fell for this. In fact, we spent some time telling the army officers that when they got Joe, it would be a pity to make a private out of him. We advised them to let Louis tour the camps.

Some of the experts expressed the belief that because Joe rode hosses on his dude ranch, he would go great in the cavalry.

While we were telling the army to let him tour; while the cavalry-minded experts were plugging their branch, Joe Louis was 3 A in the draft and few knew about it.

Now, this matter of the draft is for a man to settle for himself. Joe Louis is married. His wife did say she wanted a divorce, and Joe says he is going to let her have one. This, we presume, would change Louis' deferment status. We don't know how those things are considered by draft boards.

* * *

ONE thing we do know. Joe Louis pulled a boner when he said that if he did not polish off Nova in jig time, he would retire. Now, a man retires for these reasons:

1. He has passed the age for complete usefulness and wants to take it easy.

2. He still is young enough for complete usefulness, but is physically unable.

3. He has accumulated enough money to stop doing the chores with which he made that money, and is financially independent.

Louis would not retire for Reason 1. He would not quit for Reason 2. That leaves us with Reason 3.

Now, if a man is independent financially—if he has enough cash laid by to quit, if he has enough bonds put away to insure against age—then he is free to do the things which a government would expect a young man to do if he is not bothered by problems connected with money.

Once again, we say the followers of boxing are quite willing to admit that the matter of the draft is one for a man to decide in communion with his own soul. He sits down in a room and thinks things over. He thinks about the past, about the things he had to do before the public made it possible for him to earn more than a million dollars. He thinks of his problems in relation to the public, in relation to the future.

* * *

IF Joe Louis went into the army, and we went into the war, Joe Louis would not be likely to win the war for us single handed. Whether Joe Louis goes into the army or remains in Class 3 A has no vital bearing on our national defense except in one detail. What the champions do sets an example. Millions of our people live by example.

Baseball is proud of the fact that Hank Greenberg and Hugh Mulcahy are in the army. Golf is proud that Dick Chapman, a national champion, is in the service. College football, tennis, track and field, swimming—yes, boxing, too—have sent their heroes into national defense.

Boxing is proud of Gene Tunney, who is a lieutenant commander in the navy and in charge of all athletics in that branch of the service. It is proud of Steve Belloise, Tommy Tucker, George Abrams, Cal Cagni, Frank Poreda, Patsy Pirrone, Al Nettlow, Petey Sarron and many other lesser lights in boxing.

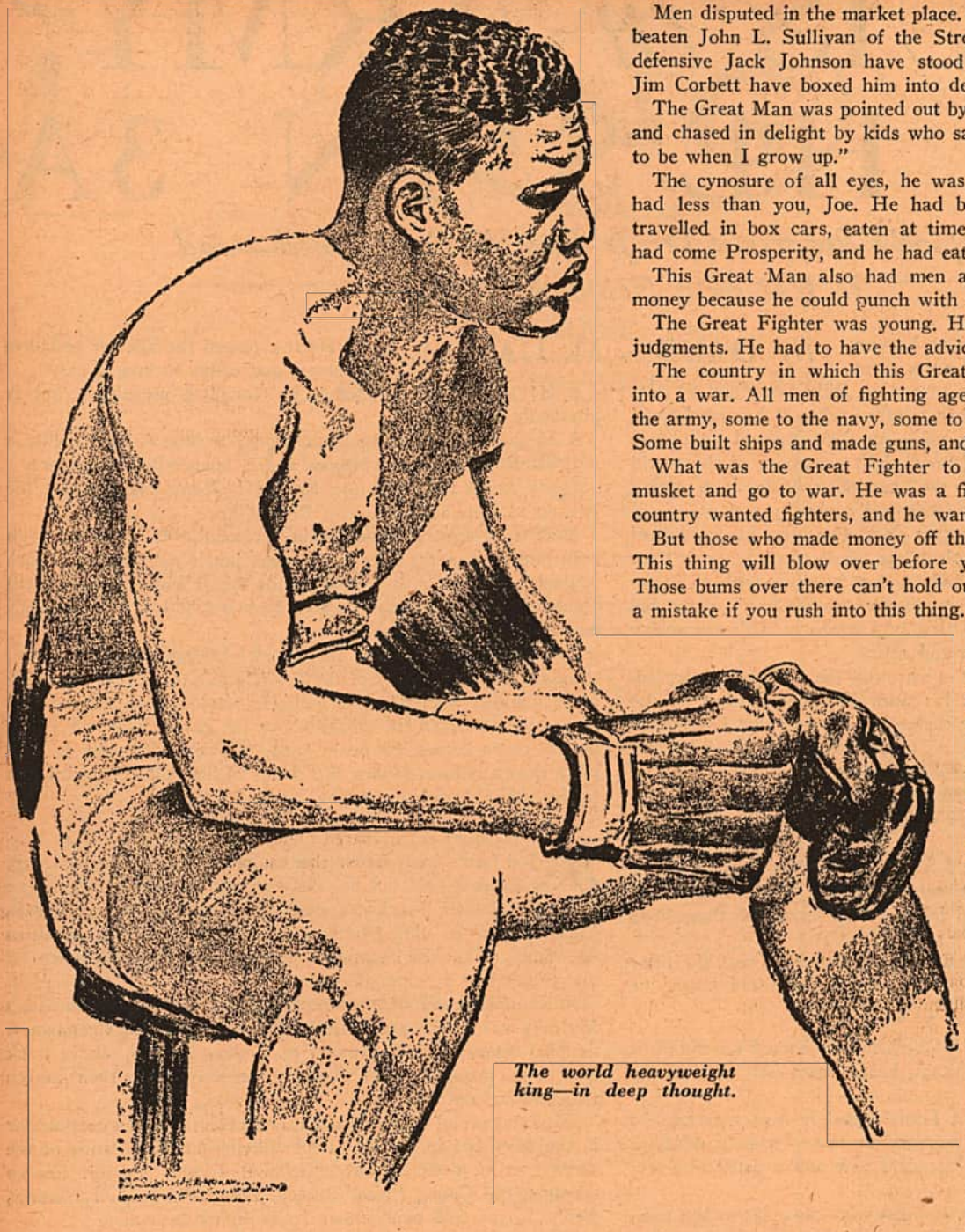
But it does not seem likely that Joe Louis, the heavyweight champion of the world, one of the greatest fighters of all time, will relinquish his 3 A rating unless his draft board in Chicago changes his classification.

Do we propose that he go into the service? That, we say again, is something for a man to settle for himself. The law is there, and under the law, Joe Louis is 3 A—a classification given him by his draft board because he said he has dependents.

Who can arrogate unto himself the misplaced privilege of telling another man who is living lawfully what to do?

Who is there to step out and say, "Joe, you have plenty of dough. True, you are married. True, you have a mother to support. True, you send money to relations in the South, and you send a sister to college. But, Joe, millions of kids pattern their lives after those of their athletic heroes. What do you propose to do in this matter of pattern-building?"

THE RING Magazine is not, in this article, giving impetus to a campaign to force Joe Louis into the army. But it does offer the suggestion that Joe sit down in a closed room and figure this thing out for himself, all over again, without the advice of anybody who might profit financially from his continu-



The world heavyweight king—in deep thought.

ance as a money-maker—those who might lose their financial gains if Joe gets into the service.

THE RING Magazine does not say, "Joe, you have enough money put away. You can go into the army. If you went, you would come out a bigger Joe Louis than ever Joe Louis was after any fight in his career."

THE RING Magazine does not say, "Joe, the public looks to you to set an example. Your race looks to you to set an example. Wake up and go to camp."

THE RING Magazine does not arrogate unto itself the right to offer to anybody a suggestion which would change his whole life.

Once again, we want to make it emphatic—there is a law, and under this law, Joseph Louis Barrow has been classified as 3 A in the draft. This magazine does not wish to campaign for a change in this classification. But it does like to present a couple of parables.

* * *

ONCE upon a time there was a Mighty Man in the land, and all the men looked up to him and said, "He is indeed one of the chosen, the greatest fighter the game of boxing has seen."

Men disputed in the market place. Could this great fighter have beaten John L. Sullivan of the Strong Boy's prime? Could the defensive Jack Johnson have stood him off? Could the clever Jim Corbett have boxed him into defeat?

The Great Man was pointed out by men and admired by women and chased in delight by kids who said, "This is the Man I want to be when I grow up."

The cynosure of all eyes, he was, a youngster who once had had less than you, Joe. He had bummed around the country, travelled in box cars, eaten at times nothing, often little. Then had come Prosperity, and he had eaten his fill.

This Great Man also had men around him—men who made money because he could punch with vigor and deadly effect.

The Great Fighter was young. He could not rely on his own judgments. He had to have the advice of others.

The country in which this Great Fighter was a citizen got into a war. All men of fighting age were called. Some went to the army, some to the navy, some to the air, some to the marines. Some built ships and made guns, and mixed munitions.

What was the Great Fighter to do? He wanted to grab a musket and go to war. He was a fighter by profession, and his country wanted fighters, and he wanted to grab a rifle.

But those who made money off the Great Fighter said, "Wait. This thing will blow over before you can say Rumpelstiltskin. Those bums over there can't hold out against us. You will make a mistake if you rush into this thing.

"Stall. Get into a factory which makes swivel chairs for admirals in the Navy Department in Washington. Or get a job in a factory which builds desks for the War Department's dollar a year men. Take it easy."

And so it came about that the Greatest Fighter in the History of Fighting landed in a strange activity. He obtained, through his manager, a position as a ship rivetter, and had his picture taken wearing patent leather shoes, much against his will. Ship rivetters of those days did not, as a rule, wear patent leather shoes. But this was regarded as a foible in earnest endeavor, and another evidence of amazing sacrifice. A man who would rivet ships in patent leather shoes—the man, not the ships, get me—was giving up plenty of patent leather.

The Great Fighter wanted to fight. He moaned for the chance, and in the hours of the night wondered why he had to go to rivets when he yearned for the musket. He even went to the Great Lakes Naval Station to enlist, but was steered away. "You can do more good by staying out and giving exhibitions than by enlisting," they told him.

Time marched on. Those who had advised the Great Fighter to rivet, turned out to have been unwise counsellors.

The Great Fighter discovered he had made the Mistake of his Life by listening to them. He still yearns for the musket he did not get when he was steered to the rivets and the patent leather shoes. The very populace which had admired him to distraction now turned against him. He was shouted down when he appeared in public. He was called harsh names. He cried in his distraction and his lonesomeness. They haled him to a place of public accusation and public defense, and he told of the yearnings of his heart, and the hours of his walk down the path which others showed him as the one to follow, but which in the end proved to be a detour to trouble.

(Continued on page 41)

CONN'S BIG GAMBLE

Eager to Clinch a $40,000 Bet, Billy Tossed Aside Chance to Gain a Fortune for Pin Money and Lost Both—Famed Fistic Expert Analyzes the Much-Discussed Fight With Joe Louis—Predicts a Clever Boxer, Not Hard Hitter, Will Dethrone the Brown Bomber

By HYPE IGOE

DID over-confidence swoop down upon slender Billy Conn like a giant condor and consume him when he had Joe Louis' world's heavyweight title in the palm of his hand? Youth knows no such word as defeat or danger and was this handsome light-heavyweight challenger swept off his feet by his own unthinking impetuosity?

There have been many reasons advanced as to why Conn, no physical match for Joe Louis, elected to walk in and trade wallops with the champion, a thing he had religiously avoided up to the end of the twelfth round of their championship fight at the Polo Grounds on June 18.

Bill Corum, a keen observer and my fellow worker on the New York *Journal-American*, staunch in the belief that Louis is the greatest heavyweight who ever lived, stands by the theory that Conn became a victim of a Louis knockout when an ordinary right hander caught him on the jaw in the midst of a mixup in the thirteenth and that, weakened by Louis' early body attack, Billy didn't have the stamina to stand up under Joe's vicious punches.

For one thing, Louis, having tottered to his corner at the end of the twelfth round, was as desperate as a wounded panther. They told him in his corner that he was doomed to defeat unless he could score a knockout. With that warning ringing in his ears, Louis went out to score that knockout. That was the sort of desperate foeman with whom Conn elected to trade wallops!

Corum advances the thought that, despite Conn's great twelfth round, in which he had Louis rocking and almost going to the floor, Billy was weak and "going" himself because of the early body punishment. Corum points out this fact, as proof that Billy was badly hurt. When the bell ended the twelfth, Conn started to go to the wrong corner. This, Corum tells us, is physical evidence that Conn didn't know where he was at.

With this I can't agree. How often have great fighters done the same thing? The bell finds them in the middle of a furious onslaught. They hear the gong!

They know that the minute's rest will be important. They must take advantage of every single second of it and without looking up, they start for the nearest corner for the precious rest. Should they head for a wrong corner, it doesn't prove that they are groggy, weak or even flabbergasted.

* * *

FROM a personal source I do know why Conn went out to slug with Louis in the thirteenth, thereby tossing off a chance to win the title the easy way—on points!

For several days before the fight, Johnny Ray, Conn's manager, sought someone to cover his $5,000 with $40,000 that Billy would or wouldn't score a knockout. There was a foxy thought behind such a wager. Ray actually was willing to bet that a knockout victory would come to Conn because of his cutting Louis about the eyes so deeply that the bout would be stopped by the referee. That was the only gamble they intended to take. They did not approve of the 174 pound Conn wading in and trying to knock out the 198 pound Louis!

The near collapse of Louis in the twelfth, however, changed the complexion of things. Perhaps Billy actually could score a knockout in the thirteenth, having sent Joe to his corner at the end of the twelfth in such wretched condition.

Ray, still thinking of the danger, and not the winning of that extra $40,000, begged Conn to be careful, that he was winning anyway and not to take any foolish gamble. That didn't suit Conn's nature. He is a fighting Irishman.

"I'll knock him out. He can't hurt me now. Don't worry. I can take care of myself. The title is mine by a knockout. Better to win that way than by points. I'm going out to flatten the great Louis," said Conn.

"All right. Take care of yourself. You are on your own," replied Ray.

Those were the last words from Manager Ray. They may have been the words which helped to undo all the great work which Billy had accomplished. It was like unleashing a greyhound. Billy did take care of himself and Louis too, in the early part of the thirteenth.

* * *

IT was when he moved in close that the Brown Panther clawed him. A little short right to the jaw rocked Conn and he never was able to shake it off or retreat out of the line of fire. One punch followed the other and Conn went down finally, on his side. He got up to his feet, though still bending over with his glove tips touching the floor. Under the rules he still was down and Louis was not entitled to strike again. Just as the referee, Eddie Joseph, roared "ten" into Billy's ears, Conn lifted the tip of his gloves from the canvas and was erect! It was that close.

Eddie, following an old custom, that of giving the man getting up the benefit of the doubt, could have waived being too punctual on that "ten," and permitted the fight to go on! There were two seconds left to go! Had Billy arose at exactly "nine" and held, the bell would have saved him and the minute's rest might have made it possible for him to have continued outpointing the slower big man.

That is one of the disadvantages under which a referee works out in the open. There is no time clock to indicate the passing of time as there is in Madison Square Garden. The referee, therefore, never knows how much time remains to a round and he would be just as apt to wave a man out at "ten" with only one-half second to go, as he would be if there was a full minute left. It might be a good idea to install some sort of an indicator over the ring to guide the referee in his outdoor deliberations. The Western Union Telegraph Company did install such an indicator but it failed to work one night and Mike Jacobs, not caring to invite a controversy, had it banned.

* * *

IN the dressing room afterwards, Conn cried like a baby. He knew that he had permitted the title to slip through his fingers after he had made a show of the champion on cleverness and hitting, too.

"I have only myself to blame," said Conn. "I lost my head and my title, too. I know I can lick him. I didn't do it tonight because I was counted out. After all, you've got to give all credit to Louis who came from behind and nailed me. They pay off on knockouts and he scored the one I, myself, was trying to ring up."

Walking up to this writer as he stepped out of the shower, the great kid came up to me. He took me by the arm and walked me down against a cold wall, away from the other people in the room. Still sobbing deeply, Conn put his arm around my shoulder and said:

"I wanted to win this fight tonight, Mister Igoe, more for

your sake than any other person save my dear sick mother. You have written for over a year that I would defeat Louis because of my speed and boxing ability. You analyzed this fight almost to a blow.

"I was home and then I got cocky and let you down. It is too late now to be anything but sorry. I wasn't going merely to shake your hand through the ropes when I won the title—I was going to drag you up into the ring where everybody could see the man who came so close to seeing me crowned champion.

"Well, I'll be more careful the next time. Whether it is Louis or any other man, I'll win the title and I'll pull you up onto the platform anyway. See if I don't."

Some writers, in order to color the dressing room story a bit, said that I, too, wept with Conn as he held me in the grip of one of his arms. I didn't weep. I think, that in fairness to myself and Joe Louis, too, that I must deny this because there was no such thought of chagrin in my makeup. My business is to try and pick the winner.

* * *

I WROTE that Conn would win if he fought carefully and didn't try to outslug Louis. That was an opinion based on my knowledge of what Conn's speed and boxing ability would mean against a slow but dangerous hitter. It was a professional guess, not a silly prediction, though many critics thought it was.

Here is an example. This message came to me, typed on a postcard, the day after the fray. Evidently it was written on the day of the fight, by a Negro admirer of Louis, put into the mail and did not reach me prior to the title bout. It merely goes to show how stupid some of Louis' friends thought I must be.

Louis himself knew that I was going to predict a scientific victory for Conn. It was the second time I had ever prognosticated against the great Brown Boy. You see, I nearly always respected Joe.

I thought that Max Baer had the punch to beat Louis. I didn't know that Baer, never before accused of being timid, would come to the ring frozen stiff with fear! I honestly thought that the livelier, lighter and cleverer Conn would manage to outpoint Louis before being plugged with a knockout blow. I think the result and the pictures proved that I was right and just missed an astonishing prediction. Of course Billy did get rifled. That was the one thing I had feared and I didn't fail to mention it in all of my pre-battle stories.

That rancor, prejudice or animosity of any kind entered into my prediction is absolutely false. I'm a sportsman. So is Louis and so is Conn.

Louis, a good friend of mine, knows that better than some of his race, now writing me anonymous letters. Here is the postal which arrived, one no doubt written on the day of the fight. It is signed by the initials "E. U." There is no address and we of the press usually consign such notes to the waste paper basket. Anyone who hasn't the gumption to give his full name and address doesn't rate as a fair critic. I simply break a rule and print it to establish the fact that I was "wiser" than the writer of the penny postal card, who wanted to be first among the I-told-you-so's. Here 'tis:

"Dear Mr. Igoe:

"No offense—no hard feelings—but I just can't help to write to you after reading today's edition of the New York *Journal-American*. It really is a pity, Mr. Igoe, the way that you rave about all that Conn is going to do tonight. At one time I thought that you had some boxing sense, and anyone with any sense whatsoever can see the phoney publicity that Conn is getting. Once again I say—no offense—but after tonight I believe that you will be a much wiser man."

* * *

NOT much offense! Because I dared have an honest opinion about Joe Louis' unquestioned "slipping," it was "phoney publicity." Because I thought that a man hardly more than a middleweight, four pounds away from it indeed, had the speed and the boxing ability to fool the great Brown Bomber, I am guilty of lavishing "phoney publicity" about Billy Conn.

If I am so unwise, how come Joe Louis himself, in the dressing room, said right after the fight:

"That boy certainly did give me a lot of trouble before I catch him. He might lick me the next time!"

Joe wasn't kidding when he said that. He never does. He is the fairest and most honest speaking champion I've ever met. He doesn't hold any animosity against me for having picked against him.

He knows that it was a genuine forecast, a true analysis, as I saw it, of how I thought the bout would come out. I missed my guess, yet Louis, himself, was generous enough to admit that Conn bothered him and that if there is a second fight, Conn might defeat him. Those are Joe's words, not mine.

There is much to be said about Louis' present form. I sat with Jack Dempsey in his grill on Broadway the other night. Jack had seen the fight. He didn't mention Conn at all! When I asked him how the fight had impressed him, Dempsey replied:

"What's the matter with Louis? He can't take any kind of a punch any more. What's the matter with the fellow?"

We both agreed that the champion has been fearfully overworked and that it is showing on Joe. He will have quite a rest before he comes up to the title bout with Lou Nova. That rest is going to improve Joe's attack.

He will be hitting more accurately and harder. He will have a stronger, larger and heavier man with whom to deal, in Nova. Lou will be slower than Conn and easier to hit because he can't move like Conn did. It was Billy's shiftiness which carried him safely through twelve rounds and into the thirteenth and it might well have carried him right through to the end, the decision and the title had he not tried to win that $40,000, one third of which was to have been his!

He is a gambler, this Conn. He'll shoot craps, and bet 'em up high in the Pittsburgh card game called "skin." I was in one of the games with Billy and his friends at Pompton Lakes and Billy was betting a hundred here and a hundred there on the next turn of a card! It was this gambling spirit which sent him after the $40,000 bet.

* * *

HE gambled for a mere $40,000, entirely forgetting the million dollar stake he was after! That is the amazing part of his sudden defeat when he had the title in his grasp. Pin money and a fortune and kid-like, he went after the pennies.

Just for the sake of those who have come to judge fights on points around the country and in different parts of the world, I'd like to say that Nat Fleischer, the publisher of this magazine, a noted referee in his own right, had it scored five and five at the end of the twelfth and two even, but, using ten points to a round as a basis, had Conn out in front by a margin of 12 points when the fight ended because of Billy's margin in the rounds he won!

Billy Conn might never get another chance at Joe Louis. It isn't without reason to say that Nova might win the title from Louis is September. No matter who wins it, if Louis is to be defeated, Conn is a cinch to win the title from Joe's successor.

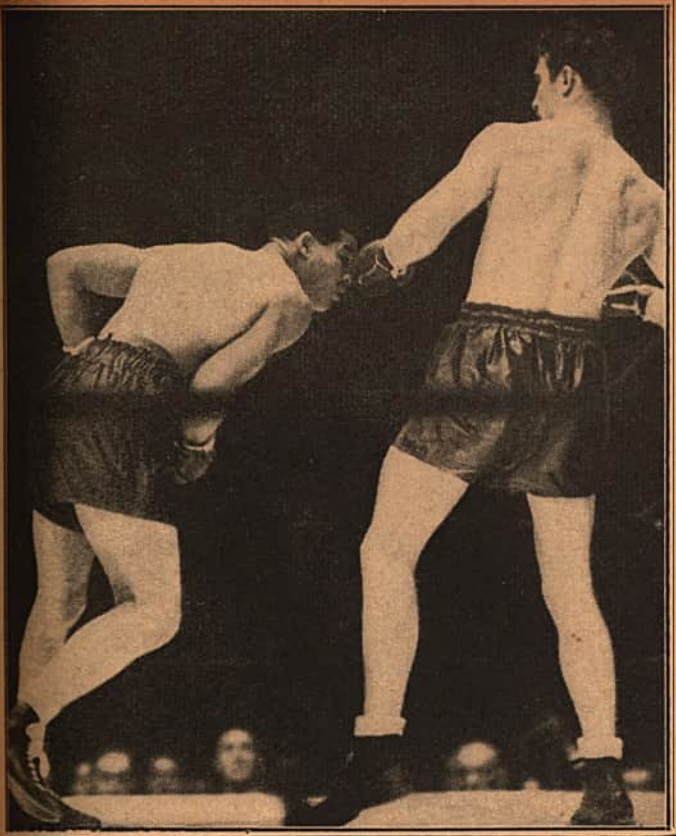
He had only Joe's hitting to fear in their title encounter. He didn't have to bother about Joe's boxing ability because he easily out-pointed him along those lines. Billy can out-box Nova, Buddy Baer, and Abe Simon, so, after all, there is no keeping this boy off the heavyweight throne. He is coming, like wildfire, Louis going as sure as the sun sets in the west.

It is too bad, too, because Joe Louis has been a wonderful champion. He gave every man in the world, worthy of a chance, the opportunity to win the title. He doesn't hide it behind the barn door.

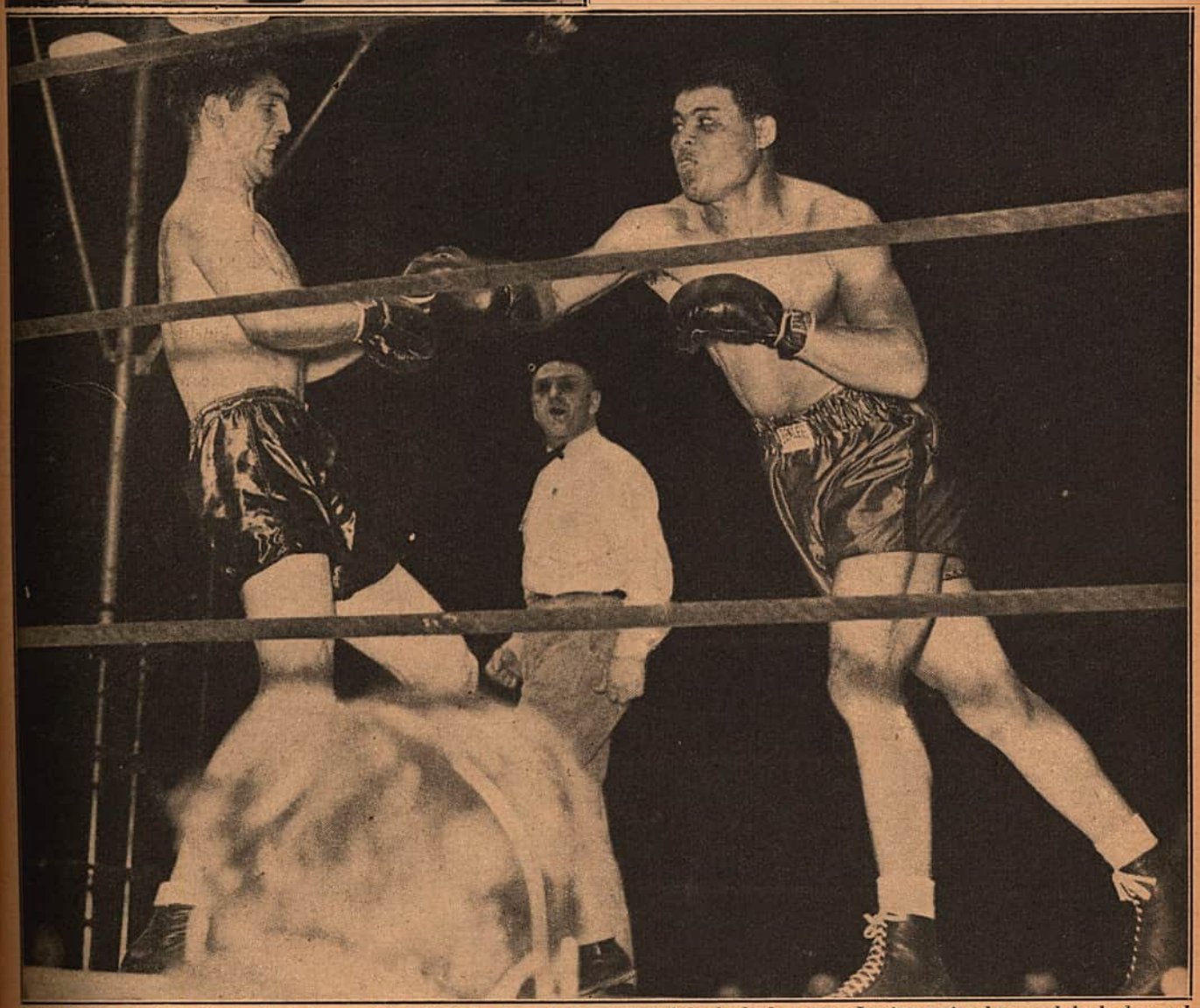
"Come and get it" is his battle cry and if the lads have failed to glean it, there can be no fault found with Joe because of their shortcomings. He put it right on the line and dared them to lift it. They just weren't good enough—not even Conn. Billy came closest as all the challengers must admit.

All champions must go, sooner or later. Joe Louis isn't half the man he was the night he *(Continued on page 45)*

How Conn's Cleverness Balked Joe Louis



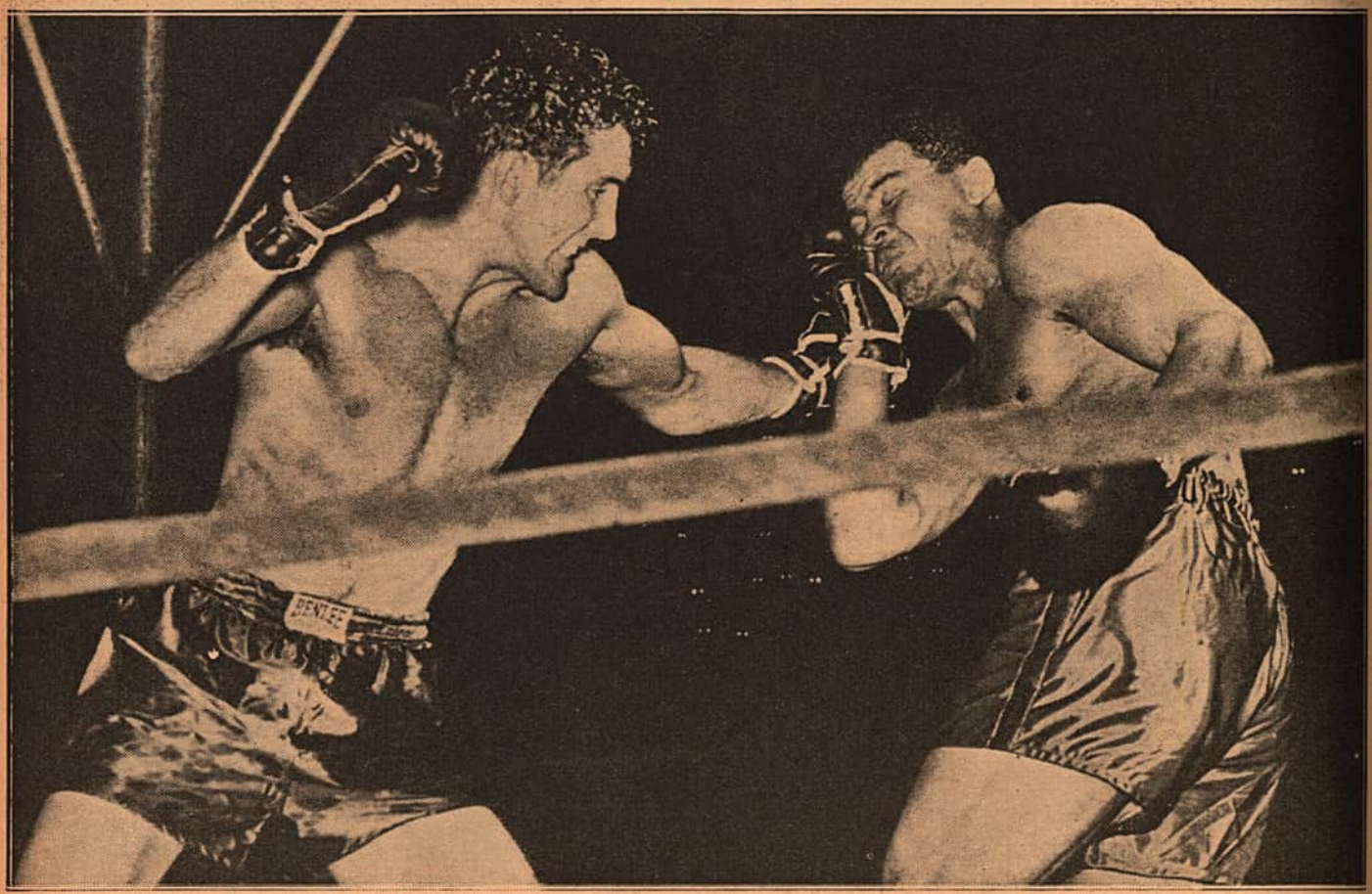
Here is a fine example of Conn's boxing. We see here one of the many lefts that halted Louis's drive forward. Billy kept tossing the left to Louis' head to hold off the rushes of the champion.



Perfect boxing by Billy Conn. Note how with a slight backward movement of the body, he causes Louis to miss the punch he had tossed and also forces the champion off balance. Conn did this frequently during the fifteen rounds of milling. He smiled every time he made Joe miss.

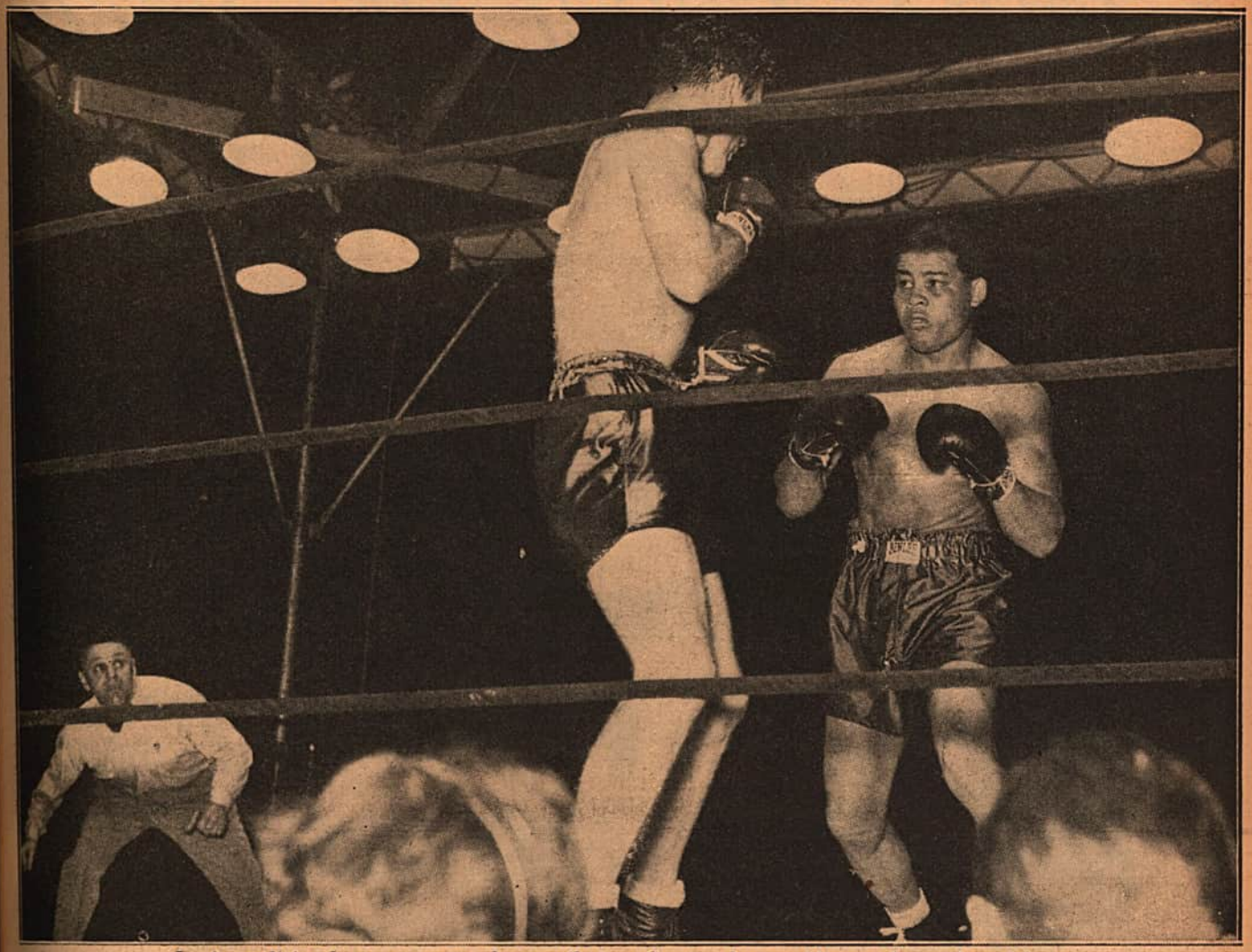
WHIRLWIND ATTACKS

The first solid smash by Louis. It was a powerful left to the mouth. It shook up Billy, but he was able to get over its stinging effects for a great comeback.

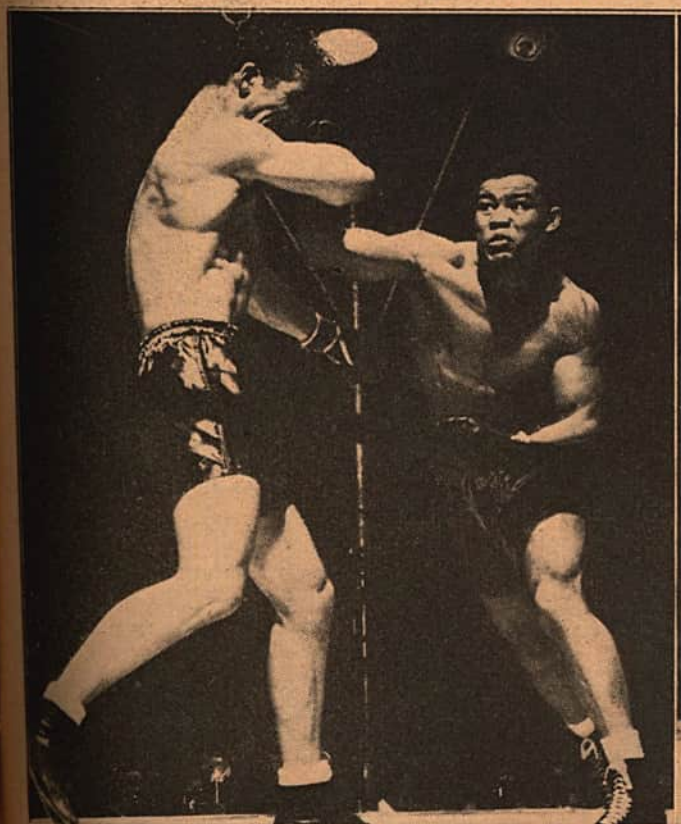


Here is Billy getting even with Joe for that wallop. He crashes a beauty to the Bomber's jaw. The blow came in the twelfth round and almost dropped the champion.

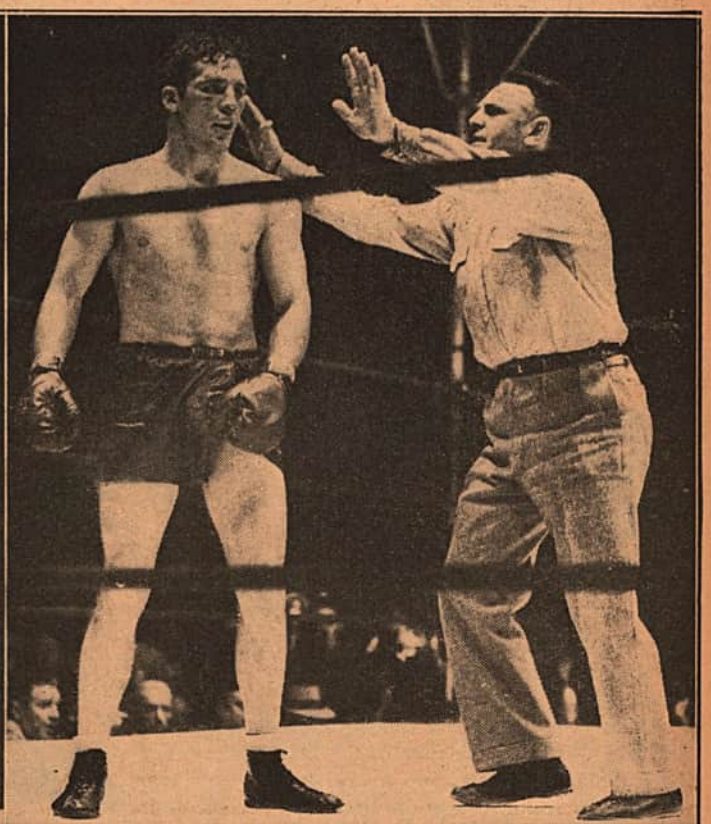
THE START *and* THE FINISH



Louis, realizing he must score a kayo, sails into Conn and starts him on the road to defeat.



A powerful right crashes against Billy's chin. Then follow many more. The end is in sight.

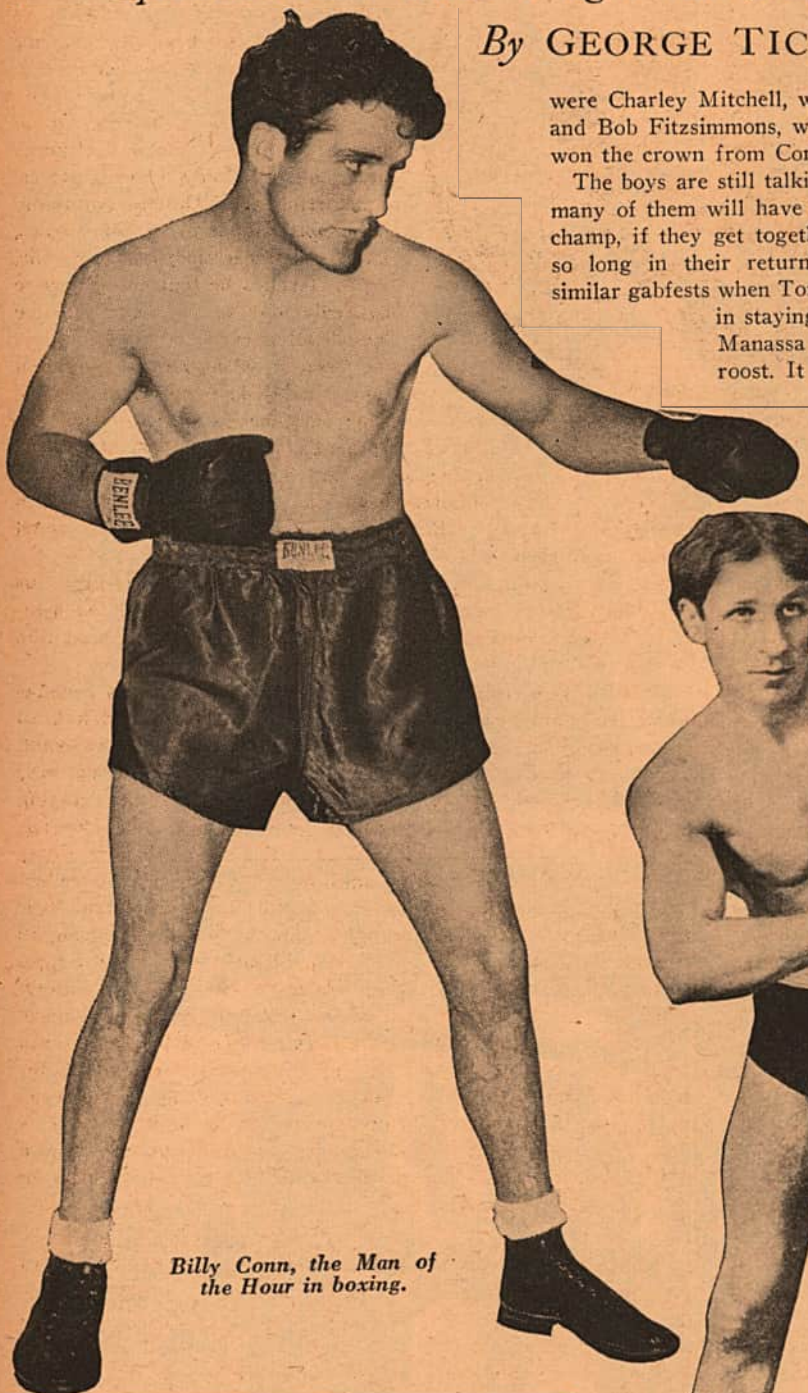


The fight is over. Billy, heart-broken over his failure, is waved out of the picture by Referee Joseph.

Conn Greater in Defeat

That Seems to Be the General Opinion Among Fight Fans—His Surprising Showing Revives Interest in Old Time Celebrities, Who, Like Billy, Spotted Rivals Much Weight and Gave Thrilling Performances

By GEORGE TICKELL



Billy Conn, the Man of the Hour in boxing.

THE recent thirteen round knockout scored by Joe Louis over Billy Conn was a sensation because of the narrow margin by which the champion escaped defeat, and a thrill-revelation in the light of extraordinary speed and ring craft displayed by the loser.

There was yet another unique angle to the affair, the fact that from the time of the first Queensberry king, John L. Sullivan, up to the present, only two challengers scaling below the light-heavyweight limit of 175 pounds, besides Billy Conn, have competed for the blue ribbon of the ring. The two in question were Charley Mitchell, who weighed 168 pounds, when defeated by Jim Corbett; and Bob Fitzsimmons, who carried only 167 pounds on his bony frame, when he won the crown from Corbett in 1897.

The boys are still talking about Billy Conn's surprising showing, and there are many of them will have a bet on the lad who made things so interesting for the champ, if they get together again, though it is my opinion that Billy won't last so long in their return mill. Back in 1923, the fight fans were conducting similar gabfests when Tom Gibbons, St. Paul's wonderfully clever boxer, succeeded in staying fifteen rounds at Shelby, Montana, with the redoubtable Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey, the then boss of the pugilistic roost. It was the first time any boxer had lasted that long with Dempsey since the latter dethroned Jess Willard.

Gibbons belonged in the light-heavyweight class, although he was three pounds over the 175 pound mark for the Dempsey bout, whereas Conn was one pound under that notch for Louis. However, the Gibbons feat is worth recalling, if it were but for the sake of pointing out how similar were the comments made by boxing critics then, to those evolved by experts of today before and after the Louis-Conn imbroglio.

* * *

TO a man, the newspaper sharps predicted that Dempsey would knock out Tom Gibbons in short order. When Jack failed to make good on those prophecies although he did win the decision on aggressiveness, the prophets found consolation in the reflection that "Dempsey was slipping!" Which was probably true to some extent, as in his next title-defense bout, in 1926, the Manassa Mauler lost to Gene Tunney.

Most of our present-day critics foretold a quick win for Louis over Conn. When Joe finally came through with a kayo punch, but not until he had escaped losing his crown by only the closest kind of a shave, they agreed that the champion had gone back.

But nobody ventured to hint that Louis is not still a fighting machine of deadly efficiency, even if the wear and tear effects upon his physical condition of many battles have slowed him up a bit. The universal verdict tagged Conn as a greater hero in losing, than was Louis in winning. In like fashion did the fight-fans and experts credit

Joe Choynski, who gave away considerable weight to opponents, yet rated among world's greatest heavyweights.

Than Louis in Victory

Tom Gibbons with the honors in the latter's losing battle with Dempsey. Both Gibbons and Conn did the unexpected thing, and were credited accordingly.

The analogy in these contests is found in the fact that the losers in each instance were facing the greatest kayo artists of their respective eras. The difference is that Gibbons fought a purely defensive battle, and took no chances, whereas Billy Conn, while employing all the resources of science and speed, threw discretion to the winds at a crucial moment when victory appeared to be well within his grasp, undertook to slug it out with a foeman of heavier gunning metal, and was knocked out!

True, he went out in a blaze of glory, but after all, the payoff is on results, and defeat is still defeat, however glorious.

* * *

WHEN, during the Crimea War, the English Light Brigade made their historically glorious, but thoroughly idiotic charge on the Russian lines at Balaklava, the General of the French forces allied with the British, watched through his spyglass the six hundred cavalrymen hurling themselves upon an army of 80,000 in position. Turning to his aide, he commented:

"Magnificent, magnificent—but it isn't war!"

Billy Conn was magnificent too, but didn't play the game as he should have played it. Had he been equipped with the cool, mental balance which characterized Tom Gibbons in the latter's memorable stand against Dempsey, Billy would probably be heavyweight champion today. Yet the fact remains that in defeat, Billy receives far more recognition than did the champion who successfully defended his crown.

Mickey Walker, who fought himself out of opponents in the middleweight ranks and quit that division to try his luck among the big fellows, performed what was easily the greatest feat of his long ring career, when he held Jack Sharkey to a fifteen round draw in 1931. Sharkey wasn't champion then, but won the title in the following year by taking a decision over Max Schmeling.

But the ex-gob was at his fighting peak when he met Walker, although Jack's admirers claimed that their favorite was very much off color on that night. However that may have been, Mickey Walker certainly made the experts who had predicted a swift knockout by Sharkey look foolish.

As regards bulk, Mickey was not even a light-heavyweight. He was five feet seven inches tall, and scaled only 169½ pounds, as opposed to Sharkey's 198½ pounds, and six feet, one inch of brawn and muscle.

Also, besides being a formidable puncher, Sharkey was a very good boxer. Yet, despite the weight and height handicaps, Walker held his own with the former sailor, matching him in boxing skill, and cleverly evading Jack's attempts to lure him into slugging seances. Like Gibbons, and quite unlike Billy Conn, the little man used his head, kept out of trouble and got an even-stephen reward for his pains.

As a general rule, the old ring maxim— "a good little man can whip a big bum, but he can't whip a GOOD BIG man!" can be rated as fundamental truth. Yet, it doesn't always work out that way.

History has recorded the names of many small men who came through with glorious performances.

Jack Dillon, the Giant Killer.

THERE have been some very able giant-killers. Jack Dillon, for example. Jack was five feet, seven inches tall. In 1916 he kayoed Jim Corbett's protege, Tom Cowler, a six footer, who scaled 221½, against Dillon's 169½ pounds. When the latter stopped Jim Flynn in the same year, Dillon spotted his opponent a weight advantage of 32 pounds. During fourteen years in the ring, Dillon fought 232 bouts, scored 64 knockouts, and lost only eleven battles. Considering that Dillon continually gave away weight to the big fellows, his record is certainly a notable one, for the heavies he toppled over were assuredly not to be listed in the "bum" category.

Of course, whenever the subject of giant-killers comes up for discussion, some old timer is sure to flaunt Joe Walcott's name triumphantly. And with good reason, for Joe, whose best fighting weight was around 142 pounds, beat middleweights and even heavyweights with cheerful impartiality. The Barbados darky cared nothing about weight handicaps.

No fighting pit-terrier was ever less concerned over an opponent's size or status. Speaking metaphorically, all his manager, Tom O'Rourke, had to do was unleash Joe and send him in to scrap.

Much of Walcott's success in the ring was due to his peculiar build. He stood just 5 feet, 1½ inches in his socks and had an abnormally long reach. It was hard to land on his jaw-point, because he had no neck worth mentioning, his head sat way down between a pair of bulky shoulders, and scrappers aiming for the angles of the jaw were as likely as not to break their hands on Joe's iron skull; and many of them did that very thing.

These freak physical advantages were backed up by excellent qualities of gameness, endurance and punching power, and their combination made him a great fighter, and he was going strong all through the Nineties, well up to 1906, when he first showed signs of retrogression. In recounting Walcott's victories over heavyweights, stress is usually laid on his knockout of Joe Choynski.

Undoubtedly that stands out as Joe's greatest achievement. But in all fairness to Choynski, it should be stated that the latter went into the ring with Walcott, suffering from a fractured rib. A few days before Choynski came on to fight Walcott in New York, the Jewish heavyweight fell on an ice-glazed sidewalk in Chicago and broke the rib. He asked for a postponement of the bout, but was refused.

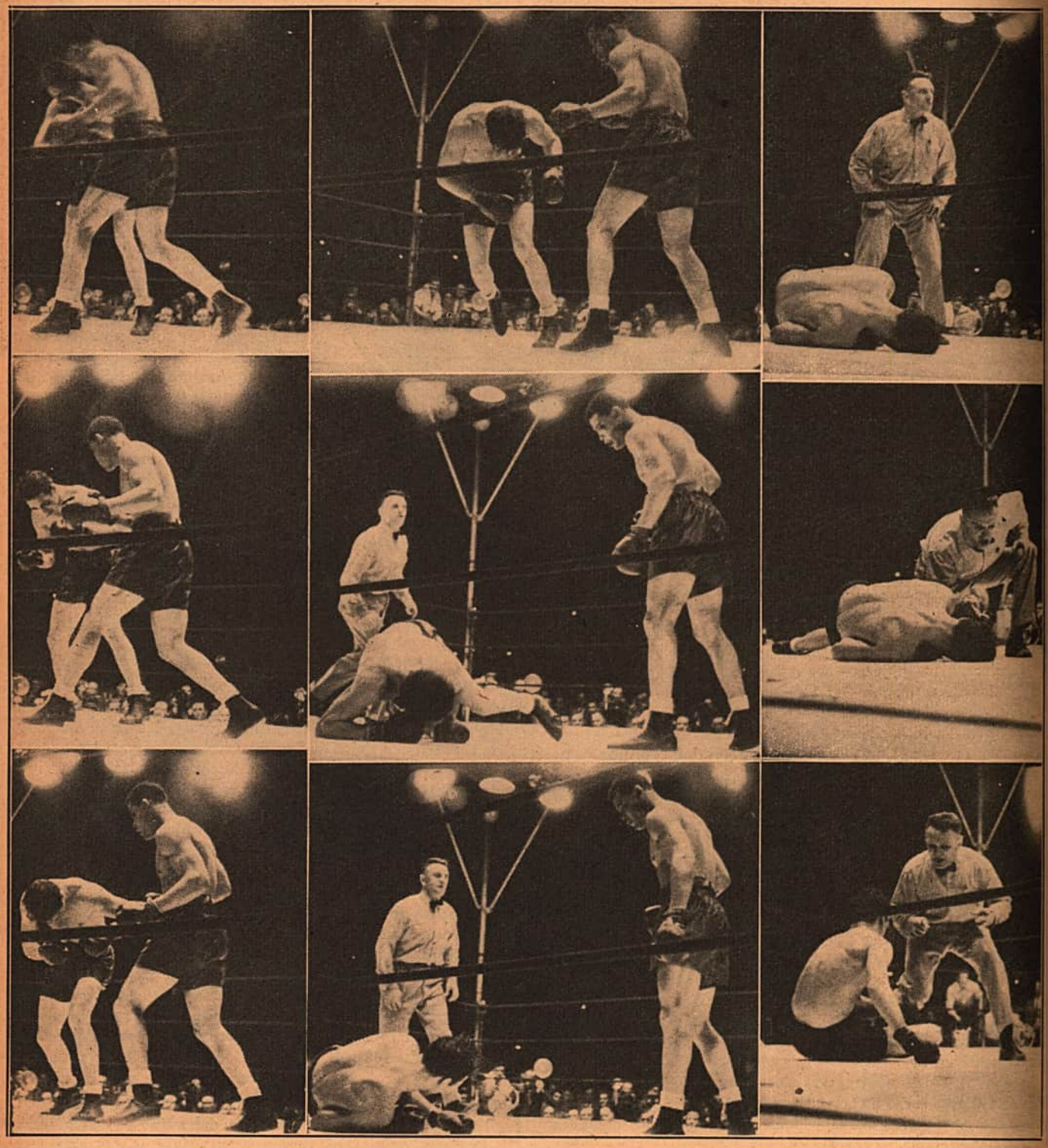
* * *

COMMON prudence ought to have caused Choynski to call the fight off altogether, but he did nothing of the kind. Probably he figured that a heavyweight of his skill and experience couldn't possibly be beaten by so small a chap as Walcott, even when handicapped by a busted rib. He was to pay dearly for this mistake, for Walcott's body punches wore him down, he suffered excruciating agony whenever a wallop connected with the injured rib, and the fight ended in the seventh, with the colored man victor.

How good Joe Walcott was at that time may be judged from the fact that four years later he was able to hold that devastating puncher, Sam Langford, to a fifteen round draw.

Choynski, despite his stature (he stood five feet, eleven and a half inches) was at his best around 165 pounds, so that he was below the present-day, light-heavyweight standard. Too heavy for the middleweights, the fighters in *(Continued on page 44)*

Magic Eye Sees Knockout

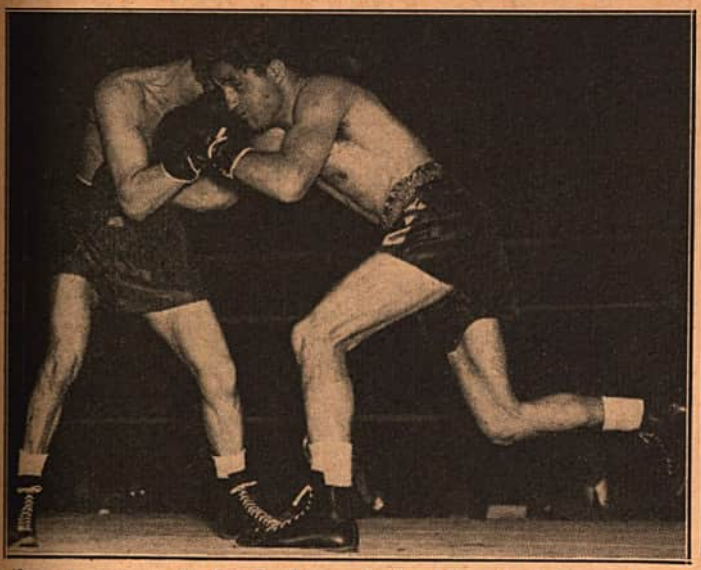


Here in sequence, is shown the sudden end of the great battle between Billy Conn and Joe Louis which terminated via the knockout route in 2.58 of the thirteenth round at the Yankee Stadium. The magic eye starts with Louis clouting Conn a terrific right to the chin. Dazed, Billy begins to topple over. Joe sends in another right, then, after his prey like a hawk, Louis cocks his left.

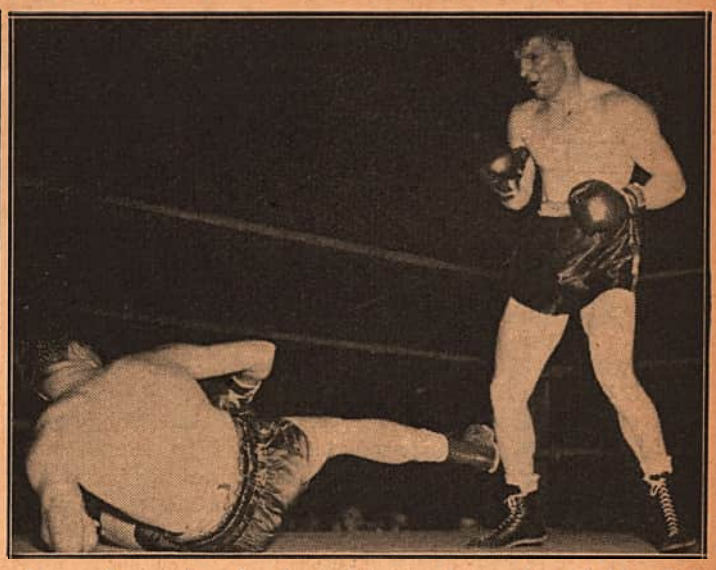
In the second row on top, you see Conn, one foot off the canvas, falling. He hits the floor with a thud, but fortunately, his head finds a resting place between the gloves. Louis eyes his man as Referee Joseph comes forth to send the champ to a neutral corner. As Joe reaches the corner, the Referee stoops close to the fallen gladiator and picks up the count of Jed Gahan, the knockdown timer. Just as Joseph reaches the fatal decimal, Billy begins to rise but it is too late. He has been counted out.

There were some critics who thought Billy should have been given the benefit of the doubt because he started to get up just as Referee Joseph counted him out, but the official did the correct thing. The ten had been drolled off before Conn could get off the floor.

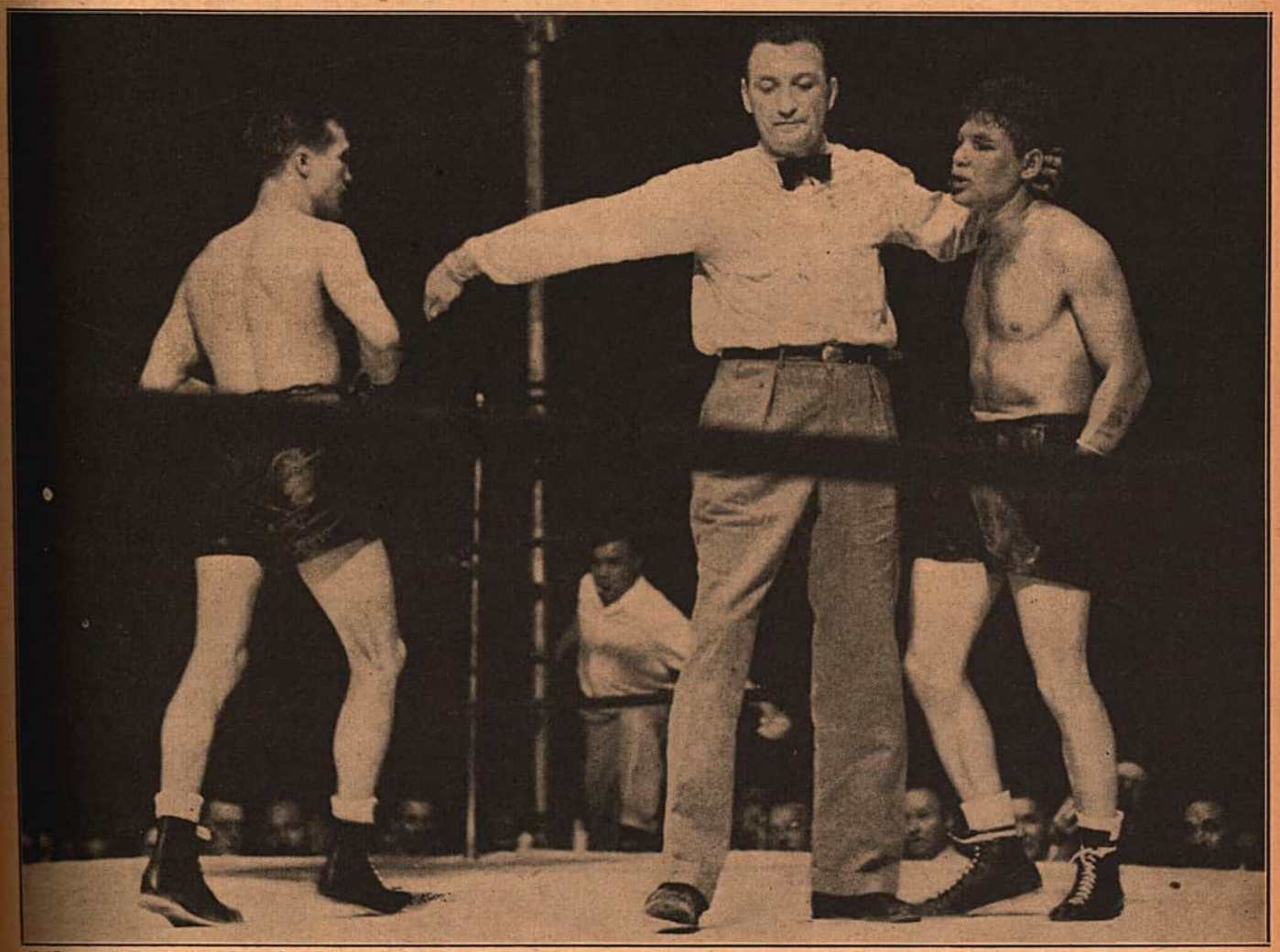
CURRENT FIGHT SCENES



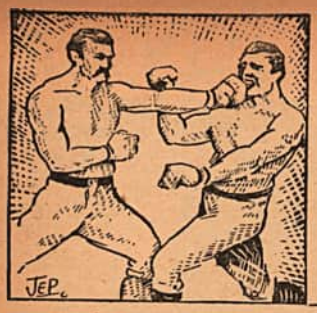
Above is a scene in the final round, the fifteenth, between Lou Salica and Tommy Forte at Philadelphia. Salica (right) is seen shooting a hard right to the challenger's midriff as Forte's short right catches Lou on the chin. The bout, staged on June 16, clinched the world bantamweight championship for Salica. Until he beat Tommy, THE RING refused to offer recognition to Salica, a former title-holder, but with that triumph, Lou showed his mastery and will receive THE RING'S championship belt. He has finally cleared the bantamweight muddle.



In an effort to lure Joe Louis into the ring again with him, Bob Pastor came out of retirement to tune up with several engagements. His first was with Buddy Scott at the Griffith Stadium in Washington, D. C., where Pastor, as in many of his other battles, was dropped by his opponent, then came through with a healthy victory. Here we see Bob on the canvas in the fifth round for a count of two. The New York State champion avenged that knockdown by handing Buddy a shellacking as the fight progressed and winning the decision. The bout went the limit.



Al "Bummy" Davis (right), the Brownsville, N. Y., fighter, who after being suspended "for life" by the New York Commission, enlisted in the Army, received a six weeks' furlough to fight Fritzie Zivic in a non-title bout, and when the contest was over, poor Davis was sorry he had made the trip back home. He took a heavy beating. In the tenth round he was being battered heavily and, unable to offer any opposition or even to protect himself, Referee Donovan intervened and called a halt in 1.12. Bummy was on the verge of collapse when the bout ended. Later he had to be removed to a hospital for a concussion.



I Remember When—

By THE VETERAN

ON his last Western tour, before returning East to begin training for his title defense against Lou Ambers August 22, 1939, the ever-busy Henry Armstrong went to the post five times, putting the kibosh on Messrs. Al Manfredo, Howard Scott, Richie Fontaine, Jimmy Garrison and Bobby Pacho. All of these scraps took place during the stretch of four weeks, which is pretty fast continuous going for these times.

I heard the opinion expressed at a fistic gabfest the other night that Armstrong fought too often, and burned up his reserve vitality! The critic who pulled that boner apparently wasn't aware of the fact that Hank, at his best, thrived on lots of work. Fights couldn't come fast enough for him. That goes for Armstrong's big contemporary, Joe Louis, too. Joe has defended his title oftener within a limited period than any other chap who wore the blue ribbon of the ring.

I told Armstrong's critics that there wasn't anything surprising about a boxer taking on opponents with comparatively short rest periods between bouts. Not many did it nowadays, but in the nineties and early nineteen-hundreds, it was a common stunt: I quoted a couple of instances, but his grin hinted that I was just all wet.

But a memory-refresher from the old record books discloses the following facts: April 12, 1897, Marty McCue, active in New York politics until his death a short while ago, fought George Holland six rounds in Philly. On April 15, Marty won from Eddie Sweeney in Manhattan, 20 rounds. On April 19, he drew with Sam Bolan at Waterbury in 15; and on the 24th, broke even with Joe Bernstein in 20 frames. Four battles in twelve days, and three of them over long distance routes!

On November 22 of the same year, Joe Bernstein boxed an eight-round draw with Jack McClelland at Pittsburgh, and two days later held Johnny Lavack to a 15-round draw. Tim Callahan, the crack Philly feather, won from Johnny Ritchie at Coney Island in 20 rounds on September 25, 1899. On the following day he boxed a no-decision six-rounder with Fred Snyder.

Kid Broad put the kayo on Joe Bernstein in 13 frames February 2, 1900. On February 5, the Kid drew with Eddie Lenny in 20 rounds. June 22 of the same year Austin Rice kayoed Paul Watson in nine rounds before a New York club. Then he hopped off for Manchester, N. H., and drew with Billy Gardner in 15 sessions, four days after beating Watson.

Dal Hawkins, one of the most celebrated left-hook artists of all time, fought a 75-round draw at San Francisco with Fred Bogan on June 4, 1889. Neither man was satisfied. They were rematched at once, and on the following day Hawkins won from Bogan in fifteen rounds. There are plenty of other examples showing how little time was wasted by the old-time gladiators in grabbing off ring engagements, and most of them were none the worse for the milling grind. Nobody need worry over Armstrong's continuous battling diet. He digests it easily!

I notice where big Tony Galento was asked to fight King Levinsky a few weeks ago in Texas, but turned down the offer because the scribes billed the proposed fight as one between "a couple of bums." The fat little heavyweight from Orange, New Jersey, is eager to make a comeback. He says that he feels he can repeat to other heavyweights what he did to Lou Nova, if given a chance, despite his knockout at the hands of Max Baer and later at the hands of Buddy Baer. But, he's through. He proved that in the Baer bouts.

The roly-poly structure and generous waist line of Tony Galento are a constant source of wonderment to many fight fans who just can't understand how such a fat guy could make such a good showing against heavyweight champ Joe Louis, or whip a finely trained, beautifully muscled specimen of an athlete like Nova. But Tony isn't the only instance by a long shot of battlers carrying excess avoirdupois into the ring, and still making good. It has been done before.

Take Willy Meehan of California, for example. Willy only stood five feet, nine inches in his socks, scaled around 190, and was built on the lines of a Christmas plum pudding. Yet he is credited with over 160 battles, began fighting in 1909, lost several decisions, but was never kayoed or stopped until near the close of his career, when Tom Gibbons dropped him for a full count at Cleveland in 1921. Willy retired in 1923.

This fat boy was a thorn in the side of Jack Dempsey. The Manassa Mauler lost a decision to him in four rounds, won from him in four, and boxed him two four-round draws. Willy held his own with the best men of his day. Even such terrific punchers as Gunboat Smith and Sam Langford couldn't put him away; in fact, he copped a four-round decision over slaughtering Sam in 1919. I never saw Meehan enter a ring without marveling how he could hit the topnotch speed-mark and keep going.

Tony Galento's well-rounded bulk would have faded into comparative insignificance alongside the late Ed Dunkhorst, upon whom the sport scribes conferred the sobriquet of "The Human Freight Car." Personally, I always figured Dunk as the nearest thing to a two-legged elephant that ever pounded a ring-floor. He was a six-footer and weighed in the close neighborhood of 300 pounds, or more. He was superbly fat.

Yet middleweight champ Tommy Ryan once conceived the notion that he could transform Dunk into a second Jim Jeffries, and took him in hand. Tommy worked patiently with the giant, and certainly improved his boxing skill, but it must be confessed that the big chap never attained championship form.

Still, he put up some very creditable scraps. Gus Ruhlin took a 22-round decision over him at Coney Island in 1898, and Joe Choynski gained a six-round verdict when he boxed Dunk at Chicago the same year. Both had their work cut out for them, however, for it took "class" to defeat the huge slugger, who whipped many second-raters, and was annoyingly hard to hurt.

In 1900 I saw him stack up against Bob Fitzsimmons at Philadelphia. Fitz was doing a comeback, having lost the heavyweight title to Jeffries the previous year. Knowing what a glutton the human mastodon was for standing fire, few of us expected to see him outed, even allowing for Fitz's walloping powers. But Bob, after sizing up his man in the first frame, cut loose with his celebrated "shift" early in the second, burying his glove nearly to the wrist in that gigantic abdomen. Dunk groaned, flopped down and lay like one dead. Bob helped the seconds cart the giant to his corner, and that was no easy job. Ten minutes elapsed before Dunk opened his eyes.

"What happened?" he asked feebly. Fitz, who was standing by, watching the revival stunts, reached over and shook the loser's limp right hand:

"A bally street car run over you, old son," replied the ex-champ. "But blimme if you didn't throw it off the bloomin' track!"

* * *

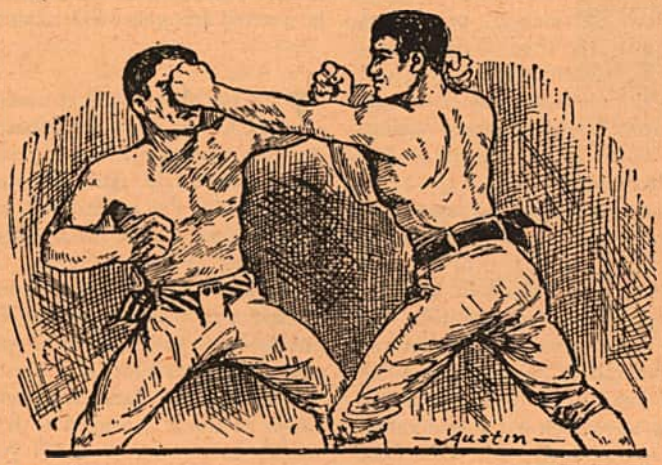
DICK O'BRIEN of St. John, N. B., who was a crack welter in the nineties, and later passed into the middleweight grade, where he defeated some of the top-notchers, was another case of an athlete whose agility, despite the apparent handicap of a fat barrel body, puzzled the gents who insisted that a scrapper should be all bone and sinew in order to get anywhere in the game. Dick was as hard as nails when a welterweight. As a middleweight he developed a stout waistline that no amount of training could trim.

All the same, he was good enough to hold the then formidable Kid McCoy to a 25-round draw in 1895. He broke even with Mysterious Billy Smith in ten frames and knocked out Bobby Dobbs, one of the best colored gladiators of the era, in 18 rounds. Dick carried his aldermanic paunch across the Atlantic and kayoed Frank Craig, the noted "Harlem Coffee Cooler," in two rounds. That was in 1897. O'Brien kept on fighting up to 1901, and was a dangerous proposition to the last. You gotta hand it to some of these fat boys!

But I doubt if the ancient fleshy biffers could have waggled through the barbed wire fences of a modern boxing commission. Remember how close Commissioner Bill Brown came to halting the Max Baer-Primo Carnera championship tilt in 1934, because Baer's condition didn't look right to him? And the trouble Galento had, when training for Louis, to persuade the Commish members that his frame wasn't ALL beer and blubber? Just ask Tony—he knows!

* * *

WHEN there were no boxing commissions, it was mostly up to the fighter himself whether he felt fit or not to "give and take it." Some of the clubs hired physicians to pass on contestants, if there happened to be a state law to that effect. But often these medicos only glanced over a scrapper, okayed him and hurried back to a ringside seat to watch the fun. And it was no uncommon thing, if there wasn't a doctor handy, or a promoter wanted to save the expense of one, for an accommodating pal to fill up a printed form, certifying that pugilist so and so was in the pink of condition, and attach his signature, followed by an impressive "M.D."



The latter method was utilized at Colma, California, when Harry Tenny and Frankie Neil fought there on February 28, 1906. The late John I. Day, onetime sports editor of the New York *Morning Telegraph*, was then covering turf and ring events for a San Francisco paper. John had an interest in the club where Tenny and Neil were billed to appear.

On the eve of battle, there was no doctor in sight to stage a physical examination. The boys were ready for the gong and the crowd mighty impatient. John Day stepped bravely into the breach. Seizing a pen, he inscribed his name, ornamented by the necessary M.D., at the bottom of the document certifying that Tenny and Neil were fighting fit. The battle proceeded on schedule, and Tenny was knocked out in the 14th round.

So far, so good. But unfortunately, Tenny, who seemed to have suffered from cardiac weakness, died the day following, and warrants were issued for the arrest of club executives, seconds, etc. First and foremost, however, the authorities demanded that Dr. John I. Day appear and explain how he came to certify the stricken athlete as a good fighting risk. But that distinguished member of the medical profession modestly refrained from delivering himself into the hands of justice.

The political game as played in San Francisco in those days was a wondrously crooked one. If you had a pull in the right quarter, you could get away with any kind of a deal, as those who knew the city by the Golden Gate as it was then, can testify. The promoters of the Tenny-Neil contest were "in good" with the ruling powers. The newspapers "kidded" the search for the elusive Dr. Day. Everybody in the sports world knew the truth, and the San Francisco *Bulletin* published a half-page cartoon, showing detectives hunting madly for their quarry in a saloon, while at a table in full view sat "Old Doc Day," as the caption had it.

The artist hit off John's likeness to the life, embellished by a set of false whiskers, which did not conceal the identity of the original. In the course of time, the courts declared the death accidental, and the warrant for "Doc" Day was quashed.

FEW fighters nowadays talk to their opponents while mixing matters between the ropes. Billy Conn, whose great fight against Joe Louis with the odds overwhelmingly against him made a hit with the fans, is an exception in this respect. Those sitting close to the ringside when Billy is scrapping have heard him fire volleys of more or less uncomplimentary remarks at his adversary in the heat of combat.

This was a favorite practice with many of the old-time pugs. Erratic Young Griffo used to chatter a lot in the ring, but his conversation was mostly of the "kidding" kind. Griffo never lost his temper, but quite frequently made his opponents lose theirs. In a 20-round battle with Australian Billy Murphy before a Boston club in 1894, Griffo boxed Murphy's ears off in every round. Also, he drove Billy nearly crazy by laughing at his vain attempts to land on him, and keeping up a continuous flow of wisecracks all through the encounter.

When, after the usual length of time, the decision was given in Griffo's favor, Murphy had to be restrained from wanting to pursue the argument with his bare fists.

Mysterious Billy Smith, a roughhouse scrapper of the 'steenth degree, was notorious for his habit of hurling insults at an opponent. Billy's tongue was loaded with bitter blasphemy. During a contest with Tommy Ryan in 1895, Smith unleashed so many vicious epithets that Ryan, ordinarily as cold as ice mentally when in action, was so provoked that he retaliated in kind. There was always bad blood between this crack pair of welters, and on this occasion they fought as much with their mouths as with the gloves. Police interference ended the affair in the 18th frame, which was notable for the intense savagery displayed by both principals.

Three years later, when Smith was fighting Joe Walcott, the colored boy was so enraged and upset by his opponent's insults that Joe lost his head completely and boxed wildly, despite the frantic attempts of his manager, Tom O'Rourke, who was in his corner, to steady him. Result—Smith got the decision in 20 rounds. Smith committed fouls that would certainly not have been overlooked by the third man in the ring nowadays, but referees weren't so particular then. Between the eleventh and twelfth frames, Walcott complained that the Mysterious one had bitten him while in a clinch. Smith shouted back a vivid cuss-word denial.

"If I sunk my teeth in that blankety-blank-blank yellow quitter, I'd expect to die of blood-poisoning!" yelled the impolite Billy, and they let it go at that.

Great a fighter as Walcott was, his mental equipment was by no means on a par with his fistic ability. When he was still a small welter, O'Rourke matched him with a colored middleweight known as "Scaldy" Bill Quinn. The latter agreed to make 154 pounds on the afternoon of the battle, Walcott coming in at any weight that suited him. When scaling time came, Quinn weighed in at the designated mark. Walcott also stepped on the scales, although there was no necessity for him to register weight, but O'Rourke let him go ahead. The pointer showed 139 pounds.

Joe then turned to his manager.

"Can I go and eat now, Mistah O'Rourke?" he queried.

Tom stared at him in astonished disgust.

"You miserable idiot," yelled the manager, "do you mean to tell me you've gone without grub today?"

"Why, yes sah," meekly responded Joe, who always stood in awe of his dynamic pilot. "I had to weigh in, didn't I?"

A light dawned upon Tom. He had been constantly matching his colored meal ticket in bouts where Joe had to scale from 135 to 140 pounds, and in some cases go light on the diet. So the innocent Mr. Walcott had followed the same course for a match in which he needed every little

(Continued on page 45)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Readers Disagree With the Judges and Scribes

Say Movies Show Louis Leading Billy Conn

"Little Mexico" Honors Young Richard Lemos

THE Louis-Conn fight is a thing of the past. It has been generally conceded that Billy the Kid did a good job, despite the fact that the movies, judging by mail that has flooded THE RING office, have convinced those who didn't have the opportunity to see this great scrap, that Billy didn't have it all to himself as some of the experts would have their readers believe.

The pictures, from my point of view, convincingly prove that the contest was a pretty even affair up to the time of the knockout. While it is true that Conn was overwhelmingly in the lead in the rounds which he won between the tenth and the knockout, my mail has brought many letters from Louis' admirers asking, "How come the scribes and judges voted seven rounds to five for Conn, when the pictures prove otherwise?"

To those readers I must reply that one had to be present at the fight to appreciate the fine, workmanlike job of Conn. While I awarded Louis as many rounds as I did Conn, five to five and two even, judging by the point system, I had Conn in the lead by a margin that would have enabled him to win the title had he kept out of Joe's way for two more rounds. The pictures record every move of each fighter, but fail to bring home to the audience the full significance of the punches landed. Not all of the fight is shown in the movies. They have been cut considerably.

One thing is certain, however. Joe Louis did win this fight and for that he must receive due credit. Conn was not the whole show. The champion came from behind to win a tough battle, after he almost had been put away in the session before the final. That counts for considerable in boxing. It is a condition that cannot be and should not be overlooked in gauging the relative merits of the champion and challenger.

* * *

AFTER all, it wasn't Louis' fault that Conn lost his head and came out slugging in an effort to score a knockout. But it was the Bomber who sensed the situation at a glance, took immediate advantage of it, laced home a powerful right to the jaw to start the ball rolling, and then came home with the bacon —a knockout victory. In that feat, he did what a true champion is expected to do. He showed alertness, quick-wittedness and had extreme confidence in his ability to turn the trick. Only a champion carries on in that manner when defeat stares him in the face.

They talk about Louis slipping. They write about his so-called shortcomings as if he had reached the last stages of his fighting career.

Sheer nonsense, I call it. Sure he has slipped. Who doesn't after putting in the strenuous four years in which Louis has been fighting all comers?

The years roll on and with it, Mother Nature takes her toll. Much of the human vitality that is found in the alert, aggressive youth, is lost when one reaches the age of twenty-seven and has been a most active athlete, as has the champion. He looked slow against Conn, yet as soon as the opportunity arose that gave him the opening he was seeking, the Bomber cut loose with all he had. He showed viciousness, power.

He made good against a young man, cocky as ever a fighter was, full of pep, vivacious to the highest degree, a boxer of the Corbett and Loughran school of cleverness. Conn fought so fast that Louis seemed like a snail in comparison. Yet he came through with what I term one of the two greatest triumphs of his career—the other being his quick knockout of Max Schmeling.

For that we must honor the champion. We must not belittle his triumph because of the popularity of the young man who almost succeeded in gaining the title. Conn is a great boxer and he proved his greatness against Louis.

* * *

TO say that Louis is washed up because of the fine showing of Conn, is so far incorrect that it is foolish to refute it. Anyone who saw Louis—the cold, calculating fighter, with fixed eyes—mercilessly and systematically going after his taunting rival despite the hazards he was encountering, wouldn't call the Bomber washed up. Even Billy Conn, who should know, thought otherwise.

He knew he was in a fight and told the world so after the contest was over. True, the Bomber is not so good as he was, but in my opinion, he is good enough to take the measure of every opponent who faces him this year, Conn and Nova included.

How he will fare next year depends on his program. That Louis at times appeared to be working at a slow pace was due wholly to the speed of his younger opponent. Yet, despite that flash, Louis was able to block many of Billy's pet blows and on many occasions, he even came back with quick counters that made the Pittsburgh challenger blink. The pictures show that, if there is any doubt on the part of Conn's admirers.

Louis will do for a while longer. Let's not hang out the crepe for the Brown Bomber until he is actually taken. At this stage, I see no one, though I subscribe to the general opinion that Lou Nova has the best chance because he is fast, is a fine boxer, can hit hard, has proved repeatedly he can take it, and has demonstrated his courage. The one thing against him, more than any other boxing point is the fact that he is a straight, stand-up fighter, and against such fighters, Louis is a murderous hitter.

* * *

WHILE honoring the young Irishman, let's not take any of the glory from his conqueror. I am a great admirer of Billy Conn. I hope to see the day when he wins the world heavyweight championship. He'll make a fine title holder. He'll be an inspiration to the youth as has Louis.

But, as I have been asked by several hundred readers for an expression of opinion on the possibility of Billy the Kid winning a return engagement, I shall go on record now with the statement that the result would be the same as in the first bout, except that the end would come sooner. Billy's temperament and his weight are against him. He showed in the recent fight that he can sock pretty hard when his punches land squarely, but his hard hitting is only spasmodic. They come in dribs and drabs as against terrific clouts to the mid-section that land with regularity when Joe tosses them.

I don't think that Louis will lose his title this year. If he doesn't have his draft classification changed and he doesn't retire, I look for him to be shorn of his crown in 1942. And as yet, Louis has shown no inclination to retire.

Miss Rita Cameron, eighteen year old Glace Bay Gazette reporter, whose boxing write-ups are widely read in Nova Scotia.

AMONG other things, the Conn-Louis bout offered additional proof of the wonderful hold boxing has on the American public. Even in one of the crucial periods of our history, interest in the sport is still so great that throughout the entire war torn world, untold millions listened avidly to the broadcast and one of the largest crowds in many years, 54,487 people, paid the staggering sum of $451,743 to watch the contest. The heavyweights are still holding public interest.

The success of the bout in every respect served as an answer to the critics who are always so quick to tear down the game but who always manage to be right up front at each and every pugilistic extravaganza. Boxing has been the world's outstanding sport for centuries and if the turnout for the great Louis-Conn match is any criterion, it will continue to reign supreme among sports for ages to come.

Another interesting and flattering sidelight of the contest showed itself in the unprecedented number of celebrities and world famed figures who attended. Of course the ringside at every important bout is always well sprinkled with famous people, but the turnout of notables, including General Marshall, ranking officer of the United States Army, for the Louis-Conn show was record breaking. All fields of life were represented by their outstanding figures.

* * *

FOLLOWING the trail blazed by distinguished predecessors in the profession of Swat, Billy Conn has temporarily forsaken the battling vicissitudes of the ring for its imitation glories as promulgated by Hollywood. Billy is engaged to exploit his histrionic gifts in "Kid Tinsel," an Octavus Roy Cohen story produced for the screen by Republic Pictures Corporation.

What effect is this camera stunt likely to have upon the pugilistic future of the brilliant young boxer who so nearly deprived heavyweight champion Joe Louis of the latter's hard-won laurels? Something in the Hollywood atmosphere seems to exercise a baleful influence upon gladiators of the roped arena.

Jack Dempsey's sojourn in filmland certainly did him more harm than good. When Jack had his pug nose plastically reshaped on more classic lines, in order to conform to screen ideals of a handsome hero, a nation-wide sigh of horror went up from the ranks of the fight fans.

"How come," they asked, "that a slugger should be so choosey about his looks? Is the Manassa Mauler softening up?"

Well, as a matter of fact, Dempsey, what with a long spell of fistic idleness, and a carefree life amid the pleasures of the motion picture capital, was never again so potent a battler as in the days when he battered men like Willard and Firpo into submission. The primrose path always exacts vital tribute from the traveler.

Big chuckle-headed Primo Carnera ponderously flaunted his heavyweight championship title for the benefit of the movies, but without any benefit to himself. For in his next battle he was rudely upset and hurled from the throne by the pulverizing fists of Max Baer.

Debonair, versatile Max was right in his element among the Hollywood feminine lovelies, and gained a reputation as a squire of dames that brought him slathers of newspaper publicity, a reputation still further enhanced by a post-graduate course of gay life in the night clubs. Then came the payoff, with defeat administered by Jim Braddock, and the relegation of Max to the fraternity of ex-champions!

One hopes that Billy Conn will prove immune to the blighting glare of Kleig lights, and enervating influence of exotic surroundings. But if he shows signs of pugilistic deterioration when he again answers the sound of the bell, you can be sure that the critics will refer mournfully to the insidious spell cast by Hollywood upon glove-warriors turned for the nonce into film actors!

Richard Lemos, the Mexican Tiger, who recently stopped Petey Scalzo to win the N.B.A. featherweight title.

* * *

FRITZIE ZIVIC, veteran of many ring battles, gave Al "Bummy" Davis a lesson in fighting when they squared off at the Polo Grounds in their return engagement, a 12-round, non-title bout, on July 2. The champion proved not only that he is a worthy successor to Henry Armstrong, but convinced both Davis and his followers that if there was any question of mastery prior to the mill, it was dissipated when the title holder got through with the soldier boy from Camp Hulon. Relentlessly, Fritzie ripped "Bummy" into submission, Davis being halted in 1.12 of the tenth round. A small gathering of 8,968 persons, who paid $36,185, left the arena satisfied that Davis was no match for his opponent.

The soldier boy was on his feet, swaying near the ropes ready to tumble, when Referee Arthur Donovan intervened to save "Bummy" from further punishment. So terrific a shellacking did Zivic hand the lad who had fouled him so frequently when they previously met, that many of the small gathering at the home of the Giants thought he could have stopped Davis earlier had he wanted, but preferred to have Al hang on so that Fritzie could get his revenge. Fritzie hammered away at his foe almost without interruption from the opening gong, and after he had dropped the soldier-fighter for a count of seven in the first session, it seemed just a matter of time before Davis would be halted.

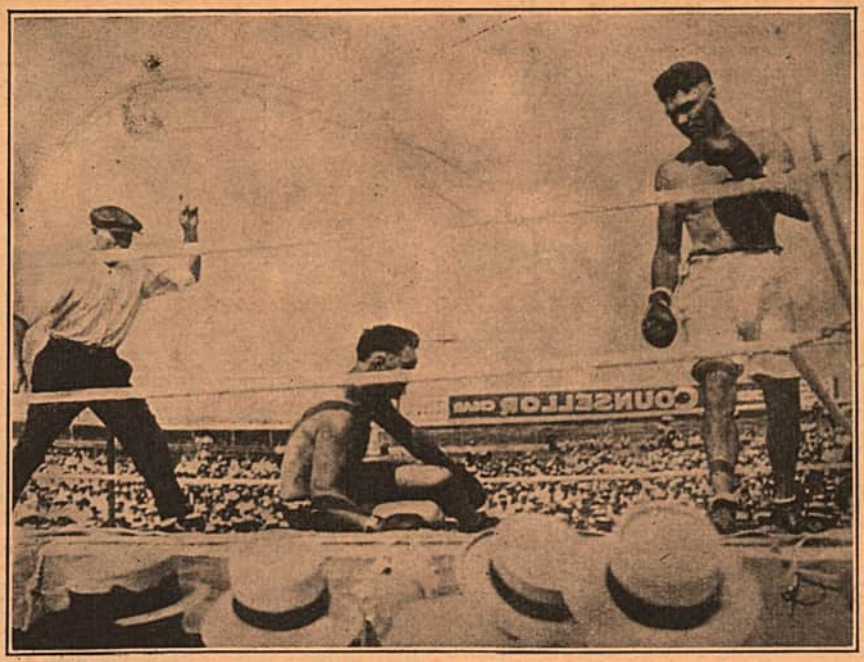
Fritzie hit Davis at will, especially in the final round. Al gave his best, but it was insufficient to curb the sturdy Pittsburgher. Had Davis quit before the referee halted the contest, no one in the park would have found fault with him, for the best he could do against the champion was to slug feebly while Zivic pounded away at body and jaw and connected so frequently many at the ringside started counting the blows. In the two rounds before the final, Fritzie at one stage struck his opponent fourteen times with jabs and hooks before he received even one return blow.

When the little soldier from the Brownsville section of Brooklyn came to the end of his fighting, he had gone as far as he could without collapsing. He fought in true soldier style and gave as commendable a performance as he could, under the circumstances.

He was a thoroughly beaten man. He was exhausted, could scarcely get his hands up to protect himself and welcomed the intervention of Referee Donovan. Thus ended a feud which had been brewing for months and which, from the point of publicity, looked good for a capacity crowd at the Stadium.

But the crowd was conspicuous by its absence. Two factors apparently were responsible. The public seemed to resent the speed with which "Bummy" was reinstated after a "life" sentence had been passed out by the New York Commission, and the public, having paid a huge sum into the coffers of Mike Jacobs' club to see the thrilling Louis-Conn fight which came only a week previously, didn't relish the idea of paying out eleven dollars for a non-championship battle.

The disappointment in the gathering was shared by the keen disappointment in the fight. The bout settled the feud in a one-sided manner and settled for all time the true rating of Davis, who for a time, because of his powerful left hook, was thought to be of championship calibre. He failed to show class in his return engagement with Zivic. He proved just a good club-fighter—what he was when he fought his way to the front in the Ridgewood Club against ordinary opposition.



The late Ollie Pecord counting over Jess Willard after the sixth knockdown was scored by Jack Dempsey in Toledo. The Dempsey-Willard fight brought international fame to the referee.

As for Zivic, his performance was ace high. He is as good now as he was two years ago and considering his length of boxing service, that's saying a mouthful. He handed out everything in a fighter's repertoire and to the credit of Davis, he took it all from gong to gong until Dame Nature revolted and he could take no more.

The bout saw the reappearance of Arthur Donovan as third man in the ring and his work was outstanding. Arthur may have his off days but I doubt there are many better referees than he. He had perfect control at all times and kept the boys on edge throughout.

* * *

IN the last issue of The Ring, I told of my trip to Glace Bay, Canada, where I refereed the Canadian heavyweight championship fight between Tiger Warrington and Al Delaney, and I spoke highly of the sportsmanship of the fight fans. I forgot, however, to tell of a young girl, an eighteen year old recent high school graduate, who, in my opinion, does much for the uplift of boxing by her splendid accounts of boxing shows that appear under her name in the Glace Bay Gazette. Rita Cameron, a charming miss, the only woman boxing reporter in Canada, is well known through her writing in Nova Scotia.

Away up north, where they're fond of boxing, baseball, hockey and soccer and which territory has produced many Canadian sports champions, Cape Breton Island, the most eastern section of that province, is nearly all Scotch and the most virile, clever folks reside there. At Glace Bay, a mining camp of 25,000 people, they foster a professional baseball team, a pro hockey and soccer team and pro boxing. They have the best football team in the provinces and young Miss Cameron does all the reporting of those events in a manner that meets with hearty approval.

She is a bundle of smiles and pep and writes of pro fights as if she had taken special lessons in boxing. She knows a jab from a hook, a cross counter from an uppercut and uses the boxing terms in the same manner as do our veteran boxing scribes in New York. Many of the young men starting as sports reporters in the States could learn much from this eighteen year old girl from Glace Bay. We think that this reporter is the youngest fight scribe on the continent and a very good one at that. To her, Cape Breton Island owes much for the keen interest displayed by its inhabitants in boxing, and that's why The Ring Editor takes keen pleasure in giving her a few lines in this widely read international publication.

* * *

"LITTLE MEXICO" in Los Angeles has gone haywire since its fistic idol, Young Richard Lemos, dethroned Petey Scalzo of New York to win the National Boxing Association's featherweight championship. After years of dreams and wasted hope, the Mexican inhabitants of that sector are happy over the fact that at last they have a "world title holder" in their midst, even though their champion is not universally recognized, no more than was the boxer whom he had beaten. But it is a feather in the cap of Lemos, nevertheless, to share honors with the real world champion, Joey Archibald, for after all, it is an honor to be regarded as some kind of a boxing king in thirty-seven states, those comprising the N.B.A.

Young Richard, born in the shadow of Old Mission in the heart of Los Angeles, did more than merely beat the tough, hard hitting Scalzo, one of the world's best fighters in the featherweight division, who last December 27 had stopped the Mexican in seven rounds. In their return engagement at Hollywood on July 1, Lemos squared accounts by stopping Scalzo in five rounds.

For four of the sessions, the pair fought on even terms. Then as the bell sent the lads on their way for the fifth, Lemos tried his luck by changing to a southpaw, something he frequently does, and the change worked wonders. He bewildered Pete. He crowded the New Yorker and pounded away. A left haymaker dropped Scalzo for a nine count. He was in distress when he reached his feet. Another left to the unprotected jaw sent Scalzo sprawling, head down, on the canvas. He tried to get to his feet but couldn't. He was halted in 2.22.

The victory was hailed with thunderous applause and a swarming reception for the victor. With such popularity, there should be no difficulty in arranging a fight for the title between Lemos and Archibald, and if Al Weill, manager of the recognized world champion is wise, he'll not pass up the chance to get his man, Archibald, signed with the Mexican for a championship bout on the Coast. The Ring will offer a handsome belt for such a battle.

* * *

THE recent victory in ten rounds of Bobby "Poison" Ivy over Harry Jeffra has placed Ivy in the position where he can command attention as a featherweight contender. He already has taken the measure of the leading figures in his class, among them being Larry Bolvin and Joey Archibald, the king of the division. In fact, he proved his right to a championship bout by taking the champ into camp only a week before he trimmed Jeffra.

The Hartford lad is one of a string of featherweights who have brought honors to the Nutmeg State. He hopes to reach the heights as did Bat Battalino and Louis Kid Kaplan before him. Ivy is a hard hitter who has made great progress this year. If given the opportunity in a title bout, he looks like the next fighter to reign as king of the featherweights. Between Lemos and "Poison," it looks as though Archibald will have to keep on his toes.

(Continued on page 40)

TOMMY RYAN, *In a Class by Himself*

Patsy Haley Declares That the Former Champion Was the Best All-Around Fighter in Modern Ring History

By PATSY HALEY

(Famous New York Referee)

I'M not of the, "Those were the halcyon days" crowd. I know that progress has been made in the ring as well as in other fields and that we are going ahead steadily in everything. But when I close my eyes and attempt to compare the present day welterweights, middleweights and light-heavyweights with each of the stars of my time—stars such as Tommy Ryan, Kid McCoy, Mysterious Billy Smith, Joe Walcott among others—I have to laugh. We simply cannot do it because these old timers so far excel those of the present day that it would be ridiculous to place the names of the old timers alongside those of our era.

Tommy Ryan, I believe, was the greatest all around ring man I ever saw. I never saw a man who mixed to a more pronounced degree the best qualities of a boxer and slugger. I never saw a man who could call more strategy and science to his aid, both on attack and defence, nor a man who could keep so eternally cool and collected under fire or when grievously hurt.

Of all the great ring generals of the game, I think Ryan heads the list. He was cunning as a fox, boasted Machiavellian cleverness and no matter how hot the milling was he was as cool as the proverbial cucumber.

I've seen faster men than Ryan. I've seen more rugged physical specimens than Ryan. I've seen harder hitters. But I have yet to look upon the man who combined to such a rare degree so many of the basic ring essentials.

Ryan had the temperament of the fighter. Inside the ropes he was as cruel and relentless as a tiger. Yet he had a heart. He only would punish a man when the stringency of the situation demanded that he punish.

* * *

WHEN Tommy fought Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, R n couldn't bring it upon himself to hit his almost helpless opponent. Dempsey then was past his crest and attacked with the illness that a year or so afterward caused his death. Ryan quickly saw how helpless Dempsey was, and he refused to hit him.

Ryan was always baffling opponents with tricks and strategy. It wasn't beneath him to occasionally play poker with the referee. I remember Ryan's fight with Tommy West at the old Lenox A. C. and how Tommy tried to kid Charlie White, the referee.

Tommy Ryan

West was a stiff puncher. He had a great hook from both sides. In one of the early rounds—I think it was the second—Tommy caught Ryan with a terrific punch to the jaw. It knocked Ryan flat on his face.

At the count of three Ryan propped himself up on one knee. And in that position he started an altercation with the referee. I wasn't near enough to find out what it was, but it was plain to every one that Ryan was registering an awful kick.

Afterward Tommy told me that West's punch had shook him up so bad he doubted that he could get up before ten and that he had started the altercation with White to distract the attention of the referee from the count and gain as many valuable seconds as he could. The ruse didn't work, however, and "Old Good Eye" went on methodically with the count.

Ryan got to his feet at ten and succeeded in stalling out the round. It was several more rounds before Tommy's head cleared and his strength and punch came back. When Ryan regained full mental and physical command of himself he proceeded to cut and slash West to ribbons. He finally knocked Tommy out with a combination left hook to the stomach and right cross to the jaw.

The punch drove West in between the two top ropes of the ring, and he was counted out dangling helplessly on the ropes with legs and buttocks inside the ring and head and arms hanging on the outside.

* * *

AFTER the fight, West boasted that Ryan never could have performed the feat if Tommy had stood up and fought with him. He accused Ryan of being a footrunner, and said that the only way Tommy could win was to tire an opponent out in chasing Ryan and then when his opponent was exhausted from the pursuit for Tommy to step in and finish him.

"I'll show West whether I can stand up and fight," snapped Ryan, when Tommy's remarks were brought to him.

Ryan and West were matched to meet in Louisville. Tommy left his footwork and science in the dressing room. He stood toe to toe with the rugged West and slugged away like a madman.

And Ryan outslugged West and beat him just as *(Continued on page 47)*

BANTAMS IN FAVOR

Class That Once Ruled the Roost in Boxing as Biggest Money Maker Below Heavyweight Division, Has Come Into Its Own Again—Lou Salica Regains Title—Will Receive The Ring Magazine Belt

By TED CARROLL

IN all the hullabaloo attending the exciting doings in the heavyweight division, a significant happening in the world of boxing seems to have been lost in the shuffle of the hysteria stirred up by Joe Louis' title defenses. The long dormant bantamweight division, like a late sleeper emerging from an overtime nap, is beginning to show signs of life.

It seems hard to believe that the 118 pound class, long covered by a mantle of obscurity, once ranked third in public interest among boxing's divisions. This is the case, for back in the post war period, following World War No. 1, only the heavyweights and lightweights surpassed the tiny lads in popularity.

From 1920 through 1926, bantamweights drew tremendous gates and banner turnouts. Jack Sharkey, Joe Lynch and Midget Smith competed against each other before sellout crowds in the old Madison Square Garden, and interest in the little fellows reached a high point all over the world.

Competition among the bantams was blazing in those days and every boxing center had its 118 pound favorite. Among those who were standouts in the golden age of the midget battlers were Pete Herman of New Orleans, a former champion, and one of the greatest; Johnny Buff, the sailor champ; Joe Lynch, another one time titleholder; the New York gamecocks, Midget Smith and Jack Sharkey, who tangled in a pair of torrid tussles; Carl Tremaine, the smooth boxing kayo hitter from Cleveland; Pal Moore, the Memphis Phantom, and Providence Terry Martin.

Then there were also Irish Johnny Curtin, the pride of Jersey City; Danny Edwards, the colored flash from the coast; Roy Moore of St. Paul; Charley Phil Rosenberg, who once held the title; Cannonball Eddie Martin, Brooklyn's aggressive former kingpin; Pete Sarmiento, the Filipino fireball; Chick Suggs, the colored marvel from New Bedford, Mass.; Eddie Shea, the powerful little Chicagoan; Joe Ryder, the Brooklyn Iron Man; Bud Taylor, the Terror from Terre Haute; Bushey Graham, the human pogo stick from Utica, N. Y.; Abe Attell Goldstein, another ex-champ from New York's east side, Joe Burman of Chicago, Harry Gordon and Vic Burrone.

All of these were in their heyday during the decade following the armistice, and with such a raft of talent on the loose, it is no wonder that the class enjoyed great popularity. It was nothing unusual for any of the above mentioned to headline a boxing card with outstanding members of heavier classes in supporting roles, a virtually unheard of thing today.

* * *

WHAT caused the decline of the division that once boasted such all time greats as George Dixon and Terrible Terry McGovern as its standard bearers, is a mystery. For one thing, the title became entangled among a mess of claimants, and again, the quality of the competition fell off sharply after 1926. Still, both of these blights have afflicted nearly all classes for a number of years.

The most likely explanation lies in the unpredictable appetite of the public. Quite often people change their likes and dislikes for no apparent reason, and the drop in popularity undergone by the little men in boxing is probably just one of those things.

The flyweight division suffered the same fate, although at the time the bantamweights previously mentioned were in action three super-flyweights, Jimmy Wilde, Pancho Villa, and Frankie Genaro, not only kept their own division in high favor, but added to the fireworks in the 118 pound class with flashy and successful forays into the heavier field.

The re-awakening of the bantam class of which we spoke in the opening paragraph, can be traced to the efforts mainly of one man, Lou Salica, who has created order out of chaos in the class by establishing himself as the undisputed champion. Regarding Salica's ability, let us lend an ear to the pronunciamento of the supreme sage of sockdom, Mr. Dan Morgan. "Is Salica a great champion," vouchsafed Mr. Morgan, in answer to our query, "I'll say he is. He's one of the best money fighters who ever held the title, and that goes for all of 'em since Jimmy Barry of Chicago. He never gives up."

* * *

EVER since Charlie Phil Rosenberg outgrew the bantamweight class back in 1927, the championship status of most of the title claimants has been clouded. Bud Taylor, Bushey Graham, Al Brown, Baltazar Sangchili, Eugene Huat, Sixto Escobar and Harry Jeffra all have laid claim to the 118-pound title at one time or another since 1927. Of these, Jeffra, Escobar and Brown gained universal recognition.

The last obstacle in Lou's long climb to sole ownership of the title has been removed by his recognition by THE RING Magazine which previously withheld its blessing because of the claims of California's Tony Olivera. However, Salica has so convincingly demonstrated his worthiness as the title holder, that Nat Fleischer will present the Brooklyn boy with a championship belt emblematic of the world's championship in his next New York appearance.

Any lingering doubts anybody may have had regarding the championship qualifications of Salica were wafted away in the breezes that whisked above Philadelphia's Shibe Park, the night of June 16, when lion-hearted Louie turned back Philly's Tommy Forte's bid for his crown in fifteen bitter rounds.

His eye closed tight midway in the fight and behind going into the tenth, gallant little Lou gritted his teeth, argued the commission doctor out of calling a halt because of his damaged optic and roared down the stretch to eke out a hairline verdict over his hard hitting young rival.

This marked the fourth occasion on which Lou had successfully defended his title since winning it from Georgie Pace in New York's Coliseum on Sept. 24, 1940. In this bout, incidentally, Salica waged one of his typical uphill struggles, overhauling the shifty Cleveland Bon Bon in the closing rounds of the fifteen-round melee and edging out a narrow decision.

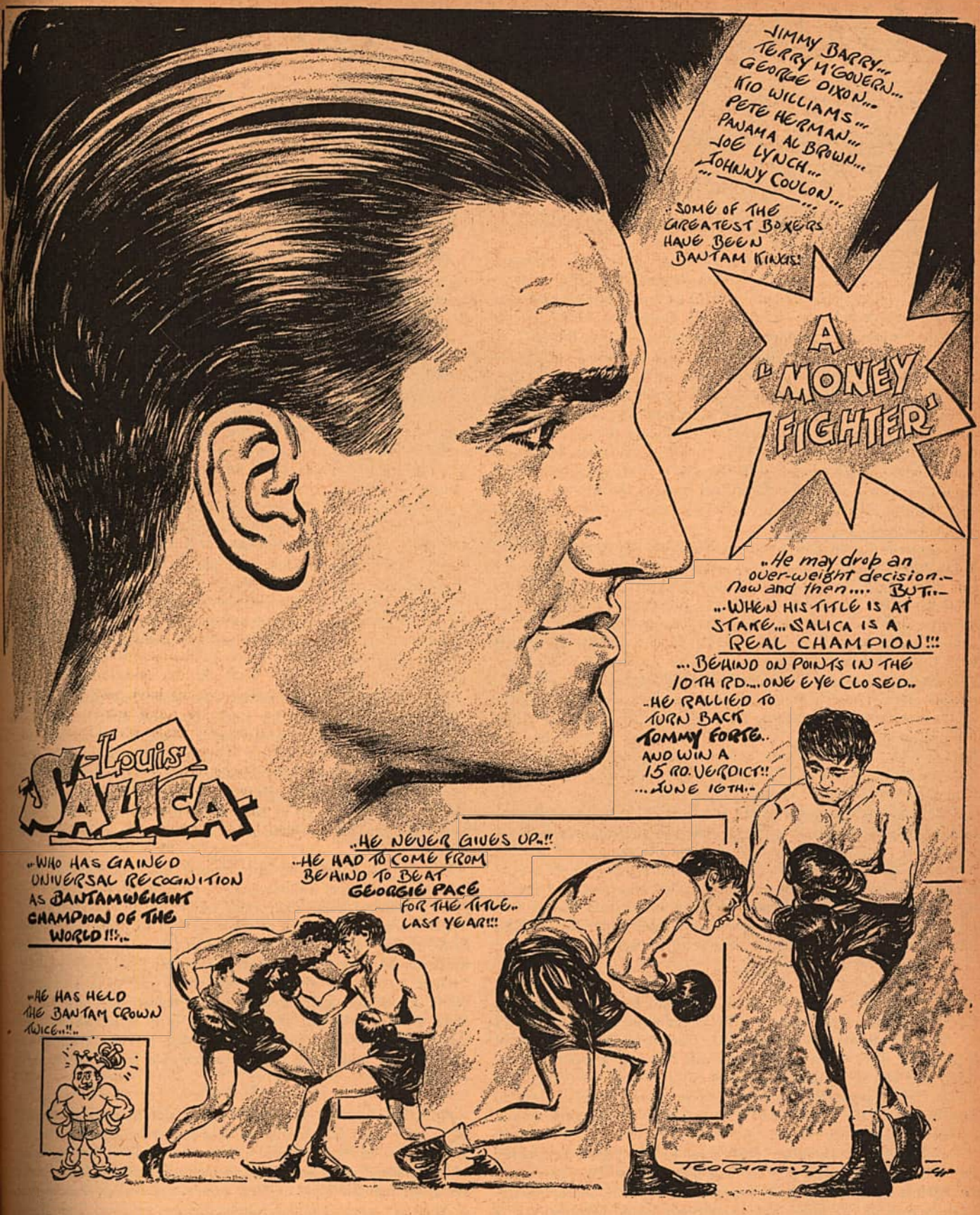
In the past six months he has dropped a couple of over-the-weight arguments to Lou Transparenti and Tommy Forte, but in the return matches with the title on the line, Lou had too much of what a real champion must have for both boys. Against Transparenti in Baltimore on April 25, he was running second up to the tenth round, but had too much heart for his rangy rival, coming on in the closing sessions and retaining his crown in another closely waged battle.

His recent victory over Forte was his second over the dangerous little Philly lad. Last January he had staged a Garrison finish to turn back Forte's title bid in fifteen fast stanzas. It can readily be seen that few champions in modern times have possessed Salica's ability to snatch victory from defeat in such stirring fashion.

* * *

AS small men go, Louis is no chicken, which makes his current feats all the more remarkable. Seeking the reason for the Brooklynite's surprising rejuvenation, we cornered Trainer Willie Ketchum, who is doing a noteworthy job of piloting the champion during Manager Hymie Caplin's enforced vacation, and asked an explanation for Salica's success.

"He always took the best care of himself, and today he's a



better fighter than he ever was," said Ketchum. "Another thing, Lou is an entirely different fighter at 117½ than over the weight. Under 118, he's full of fire and gets better as he goes along," concluded Willie as he suddenly dashed up the avenue in his never-ending pursuit of Lightweight Champion Lew Jenkins, his other charge, who had just shot up Broadway on his new motorcycle.

Salica is enjoying his second reign as bantamweight king. His first tenure of office lasted less than three months. He beat Sixto Escobar for the New York State version of the title on Aug. 26, 1935, and lost it to the same man, Nov. 15, 1935.

Since then he has campaigned up, down and across this country and Canada. Following Escobar's abdication last year he was named titleholder in New York State, but did not gain general recognition until he caught up with the N.B.A. nominee, Pace, last fall. When he is presented with *(Continued on page 45)*

TOUGH TEST *for* LOUIS

Champion Faces Formidable Foe in Stalwart Person of Lou Nova—Californian Has the Weight and Strength for Lack of Which Billy Conn Failed in His Gallant Attempt to Win the Heavyweight Crown

By NAT FLEISCHER

WITH Lou Nova getting a shot at Joe Louis' crown in September, and Buddy Baer and Abe Simon fighting it out in an elimination match at the Polo Grounds on August 14, some lively and colorful action in the heavyweight division may confidently be anticipated. Billy Conn, having temporarily succumbed to the lure of the movies, is out of the fighting schedule for the present, at any rate, until he returns from his picture-making activities in Hollywood during August.

Conn's splendid battle against Louis until he was kayoed in the thirteenth round, resulted in a clamor by Billy's faithful admirers for a speedy return match. It's always that way when a challenger makes an unexpectedly brilliant showing against a champ. But in selecting Nova for Joe's next opponent, Mike Jacobs made a wise choice. Conn had had his chance, and it was only right and just that opportunity should knock next on Lou Nova's door.

There'll be no lack of worthy antagonists for Conn when the latter gets into fighting harness again. And meanwhile, nobody can deny that Nova stands out in bold relief as Number One challenger. Joe Louis deserves hearty recognition for his sportsmanlike attitude in accepting Nova as his next opponent.

Had he so desired, he could have held out for another match with Conn, confident in the belief that his preference would have been backed up by a good many of the fight fans. Despite Conn's gallant stand under a serious weight handicap, it is but logical to suppose that the champion would figure Billy as being easier for him in a second tilt. No matter how game a man may be, he must inevitably be haunted and handicapped by a hovering sense of doom when facing a deadly puncher who has already tagged him with a kayo wallop.

This unpleasant obsession may not be visible on the surface of things, but it's bound to exist, if only in the victim's subconsciousness, and certainly doesn't improve his chances of scoring a victory. Also, a fighter of the Louis calibre usually gets a very definite line on the weak spots of a defeated opponent, and profits by the knowledge if they come together again. Bob Pastor was lucky enough to stick ten rounds with Louis, but Joe finished him off in the eleventh session of a return bout.

* * *

MY prediction as to the Louis-Conn battle was that the champion would kayo Billy in eight rounds, which wasn't so very far off the mark. Daniel M. Daniel, in the July issue of THE RING, gave Conn a chance to win the title on points, something the clever Pittsburgher came pretty close to doing. But today Daniel says that Conn will never again steer so near to annexation of the crown, and I fancy most of the experts will agree with him.

Referee Arthur Donovan, for example, in a recent newspaper interview, said frankly that he wouldn't like to see Conn stack up against the champ again, for he believes that another body-beating such as the loser took from Louis would practically ruin the Pittsburgh boxer. There's a lot to that idea. If you glance over the list of Louis kayo victims, it becomes significant that few of them amounted to much in their subsequent ring jousts, and you can rest assured that ripping, tearing abdominal bombardment didn't do Conn any good.

The latter's manager, Johnny Ray, is a shrewd chap who probably realizes this fact, and knows that a rest from slugging activities is what Conn needs most at the present time. When Jacobs signed up Buddy Baer for Abe Simon, he is said to have told Buddy's pilot, Ancil Hoffman, that Max Baer would be given first call for a match with Conn. But Johnny Ray wasn't enthusiastic about that proposition, and passed it up. Ray means to have Billy box at Pittsburgh or Philadelphia after Conn comes back from Hollywood, but hadn't decided on an opponent at the time of this writing.

After Lou Nova lost to Tony Galento in September, 1939, he retired temporarily. To be exact, he was out of the game until October 30, 1940, when he kayoed Erjavec in five rounds. On January 10, he beat the much-touted Comiskey. By stopping Max Baer in eight frames, he convinced the skeptics, who thought he was all through after the Galento affair, that he was in first-class milling form again, and a force to be reckoned with in the heavyweight wrangle. Since then, he kayoed Jim Robinson in three rounds.

His ill luck with Galento was due to two reasons. One was that the referee let Galento get away with murder in the fouling and rough-housing line; the other, that Nova, although apparently in good physical condition, was the victim of an obscure form of septic poisoning unsuspected at the time by either the fighter or his physician. The ailment yielded in time to rest and proper treatment, but there is no doubt that it handicapped him in the Galento affair, even though he was unaware there was anything wrong with him.

* * *

FOR the past few months THE RING has okayed Nova as a fitting opponent for Louis, and now that he has the big chance, it's going to arouse a whole lot of public interest to see what he does with it. Unlike Conn, he matches up in physical measurements with the champion, being thirty-odd pounds heavier than the Pittsburgh flash. In a word, he's a legitimate heavyweight, as rugged as they make them, when in good health, as he is today, an excellent boxer, and reliable, if not spectacular puncher.

His hitting powers do not impress the spectators as do the dynamic, explosive wallops hurled by the Brown Bomber. But Nova's punches hurt. They raise lumps on an opponent's visage. There's a whole lot more damaging effect to them than is visible to the naked eye. A Nova sock carries far more potential disaster in its impact than anything Billy Conn has in his fistic repertoire.

Gene Tunney in his prime was that sort of a puncher. He didn't knock his men kicking in the sensational Jack Dempsey style. But he whipped them, and he hurt them, he wore them down with punishing jolts and jabs that left dents behind when they landed, and Gene had an undeniable knack of scoring on the target.

* * *

LIKE Louis, the versatile Tunney put permanent crimps in the scrapping ability of many men he beat. He may not have paralyzed them in the electric-shock voltage fashion of the colored champion, but the memories of the drubbings they received lingered long in their minds and bodies. Take the case of the last man Tunney fought before retiring, Tom Heeney of Australia.

Heeney, if he wasn't exactly first-chop talent, was a tough, enduring heavyweight, with a long list of victories to his credit. At any rate, he was good enough to be selected as the then champion's opponent, and in the same year he fought Tunney, had drawn with Jack Sharkey and defeated Jack Delaney. Tunney stopped him in eleven rounds. But the point is that Heeney was given such a whaling that he was never the same man again, and his subsequent career was one of almost continuous disaster.

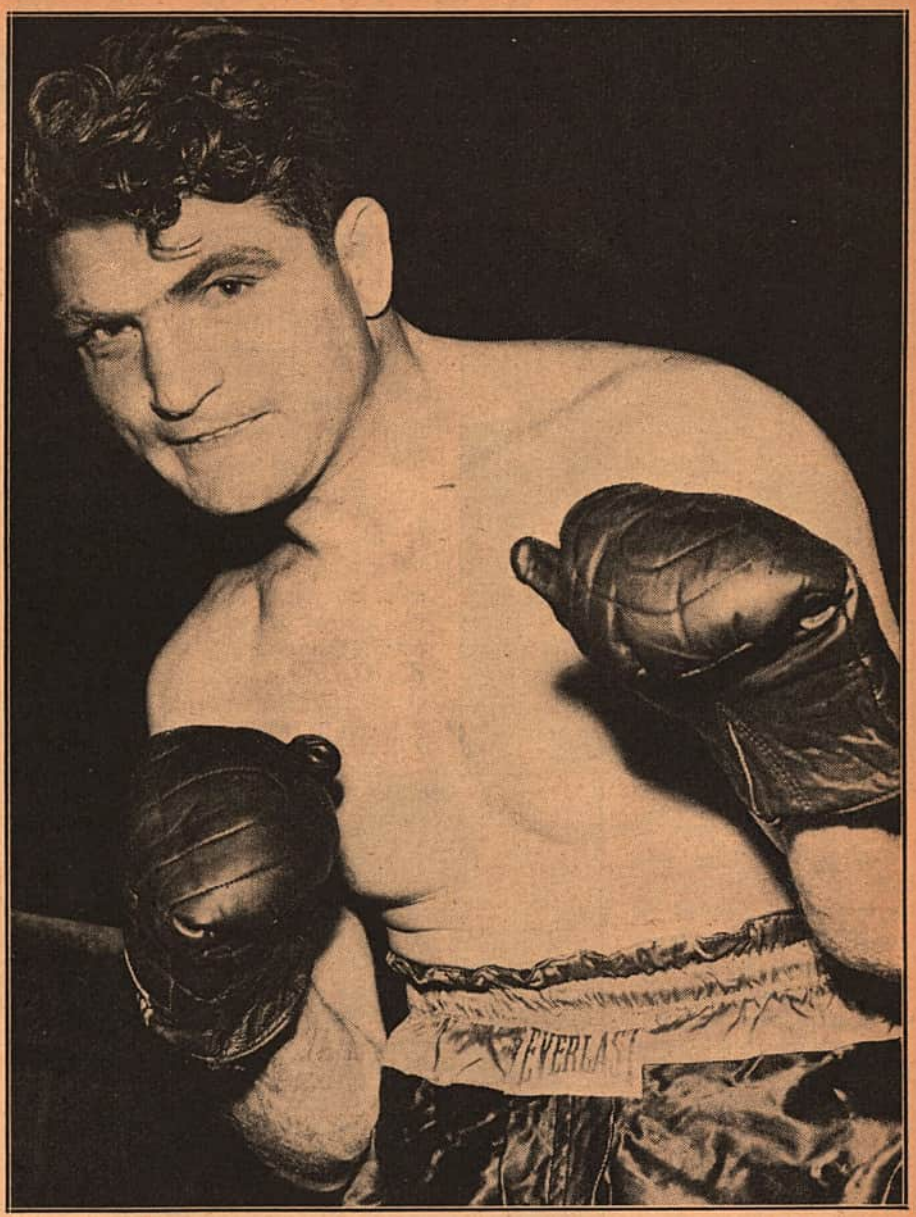
The late Bartley Madden once told me that he was a sick man for weeks after he lost to Tunney in eight rounds in 1925, because of the body-punching he received on that occasion. That was the year before Tunney took the title from Dempsey, and Madden, remembering his own experience, won a tidy sum by betting on the short end.

I am not predicting that Lou Nova will provide a repetition of pugilistic history by mowing down Louis, but merely pointing out that he is decidedly dangerous, and the sort of a fighter whom many people are likely to underrate because his efficiency isn't of the glamorously melodramatic type. Because Tunney's style wasn't as eye-filling as that of Dempsey, eight out of ten fight fans laughed at the notion that he could be like the incomparable Manassa Mauler. Personally I believe that Louis will repeat his triumphs. He'll whip Nova as he has defeated other challengers.

The Louis-Nova battle rates as a bully box office attraction. Before it comes off, press publicity will make it widely known that Nova possesses the strength and bulk that Billy Conn lacked. And, as most folks believe that Louis has started to slip, thousands will flock to the scene in the hope of witnessing the colored crack's Waterloo.

What a great many people forget is that Louis may have retrograded slightly with the passage of time and wear and tear of training and ring engagements, but that he is still a killing puncher with either hand, merciless in execution, and as coldly calculating a personage as ever took advantage of a flustered antagonist.

Every time the champion is matched for a title defense bout the rumor gets around that if successful, he will hang up the gloves for good, and retire undefeated. This yarn was duly resurrected and published by a New York newspaper shortly after the Louis-Nova battle was arranged, but of course has no more real foundation than the "stuff that dreams are made of!"



Lou Nova, the Californian who is conceded best chance to dethrone the Brown Bomber.

Louis is in the zenith of his career as a drawing card, and has no intention of failing to reap the rich financial harvests that lie ahead. Since the 1940 season opened, up to the present time, he has been starred in two outdoor and five indoor shows, totalling a $842,000 gross, with his share of the receipts amounting to about $350,000. The goose that lays the golden eggs is doing fine, thank you, and Joe isn't going to ring the final bell on her productive activities as yet.

* * *

NOVA courageously refused to accept the setback he received at Galento's hands as an ill omen in his quest for the heavyweight crown, and subsequent events proved that he had the right idea in carrying on. If his luck holds, and he should eventually mount the throne, he'll rate as the third big fellow from the Golden Gate who found it tough going in a first invasion of the East, yet finally annexed the coveted title.

The other two were respectively, Jim Jeffries and Max Baer. Billy Delaney brought Jeff to New York City in 1898. Jim was then a powerful young giant with less than two years' professional experience in the ring. His record included victories over Dan Long, Van Buskirk, Henry Baker, Joe Goddard, Peter Jackson, Pete Everett and Tom Sharkey. Gus Ruhlin and Joe Choynski had each held him to a twenty-round draw.

Bob Fitzsimmons was champion at the time, and Delaney figured on bringing off a sensational coup which would draw attention to Jeffries as the chap most likely to defeat the lanky wonder from Australia. He had already approached Gotham promoters regarding a match with Fitz, but they one and all gave him the laugh. Jeff simply didn't rate such an assignment in their opinion, an opinion shared by the Manhattan boxing writers.

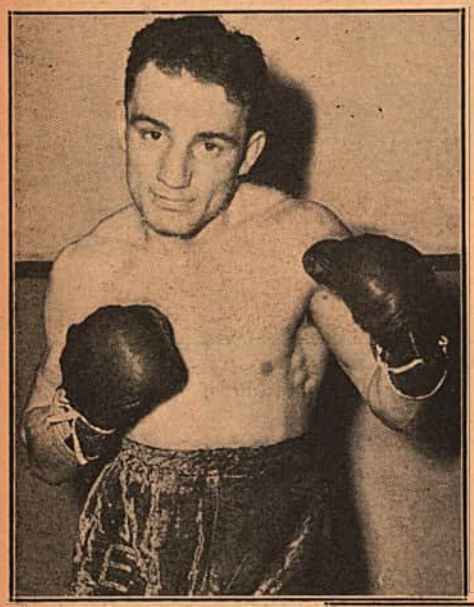
Delaney angled again. This time he baited his hook with the proposition to have Jeffries meet and whip two heavyweights in one night in the same ring, with a half-hour recess between the bouts. The Eastern promoters bit at that one, and Billy came East with his charge. The men selected to face Jeffries were Steve O'Donnell, the Australian heavyweight, and Bob Armstrong, the latter a reliable colored trial horse. O'Donnell, though he had been kayoed by Peter Maher, was considered a fine scientist—he had been Peter Jackson's favorite pupil—and had an otherwise creditable record. Both were big, strapping fellows, and as each was scheduled to travel ten rounds, it looked as though the young Californian had a whole lot of trouble cut out for him.

So at least thought the New York boxing scribes, who hadn't much encouragement to give Delaney's protege. Some of them even suggested that Jeffries might consider himself lucky to keep his own jaw out of range of a kayo punch. The Golden Gate youth can scarcely have had his spirits cheered by reading the advance notices on his New York debut.

Armstrong and O'Donnell flipped a coin to decide who should first enter the lists with Jeffries. *(Continued on page 46)*

NEW FACES

By
HARVEY THORNE



Eddie Petrin, bantam champion of Eastern Canada.

BUDDY GOMER

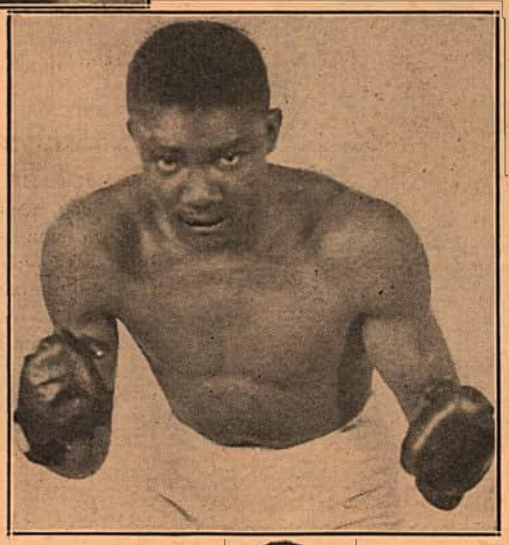
HE was born August 26, 1920, on a farm near Brooten, Minn. He comes from German-Norwegian and Swedish descent. Buddy fell in love with the sport early, and at the age of 12 he entered the amateur ring as a 94-pounder and lost his first fight to a fellow weighing 120. That was back in 1933. Thereafter, he was undefeated in 29 straight bouts. He engaged in 50 contests, losing only four by decision, three of which were later reversed.

He won the Sauk Centre Junior High School flyweight title; St. Paul Branch Y.M.C.A., A.A.U. welterweight title, and Mississippi Valley A.A.U. middleweight crown.

Billy Stintzen, old-time Canadian lightweight, taught Buddy the tricks of the game, which perhaps helped him attain the rank given him by an amateur boxing magazine as tenth best amateur in the nation. He is 6 ft. ¼ in. tall, and may yet grow into a heavyweight. He is extremely fast and clever. He is a typical straight punching boxer. He turned pro on February 14th, 1939. His record follows: Eddie Ravalle, won 4; Eddie Wagner, won 4; Billy Benton, K.O. 1; Izzy Levine, K.O. 3; Ronny Malcolm, draw 6; Billy Gardner, won 4; Gene La Scotti, draw 6; Gene La Scotti, draw, 6; Orlan Carson, won 4; Gene La Scotti, won 2; Dave Klose, K.O. 1; Gene Espinoza, won 8; Worth London, T.K.O. 2; Earl Banovich, won 10; Orville Peterson, T.K.O. 2; Indian Benny Owens, T.K.O. 1; Vance Basler, won 5.

He has fought all over the Middle-West, is undefeated as a pro and has never been stopped.

Austin Reed, New Albany, Mississippi, fighter, manager, promoter, a unique Southern fistic character.



Flash Lightning, Philadelphia light-heavy.

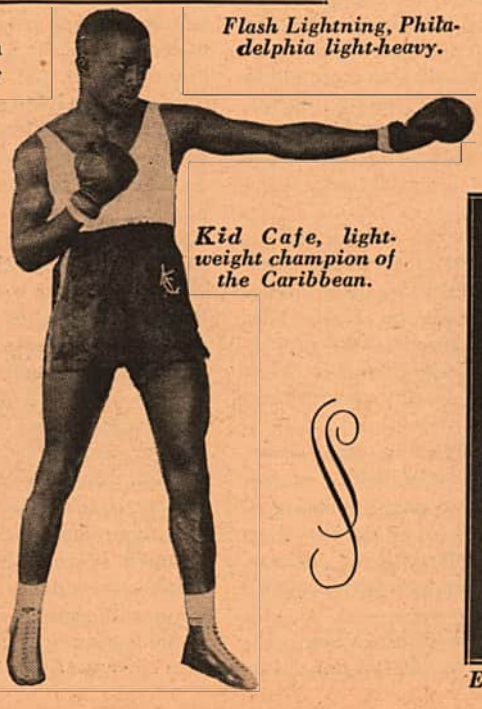
* * *

BUDDY O'DELL

ONE of the young middleweights in the Far West, who hopes to attain the heights, is Buddy O'Dell, a New Yorker who is fighting out of California, and who has a big Hollywood following. O'Dell, at this writing, has won 23 out of 25 ring battles. His manager, Art Hoehm, is eager to bring the lad East. He thinks he has a good attraction in Buddy.

O'Dell, who scales 160, holds decisions over some of the best talent in his class. He is a good club fighter and a fearless battler. He has a hard wallop and has been fighting in both the middle and light-heavy divisions.

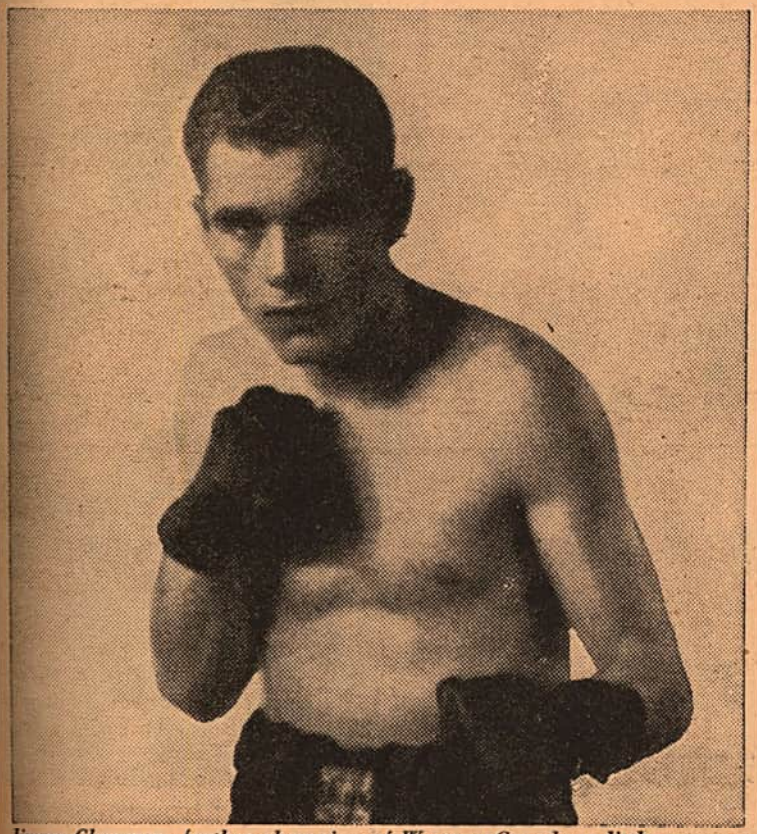
Buddy Gomer, clever St. Paul middleweight.



Kid Cafe, lightweight champion of the Caribbean.

El Brookman, Washington middleweight.

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices



Jimmy Chapman, feather champion of Western Canada, a little scrapper with a good fighting record.

EDDIE PETRIN

SAM GIBBS, Canadian manager who has handled some of the best talent in his territory, has a champion in tow in Eddie Petrin, the bantam king of Eastern Canada. Petrin is a husky lad, full of fight and should make good if he comes to the States.

Gibbs had Petrin putted against Alex McCull and Nels Broadhead in Eddie's last two fights and he stopped McCull in the fifth and won from Nels in ten rounds. Both fights took place at Toronto.

* * *

BOB HUFFMAN (FLASH LIGHTNING)

FLASH LIGHTNING he is called, because when he was a child he was struck by lightning that left its mark on his leg. His correct name is Bob Huffman. He is 19 years old, stands 5 feet 11 inches and scales 172 pounds. In Philadelphia, where he lives, they think he is a fairly good prospect. He started his pro career last year and since, has engaged in thirteen bouts of which he won nine, lost two and fought two draws. He has scored four knockouts.

Huffman's record to date follows:

1940—Ed Wyn, K.O. 3; Steve Pulac, won, 4; Bob Wilson, lost, 6; Bob Wilson, draw, 6; Ray Alliano, won, 6; Ed Wilson, lost, 6.

1941—Bob Jacobs, lost, 6; Frank Donofrio, K.O., 3; Bob Jacobs, K.O., 3; Bull Santos, won, 8; Felix Del Paoli, K.O., 4; Beans Palmer, K.O., 3, and Ed Wilson, won, 6.

Paul Underburger, fighting soldier from the Canal Zone

* * *

EL BROOKMAN

EL BROOKMAN is one of the fighters from Washington, D. C., who has been doing good work of late. Brookman, who is 21 years old and scales 153, is a product of the Police Boys' Club of the Capitol City and has twice distinguished himself in national tournaments. He has recent victories over Harvey Massey, Cesaro Rearro, Irish Johnny Dean, Toby Tobias, Frank Wills, Joey Spangler and Eddie Finanze.

Boxing in Washington has finally reached the top.

Buddy O'Dell, New Yorker fighting out of California.

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GEORGE DE GIDIO

GEORGE DE GIDIO is one of Minnesota's young ring men who seems to be on his way in his chosen profession. George, holder of the State featherweight championship, started boxing when a kid. He began as an amateur and the Mill City Italian was a success almost from the start. First he copped the Minneapolis flyweight title, then in the *Northwest Star-Journal* Golden Gloves flyweight diadem in 1938 he won in his section. In 1939 he copped the Mississippi Valley A.A.U. bantamweight crown, which completed his amateur career. As an amateur, he never was stopped, though he lost a few decisions. He beat Floyd Hagen twice in the amateurs.

De Gidio made his pro debut in the fall of 1940 under the management of a former feather, Danny O'Shea. His record follows: Larry Duffy, T.K.O., 3; Jack Nitti, K.O., 3; Buddy Burkhardt, T.K.O., 1; Jimmy Salvatore, T.K.O., 3; Kid Salters, T.K.O., 1; Mike Valentine, T.K.O., 1; Arne Kilcoyne, T.K.O., 4; Carl Ford, T.K.O., 6; Lloyd "Skeets" Weems, K.O., 1; Jesse Yarber, K.O., 3; Andy Canal, W., 6; Mike Valentine, K.O., 2; Yue Kee Kong, T.K.O., 3; Billy Smith, L., 6; Eddie Carson, W., 4; Billy Day, K.O., 1; Andy Canal, L., 4; Sammy Scully, W., 6.

Recently he was named by THE RING the best prospect of the month.

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AUSTIN REED

DOWN in New Albany, Mississippi, there is a young fighter who seems to be a little like the old-timers of this section. Austin Reed is his name and they they call him the "Indelible Imp," due

(*Continued on page 46*)

Michael V. Kravas, Canal Zone middleweight.

MAKING THE GRADE

By FRED EISENSTADT

Allie Stolz, Jersey's star lightweight.

LENNY "BOOM BOOM" MANCINI

MOST fight fans recognize an interesting scrapper from a dull one. It didn't take the customers long to make a favorite of Lenny "Boom Boom" Mancini, because his manner of fighting thrilled and excited them. It was his style, fighting hard at all times, that skyrocketed Mancini close to the top of the 135-pound class in two short years.

Light-footed and quick-fisted, Lenny knows much about the science of boxing, but he's definitely not a boxer. He's a fighter and it was his fighting qualities that were responsible for his meteoric rise.

From his very first appearance in a metropolitan ring, when he beat Charlie Varre in a four-rounder at the Broadway Arena, Lenny's pugilistic climb has been phenomenal. The rugged little Italian-American battered his way upward by stiffening such worthies as Solly Pearl, Johnny Cockfield, Georgie Zeitz, Young Chappie, Jimmy Lancaster and other good boys, reaching the main event stage in nine months after participating in only ten contests here.

Two months ago, in his 30th pro fight, Lenny Mancini sprang a surprise when, in opposing the N. B. A. lightweight champion, Sammy Angott, as a short-notice substitute in Cleveland, he gave Angott such a going-over that practically every fight fan there, including the referee, thought that Mancini deserved the verdict. Unfortunately for Mancini, the two judges were under the impression that Angott had won because of what they termed his clever boxing, and so gave Angott the duke.

Born Leonardo Mancino twenty-one years ago in Youngstown, Ohio, Lenny left junior high school to work as a cook in a C.C.C. camp. He became interested in boxing there, and in twenty-seven months at the camp, he fought a number of exhibition bouts. To the sorrow of the amateurs in and around Youngstown, Mancini resumed boxing when he returned home. He finally won the Ohio featherweight title.

A friend of Manager Frankie Jacobs saw Mancini annihilating an opponent in a Youngstown ring—that's how the one-time mentor of Jackie "Kid" Berg happened to get hold of the chunky and powerful little Italian. Mancini's grand fighting, his ripping, tearing style, his bulldog courage, determination, confidence and hard punching, are what brought Lenny to the front. Beating seasoned boxers like Joey Fontana (twice), Chief Crazy Horse, Charlie Varre (twice), Irving Eldridge, Billy Marquart (twice within three weeks), is quite a feat for a lad who's been boxing only two years.

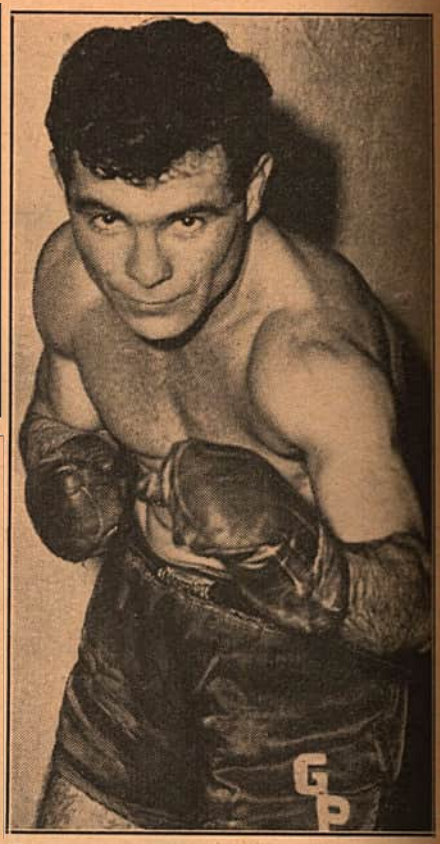
Mancini has just about hit his stride. He can fight at a terrific pace without showing signs of fatigue and without losing the sting of his blows. The monicker "Boom Boom" fits Lenny as perfectly as his skin. For when he begins to fire blows—shooting them from every angle and position, short, choppy, stunning blows which daze and weaken a foe—it's enough to raise the temperature of the most sangfroid individual in the boxing game. "Boom Boom" spells "Doom Doom" to his rivals.

"If they're short of opposition for Ray Robinson," says Frankie Jacobs, "Lenny is not only ready and willing to meet the flashy colored boy—he's anxious. This challenge goes for any 135-pounder in the world."

* * *

GUILLERMO "MACISTE" PUENTES

THE average pugilist who makes the fistic grade does so by starting in four-round bouts, then shifting into six-rounders, and finally going into main events. Guillermo Puentes of Girardot, Colombia, went right into high after participating in only four bouts in this country. He made such a hit with his impressive stand-up style of boxing that he immediately acquired a large and enthusiastic following in New York. That's quite an achievement for a lad who had arrived here unheralded and unknown to compete with fighters of established reputations.



Guillermo "Maciste" Puentes, sensational South American lightweight.

The South American scrapper's first victim was the clever and courageous Oliver White. Guillermo battered the colored boxer into an almost unrecognizable pulp in eight hair-raising rounds. Next he administered a severe trouncing to the tough Norman Rahn in eight. Puentes then repeated over White. By this time the sturdy Spanish scrapper had attracted wide attention and matchmakers sought to sign him for bouts at their clubs. Max Joss, major domo of the Broadway Arena, succeeded in obtaining Guillermo's signature for a battle against Julie Kogon, a clever and cagy clouter who carries a kayo in either mitt. On the eve of battle, the gamblers, recalling Kogon's blitz knockout over welterweight Tony Marteliano and other noted fighters, promptly installed the Hebrew battler a 5-to-1 favorite.

The conflict went something like this for eight rounds: Puentes moving forward—jabbing and hooking, Kogon trying to connect with a haymaker—and failing to land; Guillermo shooting rights and lefts to the head, staggering the kayo artist; Julie trying to jab—but falling short; Puentes outfighting Kogon at close quarters; Julie trying hard to land his right; Puentes outboxing Julie at long range. Result: The gamblers as well as Kogon took a good shellacking. Puentes took the decision as well as his rightful place in the lightweight class.

At fifteen, Guillermo Puentes took up weight-lifting as a sport. Thus he developed a body beautiful—square shoulders and bulging muscles. His friends promptly nicknamed him "Maciste," after the world-famous Italian Strong Man of the silent pictures.

Puentes became interested in boxing while attending high school, which he left after one year. When he was eighteen, the handsome Spanish youth quit his job in order to devote all his time to learning the science of fisticuffs.

He has had forty-eight pro bouts—fours, sixes, eights, tens,

twelves and two fifteen-rounders. Guillermo was presented with the International Championship Silver Cup by the boxing fraternity of Equador. He also received the 135-pound title belt in his own country, Colombia, in 1939—when he was twenty.

"Puentes has lost but two decisions," explained Tony Rojas, former Puerto Rican featherweight, who brought Guillermo to this country. "He lost to Young Shadow in Panama City, then knocked him out in a return engagement. Carmelo Fenoy got a decision over Puentes in Havana, Cuba. But I have in my possession clippings from Havana newspapers to prove that Guillermo really outpointed Fenoy. Anyway, Guillermo is willing to meet him again to prove that he is Carmelo's master."

Lew Burston, who is managing "Maciste" with Rojas, feels certain that Puentes will achieve even greater fistic prominence and popularity than was gained by his dynamic lightweight, Pedro Montanez, three or four years ago. "Guillermo is young and powerful," pointed out Burston. "That, and the fact that he can assimilate extraordinarily hard punches and come back strong, gives him a world of confidence. Puentes is by no means an easy target to hit, but his best defense is his strong and persistent offense."

The Colombian fears no man his weight—or ten pounds over. His mighty fists and his hammer-like blows generally wear opponents down within six or seven rounds.

Puentes is a terrific body puncher. He is a fighter who also has plenty of boxing ability. Rojas, who brought Sixto Escobar to this country some years ago and is responsible for his garnering the bantamweight title, refuses to permit anyone but himself to train Puentes. His claim is that nobody can possibly know Guillermo as well as he knows him, and that Puentes has great confidence in him and in his method of training.

The Spanish Strong Boy received a slight setback when Chalky Wright, uncrowned featherweight champ, outpointed him in a sensational eight-round bout—a defeat which increased Guillermo's glory and popularity rather than diminished it. For Chalky, who has defeated numerous top-ranking welters, had all he could do to gain the verdict over the game and aggressive Puentes. And so, his confidence unimpaired, Guillermo is once again on his triumphant march towards his goal.

* * *

ALLIE STOLZ

THE bout which "stole the show" at Madison Square Garden on May 16, when Bob Montgomery triumphed over lightweight champ Lew Jenkins, was the semi-final six-rounder between Allie Stolz and Terry Young. To be exact, it was Stolz who was the hit of the show. He thrilled the 15,000 fans with his superb ringwork and excited them with his magnificent stand against the rugged Italian. Allie amazed the spectators with flashes of brilliant boxing—jabbing and hooking. He sidestepped Young's savage rushes, countered cleverly with stiff rights to the chin, and jolted him with sharp lefts. Stolz brought the huge crowd to its feet not only by taking Terry's hardest wallops without flinching, but by coming back to stagger his tough rival with well-timed blows to the head and body.

Stolz was born in Newark, N. J., on September 2, 1918. He's a high school graduate and a talented artist—a refined and well-mannered youngster. He won 33 out of his 35 amateur bouts. He turned pro on November 12, 1937, and has engaged in 42 bouts. He scored 19 kayoes, won 18 decisions and lost 3 contests, one to Joey Fontana and one to Bobby Ruffin—a decision he later reversed.

Lenny "Boom Boom" Mancini, the little dynamo of the lightweight class.

Allie hopes to wipe out the stigma of a T.K.O. at the hands of featherweight title claimant Petey Scalzo at the Garden on December 1, 1939.

Stolz lists among his victims such sensational featherweights as Pablo Dano, "Texas" Lee Harper, Joe Amico, Clarence Ellwood, Joe Marciente, Chang Collura, Jimmy Gilligan, Morris Parker, Ginger Foran, Matt Perfetti, and scored a seven-round kayo over Joe Marinelli—the same Joe Marinelli who holds wins over Lloyd Pine, Jimmy Perrin, Spider Armstrong, Jackie Callura and featherweight champ Joey Archibald. Allie also holds decisions over numerous lightweights, among them being Jackie Sharkey, Jr., Charley Gomer, Maxie Fisher, Frankie Conn, Monty Pignatore—whom he decisioned and kayoed—and a number of others.

Some fifteen months ago when Willie Ketchem, his trainer—who is now managing him, as well as the rest of Hymie Caplin's stable of boxers—observed that for some reason Stolz was not fighting as well as he should, and could, although his condition seemed okay. Willie had his protege examined by a noted physician. "It's a wonder," remarked the medico gravely, "that the boy had been able to fight, let alone win his battles. Stolz has been ill for quite some time. Not seriously ill, of course, but definitely too ill to fight. He has a bad case of sinus and has had it for quite some time."

So Ketchem ordered Allie Stolz to rest. And Allie Stolz rested.

His sinus trouble cured, Allie worked out in the gym for three weeks under the sharp eye of his mentor, who increased the lad's labors gradually and watched Stolz sharpen up on his boxing. Presently Willie matched him with Joe Amico. Allie kayoed him in seven rounds. The manner in which Allie did the trick satisfied Ketchem that the kid was now ready to really "go to town." So he visited Nate Rogers, matchmaker of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, and asked for a tough opponent for Stolz.

"You mean," inquired Rogers doubtfully, "a real tough one?"

"Sure!" nodded Willie. "The tougher the better. I think Stolz is so good now that he can lick the best of them. I'd like to prove that fact to myself and to the boxing world as well."

Rogers gave Ketchem a skeptical look.

"How about Terry Young?" he suggested, expecting Willie to holler "No!" and nearly falling over when the latter said, "Sure—Young will do. He'll serve the purpose."

The result was a decisive victory for Stolz, a victory so impressive and brilliant that it put the main event into the shade. Stolz had come back with a bang.

* * *

VINNIE VINES

IN the evening of February 11, 1941, nearly every boxing writer on the Metropolitan newspapers raved about the brilliant fistic future of a young Irish-American named Jackie Donovan. The scribes extolled Jackie's clever boxing, applauded his great courage, praised his ring technique. These same sports writers who devoted much space glorifying Donovan's greatness and future ring success were, however, strangely silent about the fistic virtues of the young man *(Continued on page 41)*

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I HAVE just finished looking over some back numbers of THE RING Magazine, which prompted me to write to you. I have intended to do so before, but for no reason at all I just didn't get it done, so-why not now?

I first became interested in fighting at the age of fourteen, and I believe the first fight I ever heard over the air was the scrap between Joe Louis and Max Baer. I went back to China with my parents in 1936 and couldn't get much fight news out there. I received two copies of THE RING which were sent by some friends of mine, and I can honestly say that I have never read a magazine so thoroughly or enjoyed a magazine more. It was hard to get any kind of fight news, and often I didn't hear the results of a fight for about four or five months. I remember clearly that it was the following December before I heard of the knockout of Freddy Steele by Al Hostak the previous August.

I read a letter in one of your back numbers, September, 1940, telling about Andre Shelaeff. I was also interested in him, and remember reading in a Shanghai paper about his death after a ten round loss to George Salvadore of Texas. I knew a friend in China who had seen Andre on several occasions in Shanghai and spoke of him often.

After getting so little news in China, when I came back to Canada last August the first thing I did when I arrived in Hongkong was to look for a RING Magazine. I was not disappointed, for even out in Hongkong I found one with ease, and I can tell you I have not missed an issue since then, and since arriving here I've listened to many fight broadcasts by those two very fine reporting twins, Bill Stern and Sam Taub, more power to them!

I see that nearly everyone who writes to you expresses some criticism or praise of the boxing profession, and I would like to do the same. My pet peeve is "Uncle Mike" who seems to have such a strangle hold on boxing that he can dictate who is to fight and who is not to fight, and raises Cain when something goes off without having his finger in the fistic pie. He even has control of the Army and Navy boxers. He did help boxing, that is true, but I think he has gone too far. Is not the individual fighter or manager allowed to have any say at all?

STEPHEN JONES,
Galt, Ontario, Can.

* * *

ALTHOUGH being a new reader of THE RING, I want to praise you on the way you conduct and manage this wonderful magazine. I read recently how you managed the Tiger Warrington-Al Delaney bout in Cape Breton and how you earned the praise of all the fight followers there. Even one of the citizens of our city, who saw the bout, gave you great praise on the way you handled the fight, in his interview with a reporter.

MICKEY HENNESSEY,
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Canada.

* * *

MY last letter to you was written the morning after the Schmeling-Sharkey fight and here I am again, all of a dither, as before. When you printed my letter in THE RING way back in August, '32, I retreated into my shell—but just the same, I've been watching, in my quiet little way, everything you have had to say or do ever since, greatly enjoying THE RING meanwhile.

This time it is thanks I have to offer. Yesterday I read over THE RING for June, especially to find out just what you had said about Joe Louis and his chances in the fight with Billy Conn. If the article "Joe Wearing Out," had been written under your signature, I should have forgotten that I ever admired you; but nowhere did I find that you had belittled Louis in any way. You had not busied yourself at greasing the skids for him. To be sure someone will take Joe's measure some day and it may well be Conn—but he will have to go some and mend his manners, to be the champion Joe Louis has been.

I hope that the writers of a few of the "Letters from Our Readers" lost their shirts on the outcome of the fight—and that goes for Mr. Hype Igoe, too. It is a fine thing to build up a new champ, but why gloat over a man's failure when, as yet, he has not failed?

So, today I admire the editor of THE RING even more than ever and thanks so very much.

C. SAMUELS,
A RING Reader.

* * *

I RECENTLY received the copy of your book, "Ben Hogan," which you so kindly sent me. Thanks a million for the booklet. I enjoyed it immensely. Thought I knew a lot about Ben Hogan, but after reading the book, I discovered that I had only a few highlights of his eventful career. I lived at Franklin, not far from Parkers Landing, from 1869 until 1876 when my folks moved to Edenburg, a few miles inland from the river where Hogan operated his famous floating gambling palace. Edenburg was a hot spot also during that period. "Virgin Alley" was second only to "Pig Island" of Bradford, Pa. The hottest news for members of our gang was "Ben Hogan was in Virgin Alley last night." It was said he visited there when he wanted new girls for his boat.

Like most boys of that time, my reading was mostly dime novels, "Boys of New York," "Frank Leslie's Boys and Girls Weekly" and similar publications, but none of them carried the thrills or presented a character to equal the life story of "The Flaming Ben Hogan."

I wrote to my friend, James Madison, P. O. Box 124, Grand Central Annex. He is a collector and publisher of "The Collectors' Guide." I told him about your book. He answered he had a pamphlet published in Chicago in 1882 entitled "Ben Hogan, Ex-Prizefighter."

W. F. HAMILTON,
San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

I LISTENED to the Soose-Overlin fight on the radio. From the conclusion I drew, through Sam Taub's most able broadcasting, I think the decision favoring Soose was correct. While it is true that Ken landed the more punches, I think his continuous holding more than offset this. Of course, I realize that an occasional clinch not only is legal but also is good boxing. But excessive holding is illegal and should not be tolerated by the referee. Practically all I heard Sam Taub say in his broadcast of the fight was "Overlin grabs and holds."

Now, Nat, you say that if it hadn't been for Overlin's punching, there wouldn't have been much of a fight. Now I say if Soose had held as much as Overlin there wouldn't have been any fight at all. If Overlin had been such a great boxer, he shouldn't have had to resort to such tactics. Let a fighter block, duck and slip punches. Let him use his footwork to its highest degree. That is his privilege. But when he holds continuously, it shows a shortcoming on his part.

Ken had to resort to illegal tactics to last the 15 rounds with Soose. Whenever Billy tried to mix it, Overlin clinched and stalled. Otherwise he would have run out of gas in the later rounds and would have taken a bad lacing and probably have gotten knocked out. Overlin is one of my favorite boxers but I don't care for that kind of scrapping.

I think THE RING is a swell magazine. I think your comments on fights and fighters alike are just about as clear and impartial as one could ask for. I agree with you on your stand against the T.K.O. Either a man is K.O.'ed or he is not. There can be nothing technical about it. The T.K.O. rage seems to be sweeping the

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. If you have a letter of general interest, send it along and we will publish it under your name in "Letters from Our Readers." Don't hesitate. Write now.

country. You don't hear of a K.O. any more. Everything is T.K.O. Even when a fighter is unable to get up, the referee declines to count, robbing a deserving fighter of a clean K.O.

It is about as bad as the foul rage of a few years back. It isn't giving the better man his due. Good luck to you, Nat, THE RING, and all its staff.

W. E. GLEASON,
Dagmar, Mont.

* * *

THANK you very much for your letter. Enclosed is an old English race-card with photo of Tom Sayers, who fought John C. Heenan. I bought one at his photographer's. It faded, so I had a couple retaken. As a kid I lived near where he lived and died about eighteen years before I was born, but the elder people were always talking about the great Tom Sayers. I used to live next door to his housekeeper. Our paper, "The Star," printed an interview with him a few years ago. He must have been very old then.

Sayers used to ride around in a pony-cart with a big dog called Lion and his name "Tom Sayers, Champion of England," painted on the side. I suppose you've read all about him in "Famous Fights." I was great friends with his son, who died about four years ago. He used to tell me a lot about his father that he had heard from his aunt. She had lived with Sayers and his wife (her sister). This wasn't generally known.

The address on that Mace betting ticket has been bombed. It's known as the place where Richard Lovelace, author of "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage" lived. One of my fads is to travel all over England, seeing interesting things and places. I've seen Robinson Crusoe's chest in an Edinburgh museum; Rob Roy relics in Sir Walter Scott Museum in Scotland; Guy Fawkes' lantern in an Oxford museum. I've been in Sulgrave Manor in Northants, where the Washington family came from. Their coat of arms, the Stars and Stripes, is still on the windows.

I've also been to Shakespeare's birthplace and his villages, Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston, Haunted Hillborough, Hungry Grafton, Dodging Exhall, Papist Wickford, Beggarly Broom, Drunken Bidford. I've been on the Roman Wall from Carlyle to Newcastle, also to Lorna Doone country in Devonshire, and hundreds of other places in England. When I'm travelling I'm also looking for old books, so if you want any particular sporting books, let me know what you want and I'll look for it when we've won this war. Also, do you like sports relics? I'll get some for you.

We're still having air raids, sometimes bad, sometimes not so bad. We had a narrow escape a while back. We were listening to the wireless when the siren went. The guns started "woofing" and banging. We heard Jerry droning nearer and nearer dropping bombs as he came along. Then he dropped two, "one-two." One seemed to hit our back yard, and the second, seemed to land in front of the house.

"Blimey!" I thought, "this is it!" and when we looked, Jerry had demolished a big house at the back of our yard, killed ten people, and demolished two little houses almost opposite, killing four people. Our house was in between, so you see we are still lucky.

The people here are still in good spirits, Nat, in spite of the bad news from the East. It's a joke going to work the next morning after a bad air raid. You never know which way you've got to go, as different roads are roped off and maybe you've got to come back as your firm may be demolished. Enclosed is a rare envelope that was sent from my son in Egypt. I hope you and our readers will be interested in my letter. Cherrio.

MR. JACK WISE,
London, England.

* * *

WE in the middle west, want to see Zale and Soose together with the chips down. Make it 15 rounds and pay 'em alike. They would pay in Chicago. This notion of a New York champion as against all the rest of the world is a pain in the neck.

I used to box a lot, have seen a lot of good ones through the years. We enjoy your magazine.

WALTER BONHAM,
Albion, Indiana.

I WAS one of the many fight fans who attended the Al Delaney-Tiger Warrington fight at Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, which you so ably refereed. We enjoyed your snappy work. It was an excellent job. All our troops learned here after the fight of your fine work on our behalf.

We learned how you auctioned the huge autographed boxing glove which you donated for the cause and that you had taken in more than $400 for us. For that we are grateful and thank you as it will aid in purchasing boxing paraphernalia for the Canadian troops who go overseas. Your patriotic deed will not be forgotten by us in caring for THE RING.

Now sir, just one more plea. Can you send us some boxing books to aid me in teaching boxing to our group. I boxed at one time and know that with your aid, I can help the boys. I leave it to your good judgment as to what books to send us.

More power to a great book and a good sportsman.

F55311, TALBOT, R. G., North Nova Scotia,
Scottish Highlanders, Dibert, N. S., Canada.

* * *

I HOPE you don't mind me writing a few lines to thank and congratulate you and your staff for your fine publication, THE RING. I suppose you know it's a hard job to get a copy these days. If you could arrange for a few numbers to be convoyed across, English boxing fans would be grateful. I have been lucky enough to get a few issues and they come in handy to read while on fire-watch. I am sure you will not mind if I tender some good natured criticism. While fully aware it is only natural for you to focus the limelight on American boxers, I should like to point out that we have a few good scrappers here, notably Jackie Patterson, who could give many of your stars a good licking. Why not give us a better break in RING Ratings? Our boys deserve it even though most of the lads are in the service.

R. T. BURNS,
London, England.

* * *

SEVERAL of us from the states who are overseas with the Canadian unit would greatly appreciate it as a favor if you would send us some back numbers of RING and Sports Stories. We have tried unsuccessfully to obtain these magazines over here in England. Often little differences concerning sporting events arise; and as we know from experience as readers of your publications, these differences of opinions, could readily be explained by reference to RING or Sports Magazines.

We certainly miss being able to procure copies at our favorite newsstands. My favorite newsstand is in Passaic, New Jersey, so you see it is rather unhandy for us, situated as we are.

Anticipating that you will be able to forward us anything you have on hand in the way of Sports magazines.

PVT. A. GALLANT, 2nd Canadian Div. Petrol Coy.
R.C.A.S.C., Cdn. Army, Overseas.

(Your request has been granted. I hope the books I sent will reach you. Four of our shipments have been sent down by the Huns since January 5.)—EDITOR'S NOTE.

* * *

WHAT has happened to Arthur Donovan? Ever since Joe Louis has become champ, Donovan has taken a very peculiar liking to him. Many articles have been written by Donovan in defense of the champ. Many articles have been written by Donovan regarding the prowess of Louis, and when Louis had failed to make a great showing, Donovan was there to give all the whys and wherefores.

Why all this writing, explaining, and praising by a referee who above all others, is expected to be impartial?

The blunders made by Arthur Donovan in the recent Baer-Louis fight are not new to the fight fans. He stood alone in declaring that Louis hit Baer at the bell and not afterwards. To him the timekeepers, judges, and ringside sportswriters who shared different opinions were all wet.

These constant blunders during championship matches, together with his evident favoritism towards the champion, have placed him in a bad position. He is the target of much criticism.

STANLEY F. KAKEZ,
Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

I WISH to write of a great champion, perhaps, not the greatest, as that is impossible to prove and is a matter of opinion, but a good champion nevertheless—Joe Louis. There has been a lot of belittling of Louis, following his fight with Buddy Baer and Billy Conn, two game, good kids.

Ancil Hoffman, Baer's manager claimed the title on a foul and a lot of fans still think that Baer was entitled to the championship. I say that is no way for a boxer to win a championship, especially when he was completely outclassed and outpointed by Louis from the second round on. Hoffman knew Baer was all done, and would surely have been KO'd in the 7th, so he tried to cash in on the opportunity.

They are belittling Louis, because Baer knocked him down. Well, a good champ gets off the deck and comes back to beat his man as Louis did. Besides Louis doesn't stay down, even if a big 235 pound giant with a punch, does hit him.

It is said that Louis can't take it, well he's been knocked down by good hitters but he always gets up and beats his man. Schmeling, a terrific right hand hitter, dropped him in the 4th, but it took him eight rounds more and about 100 more dynamite blows to finally chill a green and inexperienced boy as Louis was at the time.

How long did Schmeling last the second time when Joe really went to town? Yet they say that Louis can't take it? There is hardly a champ that hasn't kissed the canvas. Look what Joe took in the bout with Conn.

Joe Louis never draws the color line. He'll fight anyone, but unfortunately, he must accept the men Mike Jacobs picks for him and Mike will take only those who are good drawing attractions at the gate. What other champion in the history of boxing has defended his title eighteen times?

Joe is a sportsman. He never kicks about decisions, always has a load of praise for his opponents even though they might try some dirty work on him, as in the case of the two fouls landed on him by Max Schmeling in their first fight, and when he loses, he'll go out of the picture without a grunt, and with plenty of praise for his conqueror.

HENRY B. HATCH,
East Boston, Mass.

* * *

THERE has been some discussion about Buddy Baer being fouled by Joe Louis. How about the repeated kidney punches thrown continuously by Buddy in the clinches and out? According to the boxing rules, I believe this constitutes a foul when being habitually used and calls for warning by the referee and disqualification, if the boxer continues to punch his opponent's kidneys after being warned.

Donovan overlooked that, I presume, because he didn't want to show favoritism towards Louis. A referee is supposed to pick up the count from the knockdown timekeeper and timekeeper Reynolds claims he tolled off a 10-second count on Baer on the second knockdown. Donovan says it was nine, so Baer was really knocked out before being fouled.

What kick has Baer's manager on that situation? Some of Louis' critics claim that Joe can't punch as hard as he used to. How about the severe shellacking he gave to Simon, Baer and Musto and how about the knockout of Conn?

The fact that Conn had a margin in rounds when the knockout was scored doesn't count. What counts is the fact that Louis came from behind, used his lethal wallop to advantage and put Billy the Kid away. Let's not belittle a truly great champion. Surely he cannot last forever, but he still carries enough of a punch to put his opponents out of the way.

CARL REX,
Winthrop, Mass.

* * *

AS a regular reader of THE RING, one who has all the issues for a number of years on file, I take the liberty to comment on your recent editorial in re the National Boxing Association. I agree with what you say, yet I feel there is room for such an organization. So far as I can see, its only fault is the fact that like the New York Commission, the N.B.A. seems set to name its own champions instead of sticking to facts and rules. But if New York can do it and get away with it, why not the N.B.A.?

Did not the New York board recognize Apostoli as middleweight champion while, according to most scribes, Fred Steele was the rightful owner of the title? Incidentally, why don't you carry a middleweight champion in your monthly ratings?

Zale is the real holder of the crown and should get the credit due him. He is not the best middleweight in the world, but he certainly is the champion. Hostak beat Steele, who you once recognized as title-holder, hence why did you ignore Hostak in naming your champions? Why sidetrack him and then Zale?

I don't think ability enters into the thing. By ignoring Zale, you are automatically going right back to the N.B.A. idea of creating your own champion. Let's be fair about it.

C. A. OURCELLS,
New Milford, Conn.

(THE RING Editor disagrees with you. Zale must share with Billy Soose the honors because neither is a world champion until such time as each agrees to fight it out between them to settle the matter of world supremacy. Of all those who have claimed a world title, Apostoli had the best claim, yet THE RING didn't give him recognition. When he fought Thil, they fought over 160 pounds and Thil at the time was the legitimate world champion. Only because he had not previously fought in New York, the Commission forced the men to agree to a contract that stipulated that no title was at stake, and this the Commission had no right to do though it claimed that right by virtue of its state authority.

The rules of boxing were ignored, and when Apostoli beat Thil he should have won the title with it. A few months previous to this fight, Thil, according to the Paris "Soir," had retired and thus given up his world title, but Thil denied he had done so. We rated Steele, the best American, the champion, following Thil's so-called retirement, but when Thil emphatically denied he had retired or given up his crown, in justice to him, we restored him to his proper position in boxing—at the head of the class.

Thus you see, not Steele, but Thil was world champion when Apostoli beat him, and Steele was only the United States title-holder at the time that Steele claimed world honors. Steele refused to fight Apostoli for the title after Apostoli had whipped Thil, stopping him in the tenth round, but agreed to an overweight match in which Freddy was knocked out.

Then Steele went to the Coast and turned down an offer for a return bout with Apostoli at the weight. Instead, he signed with Hostak. Hostak won by a kayo but the N.B.A. refused to recognize the winner of a Krieger-Hostak battle. Krieger won in fifteen rounds, then in a return bout Krieger was knocked out in four by Hostak, after which Hostak got N.B.A. recognition. He then stopped Steele, after which Hostak was knocked out by Zale.

Thus Zale became the N.B.A. title-holder. Garcia whipped Apostoli, and Overlin beat Garcia, who in turn lost to Soose, and thus we have the reason for divided honors and no international champion.)—EDITOR'S NOTE

* * *

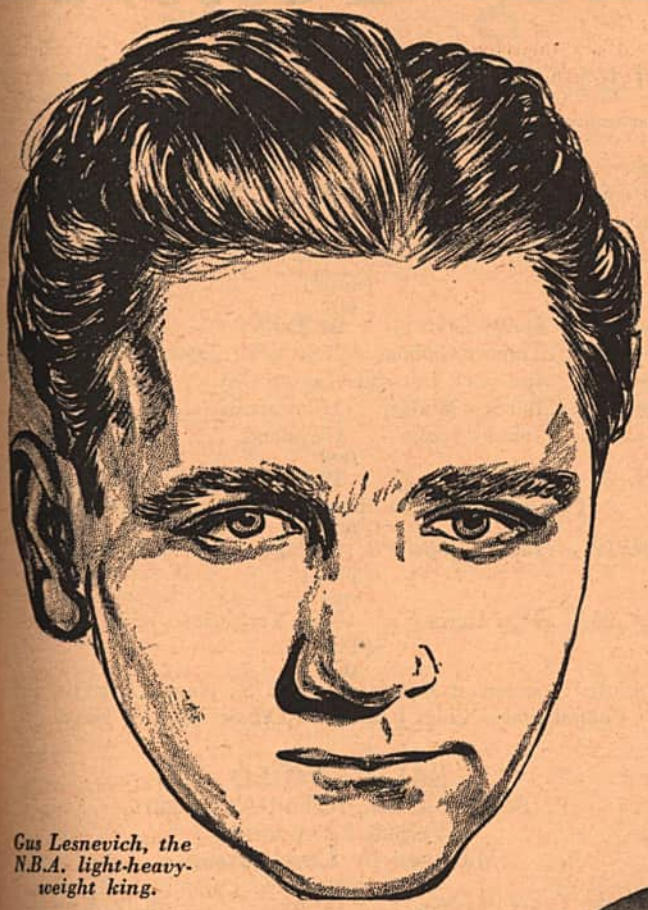
WE have a few fighters down in Missippi, such as Neville Beech, Bob Sikes, Jack Marshall and Dan Dowling. The champion is Bob Sikes, and he is a pretty good fighter.

I have studied THE RING and newspapers on keeping up with fighters and I believe Lou Nova is the best in the heavyweight division. I see where Conn is rated over Nova and that is a bad mistake for Nova has beaten Comiskey and Baer, while Conn has beaten Savold and Pastor. Nova should be rated the No. 1 challenger, although Conn is the best light-heavyweight in the game today.

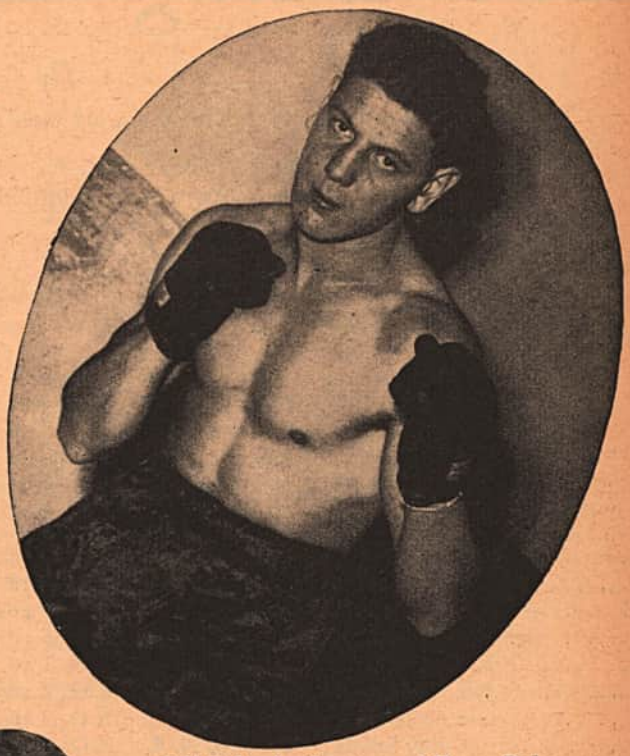
Studying the heavyweight situation for a long time, I have picked Nova to beat Louis and if I was to say the round, I would say the fourteenth.

BILLY EARL HALES,
Mendenhall, Miss.

IN THE FISTIC SPOTLIGHT



Gus Lesnevich, the N.B.A. light-heavyweight king.



Bill Poland, who stopped Harry Bobo in eight rounds.

Red Burman, who, despite fine showing against Joe Louis, finds it difficult to get lucrative bouts. They all duck him.

Tippy Larkin of Garfield, N. J., who is making a fine comeback.

Bobby Ruffin, one of New York's best lightweights with an impressive record. Watch him climb.

The Ring Boxing Records

By "STANLEY"

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GENE TUNNEY

(Retired undefeated former heavyweight champion)
Born, May 25, 1898, New York City
Nationality, Irish-American
Managed by Billy Gibson
Weight, 190 Pounds

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
	1919		
	Bob Martin	Paris	W. 4 rds.
	K. O. Sullivan	Paris	W. 10 rds.
	Ted Jamison	Paris	W. 10 rds.
	Dan O'Dowd	New Jersey	N.D. 8 rds.
	Bob Pierce	New Jersey	K.O. 2 rds.
	1920		
	Whitey Allen	Jersey City	K.O. 2 rds.
	Jim Monohan	Jersey City	K.O. 1 rd.
	Al Roberts	Jersey City	K.O. 8 rds.
	Ed Kinley	Jersey City	K.O. 5 rds.
	K. O. Sullivan	Jersey City	K.O. 1 rd.
	Jeff Madden	Jersey City	K.O. 2 rds.
	Ole Anderson	Jersey City	K.O. 3 rds.
	Sgt. Ray Smith	Camden, N. J.	K.O. 2 rds.
	Paul Sampson	Passaic, N. J.	N.D. 10 rds.
	Leo Houck	Philadelphia	N.D. 6 rds.
	Leo Houck	Jersey City	N.D. 10 rds.
	1921		
June 30	Young Ambrose	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
July 2	Soldier Jones	Jersey City	K.O. 7 rds.
Aug. 16	Martin Burke	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 29	Eddie Joseph	New York City	W. 12 rds.
Sept. 15	Herbert Crossley	New York City	W. 7 rds.
Oct. 15	Jack Burke	New York City	K.O. 2 rds.
Nov. 22	Wolf Larsen	New York City	K.O. 7 rds.
Dec. 23	Eddie O'Hare	New York City	K.O. 6 rds.
	1922		
Jan. 13	Battling Levinsky	New York City	W. 12 rds.
	(For American light-heavyweight title)		
Feb. 11	Jack Clifford	New York City	K.O. 6 rds.
Feb. 14	Whitey Wenzel	Philadelphia	K.O. 4 rds.
Mar. 3	Fay Kaiser	Grand Rapids	N.D. 10 rds.
Apr. 10	Jack Burke	Pittsburgh	K.O. 9 rds.
May 24	Harry Greb	New York City	L. 15 rds.
	(Lost American light-heavyweight title)		
July 7	Fay Kaiser	New York City	W. 12 rds.
Aug. 17	Charlie Weinert	Newark	N.D. 12 rds.
Aug. 24	Tommy Loughran	Philadelphia	N.D. 8 rds.
Oct. 25	Chuck Wiggins	Boston	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 3	Jack Hanlon	New York City	K.O. 1 rd.
Nov. 29	Charlie Weinert	New York City	K.O. 4 rds.
	1923		
Jan. 29	Jack Renault	Philadelphia	N.C. 4 rds.
Feb. 23	Harry Greb	New York City	W. 15 rds.
	(American light-heavyweight title)		
May 7	Jack Clifford	Detroit	K.O. 8 rds.
May 16	Jimmy Delaney	Chicago	N.D. 10 rds.
July 31	Dan O'Dowd	Long Island	W. 12 rds.
Dec. 10	Harry Greb	New York City	W. 15 rds.
	1924		
Jan. 15	Harry Foley	Grand Rapids	N.D. 10 rds.
Jan. 16	Harry Foley	Grand Rapids	N.D. 10 rds.
Feb. 15	Martin Burke	New Orleans	W. 15 rds.
Mar. 17	Jimmy Delaney	St. Paul	N.D. 10 rds.
June 26	Ermino Spalla	New York City	K.O. 7 rds.
July 24	Geo. Carpentier	New York City	K.O. 15 rds.
Aug. 18	Joe Lohman	Columbus	K.O. 8 rds.
Sept. 17	Harry Greb	Cleveland	N.D. 10 rds.
Oct. 27	Harry Foley	Memphis	K.O. 1 rd.
Nov. 10	Buddy McHale	Memphis	K.O. 2 rds.
Dec. 8	Jeff Smith	New Orleans	W. 15 rds.
	(Title)		
	1925		
Mar. 27	Harry Greb	St. Paul	N.D. 10 rds.
June 5	Tommy Gibbons	New York City	K.O. 12 rds.
July 3	Ital. Jack Herman	Kansas City	K.O. 2 rds.
Sept. 25	Bartley Madden	Minneapolis	K.O. 3 rds.
Nov. 18	Johnny Risko	Cleveland	W. 12 rds.
	1926		
Sept. 23	Jack Dempsey	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
	(Won heavyweight championship of the world)		
	1927		
Sept. 22	Jack Dempsey	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
	(Title)		
	1928		
July 26	Tom Heeney	New York City	K.O. 11 rds.
	(Title)		
	1941		

Appointed Lieutenant Commander, U. S. Naval Aviation, and Commissioned Chief Recreation Officer in U. S. Navy.

SAL BARTOLO

Boston, Mass., Italian-American
Weight, 126 pounds
Managed by Lew Burston

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
	1937		
Apr. 3	Art Nadeau	Boston	K.O. 3 rds.
May 7	Sammy Caro	Boston	K.O. 5 rds.
June 8	Emil Dumont	Boston	K.O. 3 rds.
July 9	Norman Cournier	Boston	W. 6 rds.
Sept. 20	Red Hutchins	Holyoke	L. 6 rds.
Oct. 22	Eddie Hass	Boston	L. 6 rds.
Nov. 14	Tony Saunders	Boston	W. 6 rds.
Dec. 6	John Sorenson	Boston	D. 6 rds.
	1938		
Jan. 8	Sammy Garcia	Worcester	W. 6 rds.
Feb. 18	Tony Costa	Worcester	W. 6 rds.
Mar. 4	Eddie Hass	Boston	W. 8 rds.
Apr. 1	Tony Dupre	Boston	L. 10 rds.
May 2	Frankie Merrill	Boston	K.O. 3 rds.
June 3	Tony Dupre	Boston	D. 10 rds.
July 15	Biff Lemieux	New Bedford	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 14	Tony Costa	Worcester	L. 8 rds.
Sept. 3	Sammy Garcia	Boston	W. 6 rds.
Oct. 17	Tony Costa	Worcester	W. 8 rds.
Nov. 11	Tony Costa	Worcester	W. 10 rds.
	1939		
Feb. 3	Dave Barry	Worcester	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 17	Pete Scalzo	Boston	L. 10 rds.
Mar. 10	Tony Dupre	Worcester	W. 12 rds.
Apr. 14	Poison Ivy	Worcester	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 21	Johnny Compo	New Britain	W. 10 rds.
May 2	Eddie Reed	Boston	W. 10 rds.
June 24	Poison Ivy	Hartford	L. 10 rds.
Aug. 8	Dusty Brown	Boston	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 25	Ginger Foran	New Bedford	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 3	Al Reid	New York	L. 8 rds.
Nov. 11	Dusty Brown	New Bedford	W. 8 rds.
Dec. 28	Abe Denner	Boston	W. 10 rds.
	1940		
Jan. 18	Poison Ivy	Boston	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 1	Abe Denner	Boston	K.O. by 8 rds.
June 18	Paco Villa	New York	W. 8 rds.
July 17	Everett Rightmire	New York	D. 6 rds.
July 31	Everett Rightmire	New York	K.O. 4 rds.

Date	Opponent	Place	Result
Aug. 20	Bobby Ruffin	New York	D. 8 rds.
Aug. 29	Monty Pignatore	New York	W. 8 rds.
Oct. 12	Maxie Shapiro	New York	D. 8 rds.
Nov. 11	Maxie Shapiro	New York	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 25	Joey Fontana	New York	L. 8 rds.
	1941		
Feb. 5	Vince Dell Orto	New York	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 13	George Salamone	Boston	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 7	Johnny Cockfield	Baltimore	K.O. 4 rds.
Apr. 21	Davey Crawford	Baltimore	W. 10 rds.
May 22	Chalky Wright	New York	L. 8 rds.
July 9	Spider Armstrong	Brooklyn, N. Y.	W. 10 rds.

SAVERIO TURIELLO

Born, Milan, Italy, April 5, 1910

1934

Won from: Eddie Brink, twice, 10; Leslie Van Rooyen, 10; Sarfatti, 10; Dekmin, 10; Defer, 10; Mortale, 10; Max Muller, 10; Enrico Venturi, 12; Jack Kirby, 10.

Lost: Laurie Stevens, twice, 10; Sybille, 15.

Draw: Enrico Venturi, 10.

1935

Won from: Tassin, 10; Jose Mico, 10; Vies, 10; Codeleoncui, 10; Linz, 12; Defer, 10; Bianchini, 10; Eddie Brink, 10.

Lost: Enrico Venturi, 15.

Draw: Abbrucciati, 10; Pedro Montanez, 10; Eddie Brink, 10.

	1936		
Jan. 13	Alf Blatch	Sydney	D. 15 rds.
Feb. 5	Tod Morgan	Sydney	W. 15 rds.
Feb. 16	Red Maloney	Melbourne	W. 15 rds.
Mar. 2	Alf Blatch	Sydney	L. 15 rds.
Apr. 2	Jimmy Purcell	Sydney	W. 15 rds.
May 1	Baby Tiger Flowers		W. 15 rds.
June 3	Dick Humphreys	Sydney	L.F. 12 rds.
June 17	Alf Blatch	Sydney	L.F. 12 rds.
Sept. 14	Bobby Allen	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 5	Frankie Cinque	Holyoke	L. 10 rds.
Oct. 19	Frankie Cinque	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 13	Jimmy Leto	New York City	L. 8 rds.
Dec. 1	Johnny Clinton	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Dec. 14	Andre Jessurun	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
	1937		
Jan. 25	Tony Falco	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 2	Phil Furr	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Feb. 16	Joe Pennino	Brooklyn	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 19	Frankie Blaire	New York City	L. 8 rds.
Apr. 5	Teddy Loder	Holyoke	D. 10 rds.
Apr. 19	Johnny Jadick	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
May 24	Teddy Loder	Holyoke	L. 10 rds.
July 1	Andre Jessurun	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Aug. 5	Frankie Cinque	Brooklyn	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 16	Cocoa Kid	Baltimore	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 20	Cocoa Kid	Baltimore	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 1	Frankie Cinque	New York City	W. 8 rds.
Nov. 4	Eddie Conley	Stamford	W. 10 rds.
	1938		
Jan. 2	Kid Azteca	Mexico City	K.O. by 10 rds.
Mar. 21	Andre Jessurun	New York City	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 25	Holman Williams	New York City	D. 10 rds.
June 1	Harold Brown	New York City	W. 10 rds.
July 27	Milt Aron	Chicago	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 25	Paul Rebel	Milan	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 7	Jean Wujciak	Milan	K.O. 7 rds.
Sept. 24	Cleto Locatelli	Milan	D. 10 rds.
Nov. 20	Carlo Orlandi	Milan	K.O. 9 rds.
Nov. 20	Ange Cucchiarini	Milan	K.O. 4 rds.
Dec. 11	Luigi Laurentis	Bologne	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 14	Jean Morin	Rome	K.O. 3 rds.
Dec. 26	Felix Wouters	Milan	W. 15 rds.
	(For the Middleweight Championship of Europe)		
Dec. 30	Cleto Locatelli	Rome	W. 10 rds.
	1939		
Jan. 5	Jean Morin	Rome	K.O. 4 rds.
Jan. 16	Gustave Eder	Berlin	D. 10 rds.
Feb. 21	Marcel Cerdun	Paris	L. 10 rds.
July 19	Kid Frattini	Milan	L. 10 rds.
	1940		
Feb. 19	Frankie Wallace	Holyoke	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 4	Fritzie Zivic	Philadelphia	K.O. by 1 rd.
Mar. 28	Victor Troise	Baltimore	K.O. 8 rds.
Apr. 2	W. H. Cheatum	Jersey City	W. 8 rds.
Apr. 8	Joey Ferrando	Philadelphia	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 16	Tommy Bland	Jersey City	W. 8 rds.
June 13	Jimmy Leto	Hartford	L. 10 rds.
June 24	Chalky Wright	Baltimore	L. 10 rds.
July 22	Milt Aron	Chicago	L. 10 rds.
Aug. 29	Carmen Notch	Pittsburgh	W. 8 rds.
Sept. 16	Ossie Harris	Pittsburgh	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 1	Irwin Kaye Kaplan	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Dec. 2	Mike Kaplan	Cleveland	L. 10 rds.
	1941		
Jan. 20	Nat Bolden	Chicago	L. 10 rds.
Feb. 3	Jerome Conforto	New Orleans	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 10	Joe Sankey	Philadelphia	W. 8 rds.
Mar. 17	Fritzie Zivic	Pittsburgh	L. 10 rds.
Mar. 31	Mayon Padlo	Philadelphia	L. 10 rds.
Apr. 14	Harry Weekly	New Orleans	L. 10 rds.
June 2	Mayon Padlo	Philadelphia	K.O. by 3 rds.

JIMMY GARRISON

Born in Kansas City, Mo.

Weight, 139 pounds. Height, 5 ft. 6 in.

Manager, Charley Perry. Nationality, Irish-American

	1936		
Sept. 1	Frankie Klick	Kansas City	W. 10 rds.
Dec. 9	Joe Connolly	Chicago	K.O. 4 rds.
	1937		
Feb. 17	Lee Bacca	Kansas City	W. 8 rds.
Apr. 12	Nick Torres	Chicago	K.O. 4 rds.
May 11	Roger Bernard	Kansas City	W. 10 rds.
June 2	Davey Day	Chicago	K.O. by 8 rds.
July 15	Johnny Durso	Milwaukee	D. 10 rds.
	1938		
Mar. 4	Wally Hally	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
Apr. 8	Nick Peters	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
May 11	Lou Ambers	Kansas City	L. 10 rds.
May 27	Tony Chavez	Hollywood	K.O. by 7 rds.
Aug. 17	George Zengaras	New York City	W. 6 rds.
Sept. 16	Pedro Montanez	New York City	L. 10 rds.
Oct. 25	Georgie Crouch	Los Angeles	W. 10 rds.
Nov. 15	Georgie Crouch	Los Angeles	L. 10 rds.
	1939		
May 12	Louis Flyer	Hollywood	K.O. 7 rds.
May 23	Henry Woods	Los Angeles	L. 10 rds.
July 7	Tony Chavez	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
July 20	Tony Chavez	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
Sept. 1	Bruno Ahlberg	Hollywood	K.O. 7 rds.
Oct. 13	Nick Peters	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
Oct. 24	Henry Armstrong	Los Angeles	L. 10 rds.
Nov. 21	Henry Woods	Los Angeles	K.O. 5 rds.
Dec. 11	Henry Armstrong	Cleveland	K.O. by 7 rds.
	1940		
Feb. 2	Tony Chavez	Los Angeles	W. 10 rds.
Feb. 22	Baby Breese	Kansas City	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 21	Toby Vigil	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
May 10	George Latka	Hollywood	L. 10 rds.
May 31	Georgie Crouch	Los Angeles	W. 10 rds.
June 28	Red Green	Hollywood	D. 10 rds.
July 16	Dencio Cabanella	Stockton, Cal.	D. 10 rds.
Aug. 12	Carlos Miranda	San Francisco	W. 10 rds.
Aug. 23	Jackie Wilson	Hollywood	D. 10 rds.
Sept. 20	Jackie Wilson	Hollywood	K.O. by 6 rds.
Nov. 1	Toby Vigil	Hollywood	D. 4 rds.
	1941		
Feb. 7	Tony Chavez	Hollywood	D. 10 rds.
Feb. 25	Chuey Vargas	Los Angeles	W. 6 rds.
Mar. 28	Cecil Hudson	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
Mar. 10	Babe Brandelli	Ocean Pk., Cal.	W. 6 rds.
May 16	Red Green	Hollywood	W. 10 rds.
July 2	Fritzie Zivic	New York City	K.O. by 10 rds.

SHADOWS of the PAST

By "THE SPORTSMAN"

JIM FERNS

IT was on January 15, 1900, that Jim Ferns, known as the Kansas Rube, won the world's welterweight championship on a foul from Mysterious Billy Smith in twenty-seven rounds. It was just nine months later that the Rube was shorn of his crown by Matty Matthews in fifteen rounds in Detroit, only to come back the following May to accomplish what few in boxing history have been able to do—regain the championship by defeating the man to whom he lost it. Thus Rube Ferns won a place in the Hall of Fame of fisticuffs.

Ferns was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., and not in Kansas, as his nickname might lead most persons to believe, on January 20, 1874, and migrated west with his parents when only a lad. At the age of twenty-one, in 1895, he began his fistic career by defeating "Scady Bill" Quinn in six rounds and following that victory he rolled up a series of knockouts that would make the best of fighters envious.

When he beat Smith for the title, the decision of Referee McBride disqualifying the "mysterious" one for hitting unfairly, was the cause of a considerable commotion that stirred sporting circles for many months. In fact, the arguments, pro and con, didn't subside until Ferns had lost his title to Matthews. The reason for the commotion was the fact that Smith had floored Ferns several times with vicious blows, had closed Rube's left eye, had lacerated his left ear and had brought forth the claret from both mouth and nose, and the crowd felt that he had so much the better of the milling that the referee should not have taken a sure victory from him for landing one foul punch.

After retirement, Ferns moved to Tulsa, Okla., where he became the head of an oil refining company and raised a family. Occasionally he reentered the ring to act as referee. He now lives in the Mid-west.

PARSON E. DAVIES

FEW sporting characters in American history had more ups-and-downs than Parson E. Davies, trainer, horseman, bookmaker, fight manager, and promoter. The "Parson," christened Charles E. Davies, one of the handsomest followers of sports in the "good old days," is best remembered by the Old Guard for his activities in boxing and in racing, although there was scarcely a branch in which he wasn't well versed.

He made his start in Chicago when he backed John Ennis against the celebrated Dan O'Leary in a 100 mile walking race for a $500 side bet. Pedestrianism then enjoyed the same popularity that cycling does today and events such as a match walk between nationally known figures, always drew out throngs. So successful was the one which Davies backed for the first time, that he afterwards became identified with many more and in due time was America's leading walking race promoter. Some of those which he sponsored in the old Madison Square Garden packed that famed arena to the rafters.

It was while promoting pedestrianism, that Davies gained his sobriquet of the "Parson" in a rather odd manner. It was none other than Cornelius Vanderbilt, the old Commodore, founder of the family of millionaires, who promoted walking matches who gave Davies his nickname. One night, after having done a lot of work, the "Parson," always a good dresser, had togged himself out in evening clothes and with a silk hat, paraded around the track with Dan O'Leary.

"Who's that clergyman?" inquired Commodore Vanderbilt as he watched Davies. "He looks like a parson."

Several newspapermen overheard the remark and henceforth, Charles E. Davies was known as "Parson" Davies. It stuck to him for the rest of his life.

Davies managed Peter Jackson for five years and was with him when he fought Jim Corbett in San Francisco. In his earlier days, Davies owned a sporting resort in Chicago. He managed the fight between Ike Weir and Frank Murphy for the featherweight championship. He was a square shooter.

JEM MACE

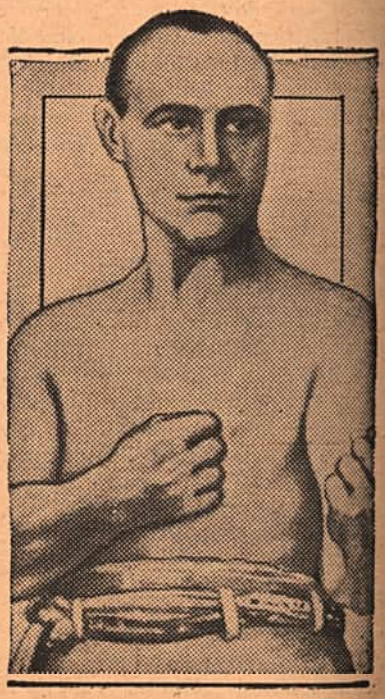
THE one connecting link between old time prize fighters and present day pugilism was severed on November 30, 1910, when Jem Mace, the last of England's grand old men of the ring, passed into the Great Beyond. Mace was England's most scientific boxer, the man who was to British boxing what Jim Corbett was to boxing in this country.

Jem was born at Swanham, near Norwich, Eng., in 1841, and at the age of nineteen, in 1860, he started his professional career. At the time he was 5 feet 8 inches tall and was mighty clever. He weighed only 140 pounds, rather light for a man who aspired to the British heavyweight title, but, at the time, most of the heavyweights scaled little more than the average middleweight and light-heavyweight of this era.

In due time Mace became the legitimate successor to Tom Sayers as heavyweight king. It is doubtful if ever there was a fighter who could duck blows as could Mace. Historians of his time say that his head movement was short of wonderful. Jem used to do the stunt of having someone tie both his hands behind his back and then to challenge any ordinary boxer to hit him on the head with his gloved fist. It was impossible, so quickly did his head work back and forth.

Mace knew a lot about the knockout blow before John L. Sullivan made a sensation of it. He knocked out both Joe Goss and Tom Allen, and there were a number of others who felt his punch. He fought in three classes and made a success in each. The first man whom he whipped for the British title was Tom Hurst, the "Staleybridge infant." That was in 1861. For that bout Hurst weighed 240 pounds as against 141 for his opponent.

Mace's son is a preacher. His name is Alfred Mace.



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Loyal Ring Reader, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—In the states of New York and New Jersey, do you need a birth certificate for a boxer's license? What is the price of each? Can you give me the address of a gym in Jersey City? What does it cost to train there?

A.—New York yes, but not New Jersey. $5 boxer's license for each state. None handy right now but there are plenty in New York City.

Peter Fitzpatrick, New York City

Q.—What was Kid McCoy's descent? Have Pedro Montanez and Sixto Escobar definitely given up fighting? From the newspapers I got these figures of Joe Louis' purse for his second fight with Max Schmeling—$351,622 and $320,000. Which one, if either, is correct? Which of the fighters is the taller—Primo Carnera or Buddy Baer? Is a fighter allowed to deduct what he pays his manager and other expenses when he is figuring out what he owes the government in income taxes?

A.—Scotch-American. Yes. The first figure is correct. Buddy Baer. Yes. He pays on his net income.

Bob Stekiel, Janesville, Wisconsin

Q.—I am a new reader of THE RING Magazine and you can rest assured that I will be a permanent reader. Can you tell me what nationalities are the following: Tony Zale, Pat Comiskey, Leo Rodak and Teddy Yarosz? I am 16 years old, weigh 150 pounds and am five feet nine inches tall. What will my height and weight be when I am 21? Where are Bronko Nagurski and Iron Talun now?

A.—Polish-American, Irish-American, Bohemian-American for Rodak and Yarosz? 175 pounds and five feet 11½ inches tall. Both are on the Pacific Coast wrestling.

Walter Williamson, El Paso, Texas

Q.—Did Jack Dempsey ever fight Babe Hunt?

A.—This question was answered in the last issue in which I stated that they never met. My answer should have been that they never met in a regular bout but did meet in a four round exhibition on March 31, 1931 in the Olympia Stadium, Detroit.

Mario Rivera, New York City

Q.—What has happened to Isadoro Gastanaga, the Spanish heavyweight? Why didn't he fight Joe Louis as was scheduled a few years back? I think the best prospects right now are Tommy Gomez, heavyweight; Paul Klang, middleweight; Freddy Archer, welterweight; Patsy Giovanelli, lightweight; Henry Vasquez and Pedro Hernandez, featherweights; and Benny Goldberg, bantamweight. What do you think of them?

A.—Dropped out of sight. The last report was that he was back in Cuba. The gate receipts did not come up to expectations and Mike Jacobs decided to cancel the fight. Your selections are very good. They are all in the picture and have excellent prospects.

Martin Hulswick, Canton, Ohio

Q.—Has there ever been a heavyweight championship fight in which the challenger or champion were disqualified?

A.—Yes. Jack Sharkey was disqualified for fouling Max Schmeling in their title bout.

Thomas Mannion, Savannah, Ga.

Q.—Did Young Stribling fight in more than one world heavyweight championship fight?

A.—No. Only against Max Schmeling in which he was knocked out in the last few seconds of the fifteenth round.

Artie Haflin, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Q.—Under the rules in states where there is an official knockdown timer, is he or the referee the final judge in counting a fighter out?

A.—Under the rules of boxing, the timer's count should be final, though in many instances, the referee's count does not agree with the timer and the referee has overruled the timer. This is contrary to what should be the verdict.

For example, in the Garden fight between Max Baer and Tom Heeney, Heeney was counted out by the official knockdown timer, but Jack Dempsey, the referee, had counted only nine. Yet the decision was a knockout, the ruling being in favor of the timer. But in Washington, at the Baer-Louis fight, Referee Donovan said he counted only nine while the knockdown timer insisted he had counted Buddy Baer out, yet Donovan's ruling was official.

As I said in an editorial in the last issue, it is up to the commissions to rule definitely that the knockdown timer is the official whose count should decide and not the referee, as otherwise why have a timer at all if his time is to be ignored by the referee.

May Southern, St. Paul, Minn.

Q.—If a fighter is down and is about to get to his feet as the timer reaches the count of nine, shouldn't the timer hesitate in his count to give the fighter a chance to get up?

A.—No. The timer should be a disinterested person. He must count ten if the fighter is not off the floor. No part of the fighter's body must touch the canvas. He must be on his feet if he is not to be counted out.

Walter Schwartz, Fort Benning, Ga.

Q.—Can you tell me if Mickey Walker fought Max Schmeling and the outcome and the date?

A.—Schmeling stopped Walker in the eighth round on September 26, 1932.

Joe Contrini, Camden, N. J.

Q.—Can you tell me who manages Mayon Padlo, Philly welterweight?

A.—Frank Palermo, 250 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

John Hagan, Cumberland, Md.

Q.—What became of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien?

A.—He is still running a health institute at 1658 Broadway, New York City. Very much in the spotlight. Hale and hearty and an excellent instructor of boxing and physical education.

Walter McNeil, Skowhegan, Maine

Q.—I noticed in your editorial of the August issue your piece on Joseph Burger's Boxeraid Shoes.

I would like to get a pair of these boxing shoes, to make me box taller. I feel that they would improve my reach and stance. I know that if I could get a pair of these shoes I would not box as flat footed as I do in ordinary boxing shoes. If you will kindly inform me as to where I can buy these boxing shoes, I would sincerely appreciate it, since your editorial did not give the address of Joseph Burger, but merely told about his shoes.

A.—To purchase Joseph Burger's Boxeraid Shoes, you may write: Joseph Burger, 2067 Third Ave., New York, Dept. 60.

"Dunnie" Greenwald, Minnesota Lake, Minn.

Q.—I am 15 years of age, weigh 124½ pounds and am five feet three inches tall. What will my measurements be when I am 21? Did Fred Apostoli ever fight Freddy Steele? What is Joe Louis' address?

A.—145 pounds and five feet six inches tall. They fought twice. Steele stopped Freddy in their first go and Apostoli turned the tables by stopping him in the return bout. Care of Mike Jacobs, 1619 Broadway, New York City.

Joe Nappi, Wallum Lake, R. I.

Q.—How old is Larry Bolvin? Do you think he will ever be featherweight champion? Do you think he will ever be a lightweight? How old is Ralph Zannelli? What are his chances of becoming welterweight champion? Do you think that Ray Robinson could take Lew Jenkins right now? Who would win between Pete Scalzo and Joey Archibald? What chances would Cocoa Kid have of beating Fritzie Zivic?

A.—Twenty-three. He is strong and capable and has a good chance. Too short to grow and will probably remain a featherweight. Twenty-six. Very slight of ever winning the title. Robinson stands a good chance. Scalzo would be favored. Very little chance.

RING Reader, Minnesota Lake, Minn.

Q.—Did Joe Louis ever fight outside of the United States? How can a person get to be a promoter?

A.—He was scheduled to fight in Cuba several years ago but the fight fell through. A knowledge of the game, some money and a license from the boxing commission.

Harry Wilkes, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Did Harry Jeffra hold more than one championship?

A.—Yes, he won the world bantam title from Sixto Escobar and then won the featherweight crown from Joey Archibald last year and lost it back to Joey a few weeks ago.

Mannie Krauss, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—Did Mickey Walker hold three championships? If so, which and from whom did he win them?

A.—Mickey Walker held only two titles—he won the welter championship from Jack Britton and the middleweight from Tiger Flowers.

Kenneth E. Dutcher, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What ever became of Leon Ketchell, the Polish heavyweight who made his American debut in Newark by knocking out Roy Bennett in the first round a few years back? Ketchell was seven feet two and one-half inches tall and weighed 280 pounds. Is there any truth to the rumor that because of his tremendous reach and hitting powers he was railroaded due to the fact that he would have caused an upset in boxing and threatened the championship? Why was the recent Louis-Simon fight made a 20-rounder? Why was the second Louis-Simon bout scrapped?

A.—Ketchell went back to Poland where he resumed wrestling as a career. He had no ability as a boxer and was built up through publicity but lacked ability as a fighter. Michigan allows championship bouts to go 20 rounds and the added publicity value made the promoters increase the bout to 20 rounds. Too many fights booked ahead for Louis prevented their second meeting for the time being.

David Estell, Wichita, Kansas

Q.—In your June issue there appeared a query, "Name the heavyweight champions from Sullivan to the present day." Why did you omit the name of Marvin Hart in answering this query?

A.—Because Marvin Hart never was an international heavyweight champion. In 1905 James J. Jeffries retired and on July 3, of that year, at Reno, Nevada, Jeffries refereed the match between Marvin Hart and Jack Root, a bout which was designated as for the world title and Jeffries agreed to pass on his title to the winner. Hart knocked out Root in the 12th round and claimed the crown. But he had no right to the laurels because there were other heavyweights, equally as good who had as much right to the title as did Hart.

Jack O'Brien, Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson were in the field for an elimination. O'Brien claimed the title and Burns decided to go after Hart and O'Brien to settle the matter of supremacy. He defeated Hart at Los Angeles in 20 rounds by a decision, then did the same to O'Brien at Los Angeles in 20 rounds and thus Burns clinched his right to American honors. He then went on to knock out Bill Squires at Colma, Cal., thus putting the Australian out of the way. Then he went to Europe and cleaned up there to clinch international laurels and it wasn't until he faced Jack Johnson that he was stopped at Sydney, Australia, in 14 rounds, and that's how Johnson won the world title. Hart could be regarded as only a claimant.

Aloys Miller, Madison, Wis.

Q.—If I am now 17 and weigh 138, will I be a middleweight when I become 21 years. Is Tommy Farr still fighting? Where can I reach Billy Conn?

A.—No. A welterweight. You'll be about 146 pounds. Conn can be reached care of Johnny Eay, 808 Belefont St., Pittsburgh, Pa. Farr is not fighting. He is in London.

Edward Brutzman, Plainfield, N. J.

Q. —What is Comiskey's record since he was beaten by Lou Nova? Is he still a contender?

A.—Domingo Valin, K.O. 1; Mike Alfano, K.O. 3; Jack Merritt, K.O. 3; James J. Johnston, K.O. 2, and Babe Ritchie, K.O. 1. Jack Cunningham K.O. 3 and Italo Colonello, K.O. 6. No. He is not.

Henry Hatch, East Boston, Mass.

Q.—Were the following more clever boxers than is Billy Conn—Tunney, Loughran, Carpentier, Jack Delaney, Rosenbloom and Tom Gibbons? How would each have fared against Conn?

A.—I think that Loughran and Delaney were more clever but that Billy is a better boxer than were the others. I think Tunney and Loughran would have whipped Billy but that Conn would have scored a decision over the others.

Q.—In what manner is a boxer more clever than another—in brains, or shiftiness?

A.—Both. A boxer who can use his brain to gain a quick advantage over his opponent, is shifty, to enable him to get out of range of his opponent's blows, is quick at countering, quick at blocking and can maneuver his man to get the advantage over him—all of these points are considered in gauging a man's cleverness.

Q.—Do you think that the calibre of Louis' opponents was as high as those of Dempsey?

A.—With few exceptions, no. Dempsey fought Firpo, Tom Gibbons, Miske, Carpentier, Willard and Tunney. Of these, Gibbons, Carpentier, Firpo and Tunney were far superior to most of those whom Louis has fought. They outclassed men like Musto, Dorazio, Paychek, Roper, Thomas, Mann, Brown, McCoy. Of those whom Louis has fought who rate as high as most of the Dempsey opposition, Billy Conn, Braddock and Schmeling rate on a par with Dempsey's best.

Q.—If Tunney and Sharkey had met in their prime, who would have won?

A.—Tunney would have beaten Jack Sharkey.

Anthony Muscatello, Windber, Pa.

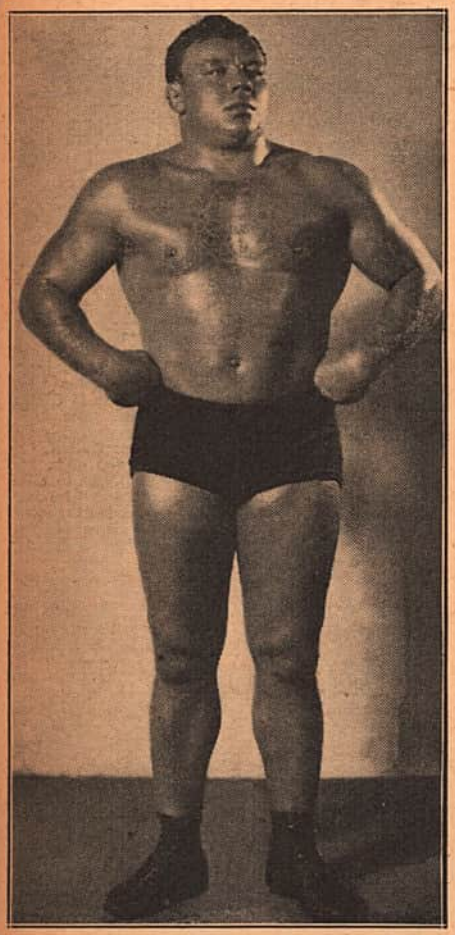
Q.—In the July Ring someone asked you who Tommy Romano was and you didn't know. You will find his name in Lou Ambers' record as having fought him ten rounds. Can you let me have the January, 1941, issue as I did not get a chance to buy it. Can you tell me if Tami Mauriello kayoed Steve Belloise or was it by T.K.O. Has he a chance to win the light-heavyweight title? Can I buy his picture?

A.—Romano came from Ossining, N. Y., and started as lightweight and finally grew into the middleweight ranks. Sorry I couldn't place him when I answered the last query. Back copies for 1941 are 25 cents each. You can get the issue. Referee stopped it to save Belloise from being seriously hurt. $1.25 each for photos size 8 by 10 in heavy glossy paper.

Wrestlers *in the* Spotlight

John Pesek, International Star, and New Foreign Talent Injected Into Mat Sport to Revive Grappling Sport in New York

By AL MAYER



Oscar Nygern, a 220 pounder from Europe.

WHEN the fall and winter season gets under way in wrestling in New York and vicinity, representatives of all nations will be headlined. This has been made possible by the signing of many foreign stars by Jack Pfeffer, importer of pachyderms. Jack has brought over wrestlers from Spain and Sweden to add to his already last assortment, despite war conditions abroad. When the chestnut vendors begin to make their appearance on the street corners, a sure harbinger of cold months ahead, the curtain will be ready to rise on the array of new wrestlers and inject new blood in the age old sport which has been having a tough time in the metropolitan area.

Here are short sketches of some of those who will make their debut in the eastern locality:

GORILLA MACIAS. Champion of Mexico, Macias is a big 240 pounder. Wrestling in Mexico today is enjoying a tremendous boom. In fact, the same may be said of other Latin and South American countries where some of the biggest crowds to witness sport events have been found at wrestling matches. Most wrestlers of Spanish blood are quite familiar with our own styles because they have competed and won their laurels by defeating American grapplers who in recent years have been in the headlines in Latin and South American countries.

Gorilla Macias was presented with a championship belt at the end of last season when he came through undefeated after taking part in more than 200 bouts. Mexico does things right with their athletes and when the governing solons of wrestling decided to present the champion with a belt, they made a swell job of it. The belt is of tremendous size—twelve inches in width—designed by one of the best known goldsmiths in Mexico City. It is of solid gold and weighs almost twenty pounds.

The frontispiece represents two wrestlers in action, beautifully carved, while the edges are interwoven with oak leaves generously studded with diamonds. The back and sides of the belt are solid gold oak leaves displaying the ingenuity of the artist.

Gorilla Macias, Champion of Mexico, who won costly gold belt in tournament.

Ned Taylor, a 200 pound star from Columbus, Ohio.

Gorilla Macias has the belt but he must win the title of Mexico three straight years to win absolute possession of the treasure. And now coming to Macias himself. He is typically Mexican, wide face, piercing black eyes, sideburns and curly hair. He wears the native costumes of his country with richly gold and silver decorated sombreros.

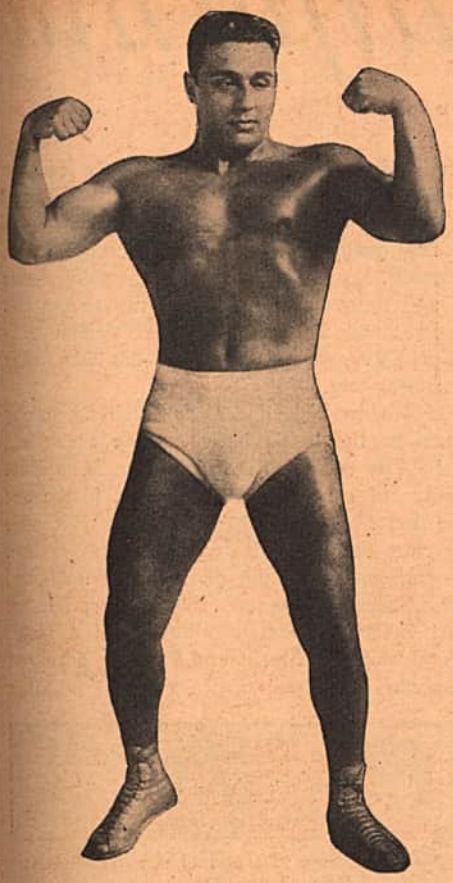
He is a colorful athlete both inside and out of the ring. He has a tremendous hairy chest, long powerful arms and practically no neck reminiscent of the famous neckless one—Franz Houlaban.

Gorilla Macias, as the word "gorilla" which was tagged to his name implies, is a rough customer on the mat. He is a man who believes in winning by superior strength. He clamps punishing holds on his opponents and like many other great stars is a man who doesn't believe in fancy stuff. Gorilla Macias is certain to make a name for himself in this country. He has everything which fans like best about a wrestler.

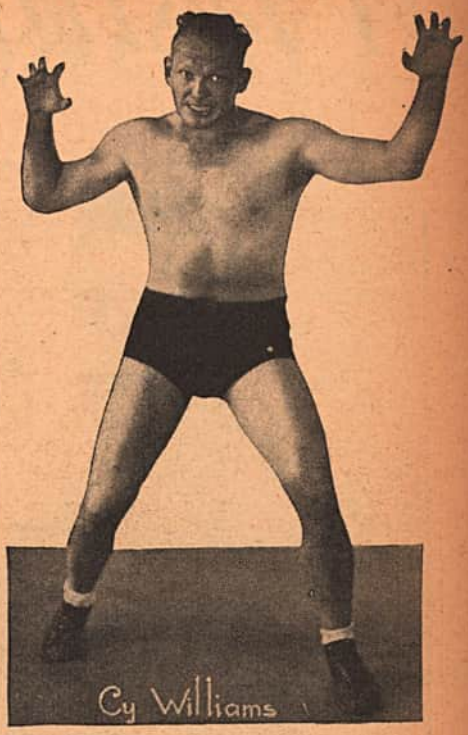
Gorilla Macias, however, is not the only wrestler of Spanish blood who will make his bow this season. We have another who hails from Spain and so far as strength is concerned, boasts of being Macias' equal if not his superior. He is:

* * *

MARIO ESPINOZA, a wrestler of the old school, a man who rose to fame by first being a champion weight lifter, in which he developed abnormal strength. Spain has long been one of the big centers of wrestling. That country has developed many stars and has been the scene of many fine contests. Until the present conditions in Europe, the big tourneys held in Madrid and



Jack Zarnas, the Greek Adonis.



Cy Williams, the tough man who employs football tactics.

Barcelona attracted vast crowds.

Not only that, but wrestlers from all over the world entered these tourneys. Many of our own champions figured prominently in these affairs. It became necessary therefore for the European wrestler to adopt American methods.

Mario Espinoza is going to be a hard man to beat. He weighs 250 pounds, is a giant of a man, wears a long mustache and, like all muscular men, has drooping shoulders, denoting strength. Powerful thighs, strong legs and an unusual knowledge of the mat game, the Spaniard promises to make things hum this season. In addition to these, there is:

* * *

OSCAR NYGERN. Oscar is a man weighing 220 pounds who won world recognition because of the number of international wrestling tournaments which he won in Europe. Nygern seems as if carved out of rock. He has big prominent features and a terrific chest on which, incidentally, there reposes a picture of a beautiful lady tattooed by the craftsmen of China.

No array of mat champions would be complete without Hungary playing a part in it. So from fair Budapest we have one who has already made good in the U.S.A. He is:

* * *

JANOS BADO, the Beau Brummel of the mat, the kind of athlete whom ladies refer to as an "Adonis," one whose graceful movements are a pleasure to see. Like many other wrestlers from Hungary, Bado went through long years of tedious amateur wrestling before he was ready to tackle professionals. At first he took part in small tournaments, finally entering the big ones. His best effort was winning the last international meet held in Budapest, which earned him the title of champion of Hungary, which he still holds.

And now, coming nearer to home, we introduce a mat star who needs little introduction:

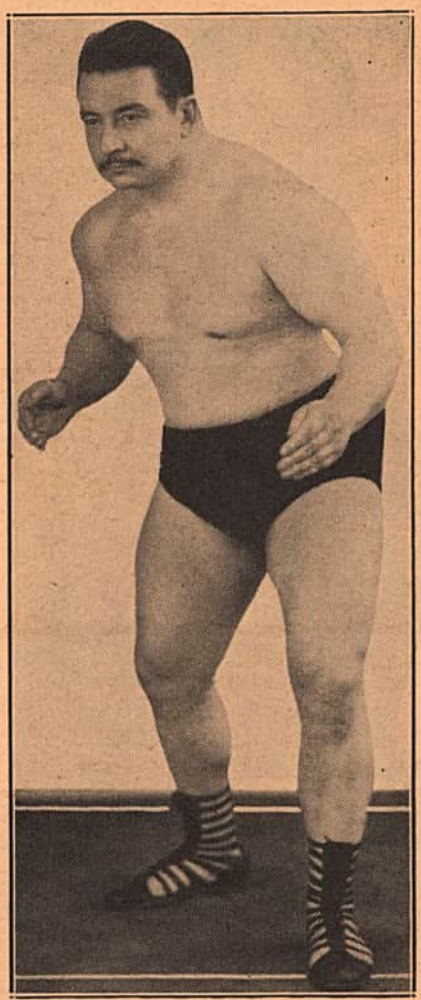
* * *

GEORGE K.O. KOVERLY. George was not always known by that name, although the K.O. part, which was tagged on him by fans because of the able manner in which he makes use of his dukes, fitted him well enough to suit the fight fans. George's right cognomen is Gojko Kovacovich, which was the name he used when he lived in Belgrade where he was born. Over here he had it changed to the more practical name of Koverly.

Koverly is a well educated man who loves sports. He first became a boxer and practiced the art in his native Belgrade until he came here. In this country, as K.O. Koverly, he met some tough customers, including Max Baer, George Godfrey, W. L. (Young) Stribling, and others. He quit the game when a broken shoulder forced him out and he turned pro wrestler.

Koverly still makes use of his dukes. In fact, he wins many a match by the well-known K.O. route which has brought him to the top. Another headliner will be:

* * *



Mario Espinoza, the strong man from Spain.

CY WILLIAMS, a former football star. Cy, too, belongs to the roughneck class of wrestlers, but then he attributes the whole thing to his football days when the rough sport called for rough men. He was one of the first to introduce football tactics to the mat and let us say that when Cy comes charging along, 225 odd pounds of him, it's bad stuff to stand in his way.

Cy Williams welcomes the newcomers who will make their debut next fall. You can expect some tall action and thrills when Cy steps with some of the new stars who consider themselves plenty tough. Still another is:

* * *

JACK ZARNAS, the Greek Adonis, who scales 215 pounds and is as smart as a whip and one of the trickiest wrestlers in the business. Zarnas has just returned from Buenos Aires where he made a big hit with our South American neighbors.

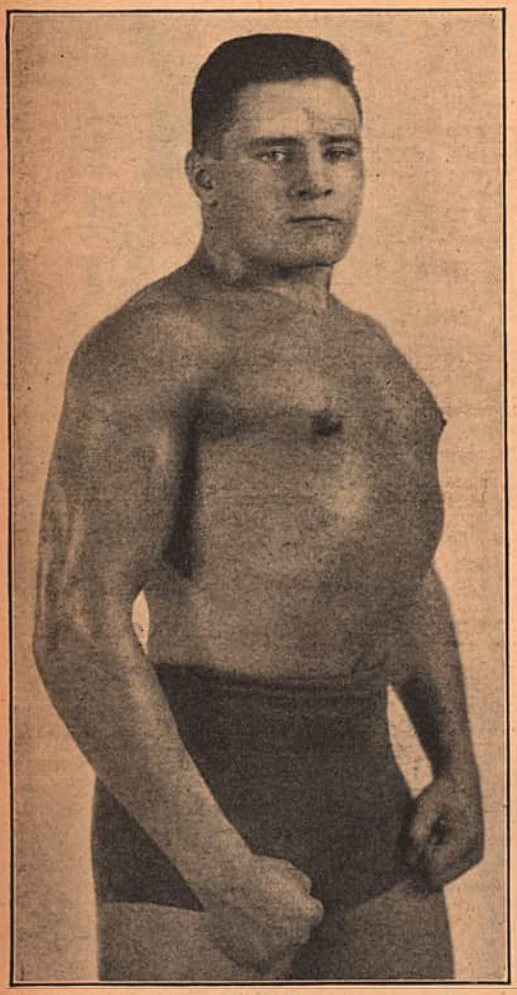
As we have said the sport is enjoying tremendous popularity in South America and it is due in many respects to wrestlers of the ability of Jack Zarnas that South American fans have taken wrestling to their heart. Another who should do well next fall is:

* * *

NED TAYLOR. A two hundred pound matman who is better known in the midwest as Columbus' flying tackle specialist. There is hardly an attack on the mat more spectacular than the flying tackle and the flying scissor. Taylor is an expert at both and his weight of 200 pounds is just the right poundage to step at a lively clip and let go with both feet.

Wrestling in California

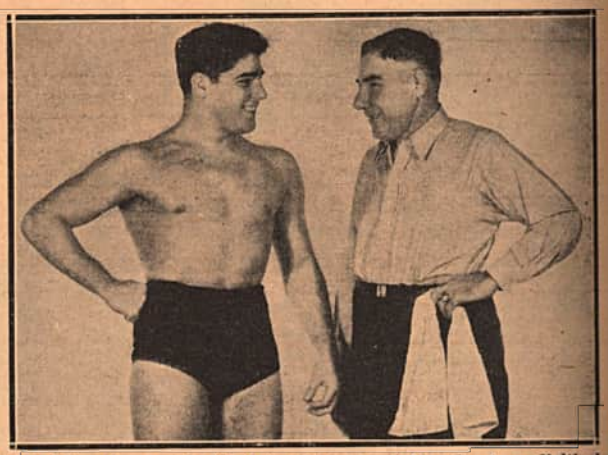
By BERNICE SANDBOE



Danno O'Mahony, Irish grappler who is wrestling with success on the Pacific Coast

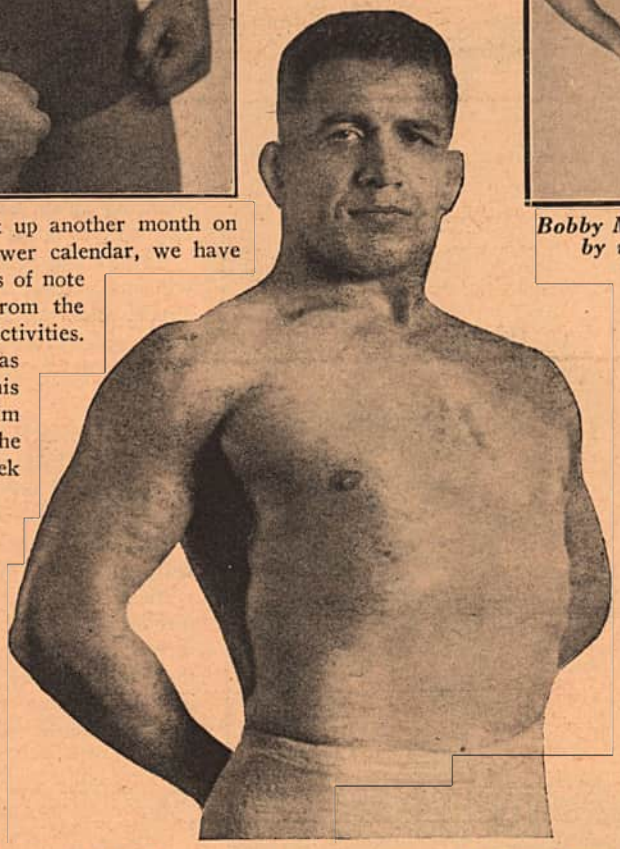
As the second scoop of the month, Promoter George Zaharias secured the services of The Angel for his first bout in Southern California. Danno O'Mahony, the fine young Irish laddie, stepped up and asked for the assignment of taking on the French Freak, but not without due reason. Danno is angling for another chance to meet Jim Londos and figures that the best way to get that chance is to impress Promoter Zaharias and the Olympic audiences. He put up a fine fight against the Angel but was finally crushed to defeat by a bear-hug.

Promoter Zaharias is showing more and more a flair for making "natural" matches, such as the battle between Ray Steele and Dick Raines. Zaharias' ability to match the right man is no doubt directly due to the years of service he himself put in the mat game, and his chance for first-hand observation on just what the fans like. At any rate, the Steele-Raines match was a lulu, with the two matmen running the gamut of wrestling holds and rough-and-tough tactics. Steele came out the winner, but not after a terrific battle. Zaharias' next headliner was a match between Bobby Managoff and Ray Steele, and this, too, developed into one of the best matches fans had seen in a long time. After



Bobby Managoff, (Left) a heavyweight who is well liked by wrestling fans. He is shown with his father.

Ray Steele, veteran, who continues to get championship bout assignments with Jim Londos.



AS we chalk up another month on the cauliflower calendar, we have many events of note to report from the California scene of activities. Promoter George Zaharias proved his loyalty to his fans, by rematching Jim Londos and Ray Steele the week following the Greek Relief Show inasmuch as many of his patrons had to miss the match because of an advance in prices.

The fans who saw the rematch were privileged to see one of the most sterling battles in recent wrestling history. Ray Steele proved spectacular in his attempt to wrest the title from the cagey little Greek. Steele proved that he is one of the top contenders for the crown. Incidentally Steele contends that he should be entitled to the decision inasmuch as he believes that he outpointed Londos on every score. So convinced is the big Glendale grappler that he was correct on this, that he took up his claim with the State Athletic Commission.

dividing a fall apiece, these two scientific matmen went to it tooth and nail in the deciding third fall.

It looked as though Bobby Managoff was going to elevate himself to a noteworthy position in the mat world by annihilating Steele when he started into a series of drop kicks which had won him the second fall. However, Managoff missed connections with one of the kicks and it required the services of the house physician to awaken Bobby some time later.

Promoter Zaharias' trip to several Eastern cities in search of talent proved to be a most successful one, for he has lined up an attractive summer season of top-notch bouts for the Olympic Auditorium.

* * *

THE smaller clubs continue to feature El Diablo, the masked matman, who has defeated practically everyone on the West Coast at least three times, which is becoming slightly monotonous. No one is that good.

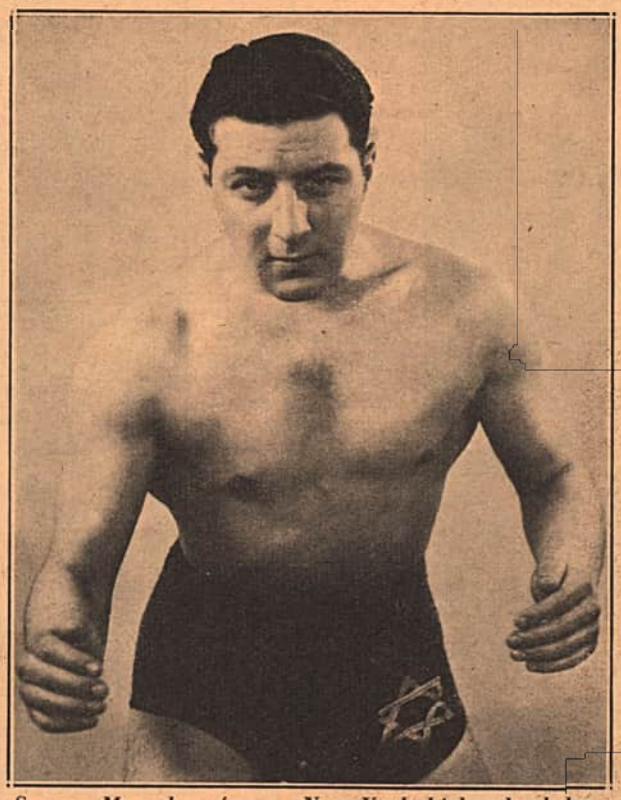
Diablo had a good start on the Coast as the first scientific masked matman in the game, but after a while he reverted to type and now scores all his decisions via the brawl method. He is a real devil in the ring. *(Continued on page 41)*

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EDDIE MERRILL

THE summer season has been a dull one for the wrestling fans since most of the clubs throughout the country shut their doors to rest until the fall term of wrestling got under way. In New York City and vicinity, wrestling has been as dear as a door nail. The same holds true up-state and in Massachusetts. The few Eastern wrestlers who sought work for the summer months, hit the trail West where they have been able to pick up a bout here and there.

Quite a number of young wrestlers have been drafted but the best known of the lot, is Sammy Menacker who is now a member of Battery A, Seventh Battalion, Fort Eustis, Virginia, where he is hero among the boys because of his athletic prowess. Sammy, it will be recalled, did some fine work in New York before he was placed in Uncle Sam's service. He, like many of the boxers in the service, from time to time obtains special permission to keep at his profession and has been in action at Newport News and Norfolk and is doing well. One of his recent bouts was refereed by Jack Dempsey.



Sammy Menacker, former New York high school boy, who is now in the Army at Fort Eustis. Sammy may be made an athletic instructor.

Because of his knowledge of physical education and his ability as a wrestler, Sammy may yet find himself shifted to the corps of athletic instructors with the army. He merits such an assignment.

* * *

Ed Don George was the star of the season that has just closed in upper-New York State. George was the mainstay in the bouts staged in Buffalo and vicinity and the veteran proved his right to the claim of champion of this sector by the manner in which he carried on.

* * *

Rudy Dusek, head of the famous clan bearing his name, is signing many new wrestlers from all parts of the country for his fall and winter campaign. As in the past few years, Rudy will hold forth at a number of Eastern arenas. He will do the booking and will also appear in main events. The Dusek boys still rate tops as attractions.

* * *

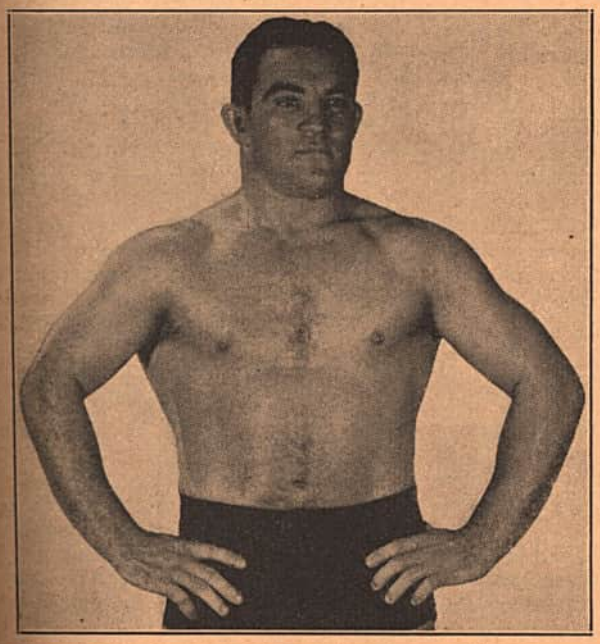
WRESTLING news from Hawaii by Theodore Yamachika follows: The defense program necessitating the building of various projects throughout the island of Oahu has made Honolulu a boom town not unlike some of the fabulous boom towns of the West. Lucrative employment has lured all the young people from the other islands, Hawaii, Maui and Kauai, leaving their towns deserted, and at the same time greatly increasing the population of Honolulu.

The result is an ever increasing need for wholesome entertainment and Promoter Al Karasick is doing his bit by giving the fans the best cards in the line of professional wrestling. Unlike many who would have exploited such a setup by increasing the admission prices, Karasick has guaranteed the fans that there will be no advance in the current popular price scale. No wonder the fans are backing his shows to capacity houses and will do so just as long as he is at the helm of professional wrestling. As a body builder wrestling like boxing is second to none and to note that the younger set take a lively interest in the game is a credit to Hawaii's youth.

Hawaiian champion, Ben Pilar, again successfully defended his belt against the challenges of George Wagner and proved to all that he is still top man in Honolulu. Pilar is a fighting champ and will defend his title as often as worthy challengers are brought forth.

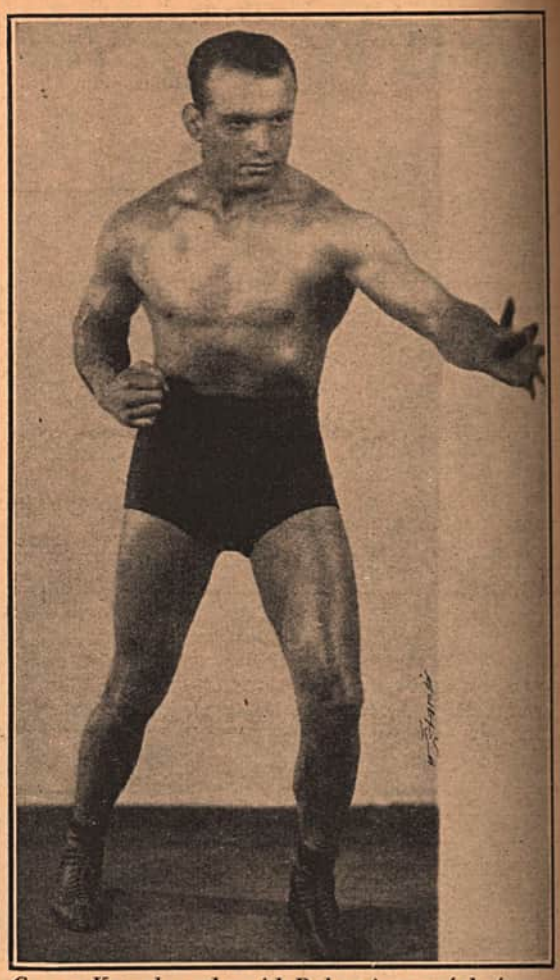
For those Boston fans who are eager to know of the ramblings of their "Superman", Gene Blackley, Gene disposed of Tetsuo "Rubberman" Higami in his first appearance here. His "Superman" tactics of lifting his man off the mat and tossing him outside the ring met with the approval of the fans. His style of wrestling is spectacular to say the least.

Tony Morelli easily qualifies for the position of wrestler of the month. The "Mad Man from Manhattan", as he is known in local wrestling circles, has not been defeated in a half dozen bouts and has capably carried on the villain role left vacant by the Red Shadow. How long he'll remain undefeated, is a matter for such top-notchers as Don Sebastian, Gene Blackley, Charley Carr, Ben Pilar, Kimon Kudo, Sammy Cohen and Ernie Powers, to decide. It seems everyone is gunning for the Morelli guy for they know that a victory over Tony would be a large and conspicuous feather in their own cap. *(Continued on page 43)*



Tuffy Cleet of Charleston, W. Va., who is hard and rugged and a good card in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Yvon Robert, the Canadian heavyweight wrestling champ, a popular matman across the border.



George Koverley, who with Robert is one of the feature attractions in Montreal wrestling shows. Matchmaker Eddie Quinn rates Koverley tops as a crowd pleaser. Quinn packs 'em in at Montreal, where the game is flourishing.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 18)

THE death of Ollie Pecord, third man in the ring when Jack Dempsey won the world heavyweight title from Jess Willard at Toledo, came on the very day when the former Manassa Mauler was arranging a party for his Broadway tavern to celebrate the 22nd anniversary of that contest.

"I've seen many referees, and have officiated at hundreds of bouts myself, but I must say that one of the best in this country was Ollie Pecord," said Dempsey.

Then began the usual discussions about the handling of the famous battle. Some insisted that Pecord did the right thing when he called Jack back into the ring after Dempsey already had been declared the winner in the first round. Others told Jack that according to the rules, he had disqualified himself by leaving the ring and that, if Ollie had acted according to the code, he would have awarded the fight to Willard. Still others, among them Hype Igoe who to this day insists that Dempsey won in the fourth round, argued that Pecord's ruling on the knockout round was incorrect, and so for several hours, the death of this nationally known referee brought back fight talk that revived the battle in which Ollie was prominent.

Pecord was a keen sports character. He played baseball and loved boxing. He officiated at many famous bouts and was a good referee. Among the celebrities who boxed in bouts that Pecord refereed, were Dempsey, Willard, Tiger Flowers, Mickey Walker, Harry Greb, Johnny Kilbane, Sammy Mandell, Jack Britton, Ted Kid Lewis and Freddy Welsh.

Few referees have had such a problem face them as did Pecord in that fight. In the first round, when Dempsey floored Willard seven times, the final knockdown came just a few seconds before the end of the round. The commotion was terrific. The din was such that one couldn't hear his neighbor's voice. The bell sounded ending the round before the fatal ten could be counted, but Referee Pecord couldn't hear the gong and after tolling off ten, he held up the hand of Dempsey.

Quickly Jack left the ring and started racing for his dressing room. Frantically, the official timer was trying to gain the attention of Pecord, which he finally did, and then he informed him that the round had ended before the knockout. Ollie grasped the situation at a glance, grabbed Kearns and told him to bring Dempsey back into the ring.

Then came another worry. The bell had ended the third round. Dempsey had battered Willard's face into an unrecognizable condition. Jess, a helpless mass, was escorted to his corner. He couldn't go on. He ordered his seconds to stop the fight. The referee was so notified between rounds, before the gong had sounded for the fourth session. Again he held up Dempsey's hand.

The boxing critics were uncertain whether to call the knockout in the third or the fourth round. Some wrote one and some the other round and thus there was confusion in the minds of the fans. Tex Rickard was appealed to for a decision. Those who bet on a fourth round kayo wanted to be paid off. Those who had the third, were equally insistent that they be paid. Rickard asked Pecord for a ruling. He gave it.

"I declare that Dempsey won the fight by a knockout in the third round," said he.

He was viciously attacked by those who differed with him. Some accused him of playing into the hands of bettors, but he ignored their attacks. He was correct. His decision was in accord with the rules of boxing.

The Marquis of Queensberry came to the rescue of Pecord. He officially declared when appealed to for a decision, that Pecord was correct.

"The rules state," said he, "that a round consists of three minutes of fighting and one minute of rest, and since the bell had not yet ended the rest period belonging to the third round when Willard retired, Dempsey won the fight by a three-round knockout."

To this day that has been the accepted rule. Pecord was 71 years old.

Louis in Army?

(Continued from page 4)

It took many years for that Great Fighter to get over that turning, Joe. That is the First Parable.

* * *

ONCE upon a time there was a husky young man who had a Mind of His Own. He was brought up right and righteous, the hard way. He had worked on docks, he had been a hauler of water and a hewer of wood.

He had seen that men who fought in the ring made money fast and copiously. He knew that this offered a tremendous chance. He went into the ring.

But one day he learned that his country had gone to war. Why, that meant he would have to go! He went!

He found himself with a regiment of true fighters in France. He dashed with the men of the Zero Hour. He carried his rifle and he lunged his bayonet, and he helped to end the war and he came home.

He found a world which offered few jobs and little happiness except the end of war. He went back to his fighting ambitions. This man became a Great Fighter, and won the title, and men wondered. They had not favored him. They wondered, but the man had a mind of his own and had thought himself into the championship.

This man grew in stature. He grew in the mind of the public.

Now he is honored and respected. He is back in the service of his country. He had retired unbeaten. He could have remained retired. But he came back.

This is the Second Parable.

Making the Grade

(Continued from page 27)

who kayoed Jackie in five heats at White Plains—giving him a severe licking before administering the coup de grace. The lad who had accomplished this astonishing trick was Vinnie Vines—an exceptionally clever boxer and terrific puncher—who is also deserving of a few laudatory lines, a bit of eulogy—in plain, everyday language, his share of praise.

Other good welters to sample the shock of Vinnie's sock are Eddie Dunne, Billy White, Angelo Lato, Mike Angieri, Johnny Horstman, Pete Koloff, Danny Devlin and others. Vines holds wins over such worthies as Ernie Copeland, Julio Gonzalez, Frankie Runyon, Mike Piskin and other highly rated scrappers. Out of 38 pro contests, Vines won 12 decisions, scored 16 knockouts, fought 3 draws, lost 1 duke and suffered 3 by T.K.O.

He was born Vincenzo James Sempervino in Schenectady, N. Y., on September 21, 1917. After two years of high school, he quit at 17 to sell newspapers. Three months later, he joined the C.C.C., where plenty of outdoor work developed his slender body and made him strong. He was presently moved, with several other boys, to Oregon. After six months, Vinnie was discharged and returned home. In a few days he joined the U. S. Army and was sent to Hawaii.

On the steamer, as it plowed through the Pacific toward the Islands, Vinnie put the gloves on for the first time—though he'd had his share of street fights. He boxed an exhibition with Ed Shockley, Golden Gloves lightweight champ from Cleveland. The light sparring soon developed into a real fight. But so well did Vines fare against his experienced rival that his buddies enthusiastically advised him to continue with the sport of boxing.

In his 28 months' stay in Honolulu, Vines won all of his sixteen amateur bouts, annexing both the lightweight and welterweight titles of the Hawaiian Islands.

"I certainly had some grand times there," said Vinnie with a reminiscent sigh during this interview. "Delightful afternoons with the surf-board on the rolling Pacific. Peaceful moonlit evenings in Kopiolani Park and driving along Koli-Koli Pass."

When he returned home in 1938, Vines lost no time resuming his career as an amateur. After winning 35 out of 40 battles, and acquiring the Diamond Belt title in Boston, Vinnie turned pro under the guidance of George Winn. Out of 43 contests, Vines lost only eight. He is trained by the capable Al Ramo.

Vinnie's steady and remarkable improvement, both as a boxer and fighter, may be traced to the fact that he has been acting as a sparring partner to New York's middleweight champ, Billy Soose. Working with Soose, studying the artistic way Billy shoots a jab or crosses a right, has given the former soldier added fistic knowledge and has imbued him with heaps of confidence. Vines moves lightly about the ring. Vinnie is probably the hardest puncher of his division—which, of course, includes the 145-pound ruler, Fritzie Zivic.

On March 3 of this year, Vines received an unfortunate setback when the experienced Phil Furr broke his nose with a wild blow in the sixth round. The fight had to be stopped and Vinnie had to discontinue boxing until his nose had sufficient time to heal. Since Vines has resumed working at his trade, he has scored kayoes over Johnny Flores, Billy Furrone and Buck Streator. It was the latter's initial knockout. Vinnie sent Buck to the floor seven times.

The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters. If you can come through with three out of five you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—Name three world-famous fighters familiarly referred to as "the three Jacks!"

2—Can a fighter who has his opponent helpless on the ropes continue to hit him, or must he step aside?

3—Name three colored fighters who scored knockdowns on Jack Dempsey, the "Manassa Mauler."

4—Name three colored fighters who held world's featherweight title.

5—How many times was Gene Tunney beaten as a professional, and by whom?

6—What is meant by feinting?

7—To what parts of the body are the following blows directed: rabbit punch, solar plexus punch, kidney punch?

Wrestling in California

(Continued from page 38)

Hollywood Legion Stadium continues to cater to the fast, clever light-heavies. The fans seem to prefer the lighter boys and are always sure of seeing a good show at the Legion. Wild Red Berry remains the title-holder and Danny McShain the outstanding villain.

* * *

IT is with a great deal of pride that we chronicle the career of a youngster whom we most ardently believe will one day ascend the grappling throne of the world. Although Jim Londos will always go down in the record books as one of the truly immortal wrestlers in the world, it is inevitable that one day his foot will slip, or he will retire from the ring, and a new champion will take over.

There seems at the moment no more likely candidate for that position than young Bobby Managoff. A look around the present crop of matmen reveals many outstanding promising stars, veterans and newcomers alike, but no one shines as much as this young Armenian boy, who has been literally raised on wrestling.

Bobby is the son of Bob Managoff, Sr., one of the greatest of the old-time grapplers. Pappa Managoff was illustrious in the days of Frank Gotch, George Hackenschmidt and Tony Stecher, and was the man who broke Gotch's arm in a gruelling battle of scientific wrestling. When Pappa's wrestling days were over, he invested his money in a candy and ice-cream cone factory and settled down in Chicago. He had three daughters and one son, who was indeed the apple of his eye.

Pappa had a fully equipped gym set up in the basement of the Managoff home by the time Bobby was eight years old, so you can well see that Bobby began his wrestling training early. At fourteen he was a fine physical specimen, as fast as a young panther, and just as strong. He had mastered all the fundamentals of wrestling and now needed only practice and experience.

Today, at 23, Bobby has behind him a record that any veteran of the mat wars might well eye with envy. He has many victories and few defeats written on his score sheet, and he has already acquired the Pacific Coast championship. He is recognized and respected by fans and foes alike.

Pappa Managoff, however, is not satisfied that Bobby's wrestling education is complete and together with Ad Santell and Joe Malcewitz, both marvelous old-time grapplers, he is grooming the boy for even greater laurels. It is doubtful if any wrestler has ever had a firmer foundation on which to base his success.

There is another side of Bobby which places him high in the esteem of all who know him. This young fellow is a living symbol of clean-cut living and physical development and is truly an inspiration to American youth. Since his early childhood, Bobby has been vitally interested in anything pertaining to health and body-building. When he was fourteen, he organized a club for boys of his age and helped them to grow into sturdy, healthy young men.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

(During the absence of Eddie Borden the ratings section of this department has been taken over by Meyer Ackerman, who was Eddie's assistant in the past, and The Ring Editor)

WHILE the rains fell quite frequently last month, causing many postponements of outdoor boxing shows, the month was an active one. It was featured by the action of several ring champions, both in title defenses and overweight tangles.

For twelve rounds in the lea of Coogan's Bluff that overhangs the Polo Grounds in New York City, the flashing fists and dancing feet of Billy Conn were writing another chapter into the annals of boxing history with Joe Louis and his heavyweight crown as the subject for debate. But with the heavyweight crown within his grasp, the gallant Pittsburgher became careless for just a fleeting moment in the thirteenth and the Brown Bomber exploded a cannon around Conn's head that saved Joe his prized title and washed away the dreams and aspirations of the popular Irishman, who had relinquished his world light-heavyweight crown to do battle for the ring's greatest honors. The fight served to stamp Louis with the mark of greatness and to establish Conn as a very definite figure in the future of the heavyweight picture.

Not content with having defended his title successfully, Louis also engaged in an exhibition affair with Big Jim Robinson and knocked Jim into the discard in one round with fourteen-ounce pillows for boxing gloves. In trying to ascertain the ultimate winner of the next heavyweight championship affair between Louis and Lou Nova, prognosticators would do well to give a little thought to the fact that whereas Brown Joe took less than three minutes to dispose of Robinson, it took Nova three rounds to knock Jim out in a real fight after Jim had cut Lou's eyes in the first.

In the heavyweight picture, Big Jim Thompson was removed from our rating because of inactivity to make room for Red Burman, who still continues to be avoided by some of the ranking big fellows and has to content himself with knocking over the lesser lights of the division. He seeks action with the toughest, but somehow can't get it.

Booker Beckwith continues to climb among the 175-pounders. Ninth last month, the Booker climbs several notches in this issue as he continues along the victory trail to stamp himself as a future threat for titular honors.

The Polo Grounds was the scene of another outstanding bout of the month when Fritzie Zivic played havoc on the features of Private Albert Davidoff, nee Al Davis, to score a technical knockout in ten rounds of one-sided battling. The welterweight champion, facing Davis in an overweight affair, showed little consideration for Army principals, knocking the reformed soldier boy to the canvas in the first round and beating an unmerciful tatoo on his features through to the tenth when the referee stepped in to save the Brownsville youngster from further unnecessary punishment. Although the champion was at his best, it must be said for Davis that, although outclassed, he displayed a world of gameness and did not disgrace himself or the uniform he now wears.

Two newcomers in the welterweight picture of the month are Young Kid McCoy and Norman Rubio. McCoy earned his spurs by the impressive manner with which he whipped Cal Cagni, while Rubio scored over ranking Tony Marteliano in somewhat of an upset.

The middleweight picture flashed Billy Soose in a two-round technical knockout of Tony Celli, while the fireworks really exploded in the featherweight muddle when Ritchie Lemos, Mexican battler from the Coast, scored a sensational five-round knockout over Pete Scalzo, recognized by the N. B. A. as 126-pound boss.

Chalky Wright continued his splendid work by going out of his class again to score noteworthy triumphs while Bobby Poison Ivy whipped former champion Harry Jeffra. Bobby Ruffin continued his climb by a double victory. Jimmy Kidd Hatcher, from deep down in the South, deserves some sort of honorable mention for whipping Georgie Pace. If he can keep up that good work, he may make the ratings in the near future.

Lou Salica continued to show why he is a real champion by again defending his bantamweight title against his most persistent challenger, Tommy Forte of Philadelphia. Salica won in fifteen torrid rounds and might be just the figure to revive interest among the smaller fellows because he is a fighter, every inch of him.

Jackie Paterson, star British flyweight, jumped into the front spot among the boys in his division by three triumphs. The British king of flyweights whipped Jimmy Stubbs, stopped Billy Hazelgrove and Kid Tanner. That put him ahead of the U. S. leader, Little Dado.

Tony Olivera also stood out in the bantam class by the fine manner in which he whipped his recent conqueror, Kenny Lindsay, to earn for himself again the No. 1 slot in the 118-pound division. Jackie Jurich, former flyweight, earned a niche in the bantam class by garnering the last spot. Olivera is now a full-fledged bantam.

Other features of the month were Bill Poland's sensational knockout of Harry Bobo, lightweight Dave Castilloux whipping welter Maxie Berger, Oscar Rankins supplanting Pat Valentino in the light-heavyweight division, veteran Joe Sutka taking the measure of Kid Tunero, and the continued success of Ray Robinson, the lightweight with the bright future.

Now for our results: In the heavyweight division, Joe Louis turned back the challenge of Billy Conn with a thirteen-round knockout and then flattened Jim Robinson in a round in an exhibition affair. Abe Simon stopped James D. Turner in six rounds. Bob Pastor took the measure of Buddy Scott. Red Burman stopped Al Hart in two. Bill Poland kayoed Harry Bobo in eight, while the latter in turn stopped Mike Alfano in the fourth.

Tony Shucco whipped Buddy Walker. Lee Savold kayoed King Kong in the sixth. Pat Comiskey knocked out Italo Colonello

"THE RING'S" RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

For the month ending July 11

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweight	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	Title Vacant	Title Vacant	World's Champion Fritzie Zivic
1—Lou Nova	Jimmy Webb	Billy Soose	Mike Kaplan
2—Billy Conn	Gus Lesnevich	Tony Zale	Izzy Jannazzo
3—Buddy Baer	Jimmy Bivins	Ken Overlin	Charley Burley
4—Lem Franklin	Tami Mauriello	Georgie Abrams	Holman Williams
5—Alberto Lovell	Anton Christoforidis	Eddie Booker	Bob Montgomery
6—Arturo Godoy	Melio Bettina	Steve Belloise	Cocoa Kid
7—Eddie Blunt	Booker Beckwith	Coley Welch	Maxie Berger
8—Abe Simon	Erv Sarlen	Antonio Fernandez	Harry Weekly
9—Bob Pastor	Oscar Rankins	Joe Sutka	Young Kid McCoy
10—Red Burman	Teddy Yarosz	Johnny Colan	Norman Rubio

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lew Jenkins	World's Champion Joey Archibald	World's Champion Lou Salica	Title Vacant
1—Sammy Angott	Bobby Ivy	Tony Olivera	Jackie Paterson
2—Jackie Wilson	Chalky Wright	Kenny Lindsay	Little Dado
3—Ray Robinson	Ritchie Lemos	Kui Kong Young	Little Pancho
4—Davey Day	Harry Jeffra	Tommy Forte	Johnny Shaughnessy
5—Dave Castilloux	Pete Scalzo	Manuel Ortiz	Warren Kendall
6—Lenny Mancini	Mike Raffa	Jim Brady	Jimmy Stubbs
7—Leo Rodak	Jackie Wilson	Freddy Pope	Luis Castillo
8—George Latka	Jackie Callura	Horace Mann	Jimmy Stewart
9—Ray Lunny	Bill Speary	Benny Goldberg	Small Montana
10—Harry Hurst	Sal Bartola	Jackie Jurich	Lorenzo Safora

in six, Jack Cunningham in three, and Babe Ritchie in one round.

Buddy Knox whipped Wally Cross and kayoed Lorenzo Packs in seven rounds. Tommy Gomez decisioned Teddy Yarosz and kayoed Mickey Dugan in two. Nash Garrison whipped Tony Musto. Bob Sikes stopped Al Reiss in the third and Mickey Hayes in the fifth. Harold Blackshear beat Odell Polee. Neville Beech drew with Dan Dowling and stopped Don Friend. Jack Marshall stopped Kayo Smith in three.

Gus Dorazio whipped Johnny Flynn and Altus Allen kayoed Bill Petersen in the third. Junior Munsell belted out Joey Parks in two. Lee Oma stopped Lou Campbell also in two. Babe Hunt beat Joe Vandiver. Johnny Skhor knocked out Henry Moroz in three rounds. Lou Brooks kayoed Frank Donofrio.

Jimmy Webb knocked out Johnny Bandit Romero in three rounds to lead the light-heavyweight division. Jimmy Bivins beat Curtis Sheppard. Tami Mauriello kayoed Steve Mamakos in nine rounds. Tommy Gomez whipped Teddy Yarosz, who in turn took the measure of Jimmy Young. Oscar Rankins decisioned Pat Valentino. Booker Beckwith stiffened Nash Garrison in the first. Tommy Tucker beat Charley Harvey and Herbie Katz whipped Henry Cooper.

In the middleweight class, Billy Soose kayoed Tony Celli in two heats. Georgie Abrams whipped Joey Spangler. Eddie Booker stopped Johnny Dias. Steve Belloise defeated Vic Dellicurti. Ceferino Garcia knocked out Jimmy Casino in eight rounds. Joe Sutka whipped Kid Tunero.

Sammy Secreet won from Milt Aron and was knocked out by Aron in five rounds in a subsequent meeting. Lloyd Marshall defeated Shorty Hogue. Johnny Colan stopped Johnny Trotter in nine. Wild Bill McDowell won from Bucky Wall. Joe Basora beat Jerry Fiorello and Andre Jessurun decisioned Bobby Britton.

Champion Fritzie Zivic leads the welterweight parade by his ten-round knockout victory over Al Davis in their overweight match. Izzy Jannazzo defeated Frankie Velez. Holman Williams beat Antonio Fernandez. Bob Montgomery stopped Manuel Villa the Second in a round, kayoed Frankie Wallace in three rounds, and belted out Wishy Jones in four heats. Harry Weekly won over Carmelo Fenoy. Norman Rubio beat Tony Marteliano and Vic Troise.

Wicky Harkins decisioned Vic Dellicurti and Irwin Kaye Kaplan, who was also beaten by Al Nettlow. Young Kid McCoy trounced Cal Cagni. Aldo Spoldi whipped Tony Morgano. Red Cochrane stopped Frankie Fariello in three rounds. Georgie Martin drew with Jerry Fiorello. Marty Servo whipped Wishy Jones. Bernie Miller defeated Henry Claypool. Vinnie Vines stopped Buck Streator in the sixth but was himself beaten by Bobby Britton. Ernie Roderick beat Ray McIntyre. Beauford Glover beat Jackie Adragna.

Richard Polite knocked out Jack Larrimore in six rounds and beat Gene Valenzuella. Al Franklin beat Phil Furr. Howell King kayoed Felix Garcia in six rounds. Cecil Hudson whipped Red Green. Chico Romo stopped Ran Jackson in the second. Eddie McGeever drew with Ray Ingram. Leonard Bennett stopped Chuck Vickers in a round. Johnny Carter beat Milo Theodorescu. Pat Carroll drew with Savior Canadeo, who also beat Indian Billy Lee. Johnny Barbara beat Jack Hill. Hockey Bennell won from Paul Sarrone on a kayo.

Among the lightweights, Sammy Angott defeated Harry Hurst. Ray Robinson stopped Mike Evans in two rounds and Pete Lello in the tenth. Dave Castilloux defeated Maxie Berger. Nick Castiglione whipped Leo Rodak, but was in turn defeated by Willie Joyce.

Rodak won from Armanda Sicilia. Ray Lunny stopped Eddie Marcus in the third. Billy Marquart beat Baby Breese, who in turn whipped Chief Crazy Horse, while the Horse took the measure of George Zengaras. Zengaras also lost to Beau Jack. Johnny Hutchinson whipped Larry Cisneros and kayoed Eddie Bello in two. Maxie Shapiro defeated Charley Varre. Tippy Larkin kayoed Freddy Archer in a round.

Bobby Ruffin beat Tommy Spiegal and Julie Kogon. Joey Fontana beat Mickey Farber and Henry Hook. Farber in turn stopped Harold Oliver in three. Ritchie Shinn beat Georgie Hansford who in turn kayoed Sammy Brown in one. Wesley Ramey beat Maurice Arnault and Harvey Dubs whipped Jimmy Tygh. Ray Price beat Verne Bybee. Santiago Sosa defeated Red Guggino. Joey Stack scored over Jimmy Gilligan. Joe Ghnouly won from Al Dorlee. Baxley Hardy drew with Joey Spangler. Frankie Conn whipped Matt Perfetti while Frankie Duane and Joe DeJesus drew.

Bobby Ivy's win over Harry Jeffra leads the featherweight pack. Chalky Wright stopped Lloyd Pine in two and Bobby McIntyre in five rounds. Ritchie Lemos stopped Pete Scalzo in the fifth. Bill Speary whipped Johnny Marcelline. Sal Bartola defeated Spider Armstrong. Jimmy Kidd Hatcher defeated Georgie Pace. Mike Belloise trounced Frankie Donato.

Al Reid won from Nat Litfin. Abe Denner beat Snooks Lacey. Guy Serean scored over Phil Zwick. Henry Hook won from Carlos Beuvas. Lulu Constantino scored over Red Brent. Vince Dell Orto decisioned Ellis Phillips. Pedro Hernandez kayoed Johnny Rudd.

Lou Salica successfully defended his bantamweight title by whipping Tommy Forte. Tony Olivera whipped Kenny Lindsay, Lupe Cardoza, and Little Dado. Kui Kong Young drew with Rush Dalma who in turn trounced Nat Corum. Freddie Pope stopped Doug Gibson in 8 rounds. Donnie Maes kayoed Black Joe in six. Jackie Jurich decisioned Little Pancho.

Little Dado heads the flyweight division with a victory over Nat Corum. Jackie Paterson whipped Jimmy Stubbs and stopped Billy Hazelgrove and Kid Tanner in seven and two rounds respectively. Warren Kendall drew with Syd Worgan. Small Montana drew with Lorenzo Safora. Teddy Lawlor beat Jackie Deakin and Allen Hall. Pierce Ellis knocked out Len Massey in three. Jimmy Gill beat Eric Jones.

The eight best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Teddy Lawlor, Melbourne, Australia.

Bantamweight—Eddie Paco, Philippines.

Featherweight—Kenny Barrett, Louisville, Ky.

Lightweight—Andy Tera, New York City.

Welterweight—Emmett Weller, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Middleweight — Speedy Schaeffer, St. Louis, Mo.

Light-heavyweight—Grady Flynn, Louisville, Ky.

Heavyweight—Rodie O'Dooley, Los Angeles, California.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 39)

Well, Tony is ready for anyone, including Hilly Billy Dutch Heffner who made port recently. Heffner will introduce a new style of wrestling called "Rasslin Dog Patch Style," and the fans are wondering if this will have any effect on the tough Morelli.

* * *

FROM W. J. Foley of the Halifax *Chronicle*, we received the following news:

Two old favorites and a versatile newcomer held the Halifax, Nova Scotia, wrestling spotlight during June. Already established as highliners are Len Hughes and Red Mephisto, who have been favorites in Halifax since the first season in 1933. Edging in as a drawing card is Buddy Knox, whose step-over toehold and leg split have carried him to several rousing victories. They are all popular grapplers and draw well at each show.

One reason why Hughes still stands high in the estimation of the fans is his versatility. He favors no one hold but is the master of many, including a hard right hand that has drawn blood on more than one occasion.

With Mephisto, it is the pile-driver, barred in some sections but still permitted here.

The big three—Hughes, Mephisto and Knox—still carry on, gaining new admirers while holding the old.

Knox has produced a new crop of admirers—the Halifax police force. Each day Buddy goes to the police gymnasium to instruct the cops in wrestling. He is popular and his teaching is respected. Several amateur wrestlers among the police are improving their technique, and one and all regard Knox as the best wrestler ever to appear in Halifax.

Not all the fans take this view, however. Hughes and Mephisto are still tops insofar as the fans are concerned. But Knox has been doing well enough in the ring and making many friends outside the ring.

Promoter Lordly made a ten-strike when he signed Al "Krusher" Korman to appear here this summer. A native of Toronto, Korman had a big season last summer. He likes Halifax and the natives like him.

Jackie Nichols, who looks like George O'Brien, the movie man, is also well liked. While able to hold his own in the rough-house wrestling, Jackie likes to be clean and scientific. He is the master of many holds and his speed is something the fans applaud.

Tuffy Cleet has lived up to his cognomen. He is hard and rugged, not exactly popular, but respected for his knowledge of wrestling. He likes to stand up and throw his fists, and the fans like it, too.

All in all, the wrestlers here this summer are the best yet. There hasn't been a dull show so far.

Conn Greater in Defeat

(Continued from page 11)

that grade had then to make 154, and, a little later, 158 pounds, he had perforce to give away weight in chunks whenever he fought. When he tried, if the expression be permitted, to "feed himself up" a few pounds, he found that the excess fat only slowed him down. So he allowed nature to take its course, with the result that he stayed around the 165 mark, and trusted to speed and science to make up for lack of poundage.

These latter qualities served him well. Choynski met all the topnotchers of his day, regardless of how big they were. He whipped a lot of 'em, and when he lost, the winner was fully aware that he had traveled a very rough trail indeed. If the light-heavyweight grade had existed when Joe was in his prime, he would have unquestionably reigned as champion of that class. Though he never won a title, because of the conditions described, his name shines in fistic annals as the greatest Jewish heavyweight of the Queensberry era.

One has to go back to the bareknuckle days for a prototype of Choynski in the person of Mendoza, the Hebrew heavyweight who won the world's championship in 1794 by defeating Bill Warr. Like Joe, the versatile Mendoza was lacking in poundage, but beat men scaling 200 pounds and over by virtue of his skill and gameness.

Lest some of my readers should accuse me of overlooking Max Baer in this connection, it may be well to point out that Max, an ex-world's heavyweight king, with the Jewish racial strain predominant in his makeup, is of mixed ancestry. Mendoza was a simon-pure Hebrew, and this designation also applies to Joe Choynski, who is still in the land of the living and able to discourse fluently on the fistic glories of the past.

* * *

CHOYNSKI'S gallant willingness to give away weight was well illustrated when he faced Joe McAuliffe, the huge Californian, in 1896. McAuliffe was one of the toughest trial horses ever developed on the Pacific slope. Peter Jackson was in his prime when he fought McAuliffe, yet it took the great Australian colored fighter 24 rounds to put him away. Joe Goddard, the renowned Australian Barrier Champion, had McAuliffe for his first opponent in this country. Goddard fought with his usual ferocity, trying hard for a kayo from the start, but the battle went into the fifteenth round before the Californian was hammered into submission. Yet Choynski turned the trick in four rounds, although McAuliffe outweighed him by thirty-five pounds!

Choynski fought three men who afterwards reigned as world heavyweight champions—Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson. Corbett and Joe were youthful ring rivals. They battled in a couple of four round affairs, with Corbett having the edge, but their decisive encounter took place on a barge in the Bay, near Benetia, California. Corbett scored a knockout after 27 rounds of terrific fighting, Jim wearing five ounce, and Joe a pair of driving gloves.

In 1897, the year before Jeffries won the heavyweight title from Fitzsimmons, Choynski held Jeffries to a twenty-round draw at San Francisco. Jeff had a tremendous pull in weight advantage, but this did not prevent Joe from making a splendid showing against his big adversary. Jeffries has been frequently quoted as saying that he never received a harder punch in his life than one left hook Choynski planted on his jaw during that battle, which is quite a tribute to the slugging powers of his smaller opponent.

Joe kayoed Jack Johnson in three rounds at Galveston, Texas, in 1901. It is only fair to Johnson to state that the future heavyweight champ was but a novice at the time. Yet the feat is worth recording as the only time Johnson was stopped in his career, with the exception of that fateful day at Havana, in 1915, when the great colored gladiator resigned his crown to Jess Willard.

* * *

KID McCOY was another pugilist who was frequently compelled to give away weight to opponents. When the Kid could no longer scale at the middleweight limit, then fixed at 158 pounds, he entered the heavyweight division and defeated many an aspirant for the crown successively in the possession of Fitzsimmons and Jeffries.

At his heaviest poundage while in active service, McCoy never went much over the 165 mark, yet he had no trouble in whipping such big fellows as Gus Ruhlin and Joe Goddard, to mention only two of the numerous heavyweight boxers who bowed to his superior skill.

Bill Madden was boosting Ruhlin as a likely candidate for high heavyweight honors, when McCoy checked Gus in his stride by giving him a very thorough licking in 20 rounds, at Syracuse, N. Y., in 1898. McCoy jabbed Ruhlin almost to a standstill, bewildering him with his amazing speed and accurate hitting, and won the verdict by a mile. The Kid was practically unscathed at the finish, while Ruhlin was virtually cut to ribbons.

A few months later McCoy took on the formidable Joe Goddard at Philadelphia. Goddard was well over 200 pounds, but the lithe, active McCoy dazzled him with lightning jabs and sharp left hooks, countering the Australian's rushes, straight-lefting him all over the ring. The late Paul Armstrong wrote of that battle as one of the most perfect exhibitions of science conquering brute force, that he had ever witnessed. In the fifth round Goddard, frantic with rage, deliberately fouled his opponent, and was disqualified by the referee.

Official figures credit Bob Fitzsimmons with scaling only 167 pounds when he won the heavyweight championship from Jim Corbett at Carson, Nevada, in 1897. The lanky wonder was well under the present light-heavyweight scaling limit when he lost the title to Jeffries, and never passed that figure (175 pounds) during all of his subsequent ring battles.

Fitz won the light-heavyweight crown from George Gardner in 1903, and lost it to Philadelphia Jack O'Brien on a 13 round knockout at San Francisco, in 1907. Bob, like Walcott, was something of a freak in build. He was a heavyweight from the waist up, but his slim hips, and long, tapering, knock-kneed legs rather resembled those of an elongated lightweight. He was easily the lightest of the Queensberry heavyweight champions, yet it is doubtful if even John L. Sullivan, or Joe Louis, two of the deadliest punchers that ever donned the gloves, surpassed him in sheer hitting power. There was only one Fitz!

It is worth noting that Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, after winning the light-heavyweight title from Fitzsimmons, cared so little about that honor that he didn't restrict his activities to the lighter class, but took matches with genuine heavyweights whenever he could get them, right up to the time he retired from the ring.

Jack was a stiff puncher, as well as a scientist of the first water, and like Choynski and McCoy, trusted to his skill and speed to offset whatever weight advantages his opponents might possess. In 1909 he boxed a six-round, no decision bout at Philadelphia with Jack Johnson, and had none the worst of matters.

* * *

CHARLEY MITCHELL, England's boxing ace, tipped the scales at only 154 pounds when he faced world's champion John L. Sullivan in the ring at old Madison Square Garden in 1883, with the Boston Strong Boy registering around the 200 mark. But luck was on the side of the heavier artillery that time, for, despite a gallant stand, Mitchell was only saved from a kayo by police interference in the third round.

Yet the Briton had such supreme confidence in himself that on March 10, 1888, he tackled John L. again. This time it was with the bare knuckles, but Mitchell still labored under a big weight handicap, scaling 160 pounds against 200 for Sullivan.

They met under London Prize Ring Rules, at Chantilly, France. Mitchell's speed of foot and all-around cleverness neutralized Sullivan's tremendous hitting power so effectually, that the contest was declared a draw after 39 rounds had been fought. This was assuredly a little man's triumph.

Mitchell did not fare so well in his encounter with Jim Corbett for the world's title at Jacksonville, Florida, in 1894. He weighed 168 pounds and Corbett 182. But besides being past his prime, Mitchell was also outclassed in both speed and hitting power, by the brilliant Gentleman Jim, and was knocked cold in the third round.

The men of the bareknuckle days were accustomed to give away weight lavishly. Thus, Jem Mace, fortieth heavyweight champion under London Prize Ring Rules, scaled a scant 158 pounds when he met Sam Hurst, the Staleybridge Infant, for the title in 1861. Hurst outweighed Mace by fifty pounds, but Mace stopped him after fifty minutes of rough milling. Every man Mace fought after he left the middleweight ranks for the heavyweight division outweighed him considerably.

When Tom Sayers of England, and John C. Heenan, America's heavyweight champion, fought their famous 42 round battle in 1860, which terminated in a draw after the ring had been broken into by the crowd, Sayers weighed 150 pounds, and Heenan 190. Tom Sayers was the smallest of all the fighting heavyweights, either in bareknuckle days, or the Queensberry era, as he was but five feet, eight inches tall.

Bantams in Favor

(Continued from page 21)

THE RING championship belt in the near future his ownership of the crown will be complete.

Louis Salica is in his ninth year of professional boxing. As an amateur he rated as the best simon-pure flyweight since Fidel La Barba and Frankie Genaro. But for an astigmatic decision in the Los Angeles Olympic Games in 1932, he would have matched the achievement of this pair by winning the Olympic 112 pound crown, as he was a heavy favorite to do so. He evened things with the Hungarian youngster who got the decision over him, Olympic Champion Steve Enekes, by handily trouncing the European in the Garden shortly after.

* * *

LOU is married. He has lived in Brooklyn, New York, all his life. He has two children, is quiet, and dignified in appearance. He has dropped a few decisions here and there in his busy career, but with something at stake, he is a tremendous competitor and one of the greatest finishers to ever hold the title.

His fight with Forte drew $32,000 in Shibe Park, a staggering sum for bantamweights, and Louis seems to be leading his division out of the wilderness into greener pastures.

Nothing invigorates a boxing class like a fighting champion and Louis Salica is all of that. There are welcome signs of activity among the little lads all over the country because of Lou's willingness to defend his crown anywhere and against anybody if the inducements are right.

The way things are shaping up right now, Lou may not have to look far to find all the opposition he can handle, for a long time. Forte, despite his two reverses, rates still another chance because of the closeness of both contests. Tony Olivera, who holds a win over Salica, is another likely foe for the champion.

Manuel Ortiz, who just flattened Lou Transparenti, looms as a menace to Lou's title. Kui Kong Young and Horace Mann are two more of the formidable contingent of Coast contenders. Kenny Lindsay of Vancouver, who just split a couple of decisions against Olivera, is coming fast. Freddy Pope of Columbus, O., is another who bears watching.

Britishers Jim Brady and Kid Tanner, stymied only temporarily—we hope—by the war, are still rated among the world's leading bantams. Harold Scadron is shedding tears of joy over the promise shown by his youthful southpaw sensation, Benny Goldberg of Detroit, who should be knocking on Salica's door one of these nights. Transparenti must still be reckoned with.

All in all it looks like the 118 pound class is headed for a renaissance, a welcome sign for fight followers.

* * *

THE war has put a crimp in the efforts of the flyweights to rehabilitate their division. Most of the good little men are confined to the British Isles, where memories of Jimmy Wilde keep the class in public favor. A raft of busy little Filipinos help stir things up in California, one of the few places in the New World that still caters to the mauling mites. Little Pancho, Little Dado and Small Montana, who came to grief when he attempted to lift Salica's bantam crown last December, lead the 112 pound parade, with Jackie Paterson and Jackie Jurich, adding to the general excitement.

The featherweight class, third of the diminutive divisions, has suffered from a plague of too many champions for years. This has hampered the efforts of those who attempted to raise the class in popular esteem.

Right now there are two claimants to the crown, Richie Lemos and Joey Archibald, and not so long ago there were three. If the perennial title tangle can be unravelled the feathers should enjoy an era of prosperity as there is a gang of high class mittmen in the 126 pound section. The amazing weight giver, Chalky Wright, who campaigns in the welter class; Sal Bartolo, the crack Bostonian; veteran Mike Belloise; greatly improved Bobby Ivy, Guy Serean, Pittsburgh Jackie Wilson, Mike Raffa, Jackie Callura, Bill Speary, Harry Jeffra, Abie Denner, Georgie Pace, Lemos and Archibald, form the most impressive list of top-notch boxers in any division at the present time.

With boxing in the midst of a war boom, now is the time for all the lighter classes to take advantage of the situation by straightening out their championship and other problems, thereby regaining their once great popularity.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 41:

1—John L. Sullivan, Jack McAuliffe, Jack Skelly.

2—That is strictly up to the referee. It is permissible to keep on hitting a man who is hanging on the ropes, so long as the referee does not intervene. In the latter case, the referee can order the winning fighter to step aside, and count over the boxer who is on the ropes.

3—Jim Flynn, who kayoed Dempsey in one round, in the early stages of the Manassa Mauler's career; Luis Firpo, who knocked Dempsey through the ropes and out of the ring, in the first round of their battle; and Gene Tunney, who floored Jack in the eighth round of their second battle, after Gene had taken the famous "14" count in the preceding round.

4—George Dixon, Kid Chocolate, and Henry Armstrong.

5—Tunney lost one decision, when he was beaten by Harry Greb, in the light-heavyweight division.

6—By feinting, you feign a blow intended to draw your opponent off guard, and thereby gain an opening for the delivery of a punch other than the one he thought you were about to throw.

7—The rabbit punch is a chopping blow delivered on the back of your opponent's neck. The kidney punch is what its name denotes, a blow over the kidneys. The solar plexus blow is a left jolt to the pit of the stomach, slightly to the left in that region.

I Remember When—

(Continued from page 15)

extra ounce of flesh he could put on.

Speaking of Walcott reminds me that he was one of the principals in the most absurdly comic contest I ever witnessed. He was matched before a Chicago club with Fred Russell in 1902. Russell was a gigantic heavyweight, scaling over 200 pounds and six feet, two inches in height. Walcott was five feet, one and a half inches. Joe scaled 147 pounds. The pigmy and giant squared off. Russell rushed, Joe ducked under a succession of ponderous swings and beat a tattoo on Fred's ribs.

The little fellow bounded around like a rubber ball. Sometimes he leaped into the air, aiming for Russell's jaw, but this was pure comedy on Joe's part, as Russell's head was too far out of reach. But once, in the fifth frame, the colored chap banged a left into Russell's stomach that doubled the big fellow up, bringing his head forward.

Walcott sent his right across on the chin, and Russell reeled to the ropes. It was near to a knockout, but Russell clinched, hung on and saved himself to the bell. Joe tired a bit from his exertions in the sixth and final round. Still, he was a mile ahead on points, and why the referee declared the bout a draw is something only that official could explain!

Conn's Big Gamble

(Continued from page 6)

whipped Primo Carnera. His hitting has gone off, his punch has lost much of its TNT quality and I don't think that his legs are what they were. Whatever his failing, he can't take a punch so well as he once did.

It must be admitted that when a light hitter like Conn can stagger him, Joe Louis can't take a belt as he once did and he is slipping. Is it madness to say this? I don't think so. I had to say it about Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Tommy Burns, Jack Johnson, Jess Willard, (I picked the round in that Dempsey victory at Toledo for the old New York *World*) Jack Dempsey, Schmeling and now Louis. His eclipse isn't far off and when he goes, Fistiana will have lost the finest character who ever held the title.

He has been a credit to boxing and his race in particular. They might well be proud of him and when he does go, I'll be sorry.

I've known all the champions. I admired most of them yet none more than Joe Louis as a great fighter. He had the punch. He still has a lot of power in it. I still say that a clever man will defeat him.

Corbett, Johnson, Tunney, all three of them, defeated the great punching champions of their day. Isn't it easy then to understand why I've harped on Conn's possible chance to win the title from one of the greatest punchers? After all, there is more to fisticuffs than a mere knock-down-and-drag-out finale. Fate has a strange way of bringing back the clever men to thrash the heavy hitters.

Boxing history will repeat itself, mark what I say.

Tough Test for Louis

(Continued from page 23)

and the colored boxer was elected. Bob was a shrewd ring general. He knew every trick in the game, could box cleverly, and went into the ring with the deliberate intention of doing as little actual fighting as possible, and sticking to the ten-round limit. Only boxers who have tried the stunt of stopping a man inside a certain number of rounds know what a tough proposition it is, if the other fellow is ring-wise and doesn't fight back.

Jeffries rushed Armstrong all over the ring in desperate efforts to put him down. But the colored man evaded Jeff's best wallops, clinched repeatedly, tied him up with crafty feints, and altogether made matters unpleasant for the impetuous youngster from the Pacific Coast. Bob did more than this—for on several occasions when Jeff swung at, or hooked him, he took the punches on the back of his iron skull, about the worst place the white boy could have used as a target.

The result was that both Jeffries' hands were badly damaged, the thumbs sprained, and so swollen that it was impossible for him to fulfill his contract as regarded boxing O'Donnell. He was awarded a decision over Armstrong, but the other part of the program had to be abandoned. Next day the New York papers roasted poor Jeff unmercifully. It had been Delaney's intention to stay around Manhattan until Jeffries was fighting-fit again, and get him another match.

But the youth took the press lambasting he received so much to heart that, without saying a word to Delaney, he boarded a train for the West and when Billy returned to the hotel from an interview with a promoter, the manager found himself minus his fighter. Delaney then headed back to the Coast, where he found Jeffries so deeply disgusted that he even talked of quitting the fight game for keeps. But Bill had faith in his giant protege. He talked to him like a Dutch uncle, soothed his wounded vanity, and began making new plans for the future.

His faith was rewarded. For in the following year Fitzsimmons, called upon to defend his title, accepted a match with Jeffries. Bob had seen Jeff perform with Armstrong and rated the California lad as a big pushover. But, as the world knows, Bob was pushed over emphatically in the tenth round of the battle, and the press-maligned youngster from the Golden Gate reigned as world's heavyweight champion.

* * *

MAX BAER came on from the Coast in 1931 and signalized his New York debut by kayoing Tom Heeney in three rounds. It was, however, a rather clumsy performance on Max's part, and a mixup in the count, when Heeney fell through the ropes, didn't please the spectators, many of whom insisted that the loser hadn't been given a decent break.

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Still, it was an official victory, and Max, in his usual cheery, cocksure fashion, made the most of it, telling the newspaper interviewers he could lick any man in the world, without half trying. And what is more, Max believed it. Never a shrinking violet type, he was always ready to back up a boast with vigorous action.

But Max struck a snag the month following, when he tackled Tommy Loughran in a ten rounder at the Garden. Loughran was at his peak then, and those who witnessed the bout will never forget how Tommy made Max look like a novice being trimmed by a boxing master. Loughran made Baer miss repeatedly, scored him with lightning jabs, tied him up at close quarters, blinded him with dazzling feints, and generally speaking, played hob with the Coast slugger.

The newspaper boys kidded Max unmercifully over the licking he got. But did Max suffer a depression brain-storm, a la Jeffries, and run out on the big burg? He did not! It took more than that to upset Max Baer's egotism. The next day he was visiting Loughran, insisting that his conqueror wise him up how to jab with the left, congratulating Tommy on his speed, and, incidentally getting lots of space on the subject in the sport pages.

Not long after, Johnny Risko took a ten round decision over Max in Cleveland. But if the East treated Baer a bit scurvily when he first busted its pugilistic barriers, he turned the tables completely on his second invasion. When in 1933, the New Yorkers saw him put the kayo on Max Schmeling in ten rounds, the yell went up that here was as hard a socker and brilliant a performer, albeit a little erratic, as ever climbed through the ropes.

They were to confirm that favorable verdict the year following, when Max Baer scored a technical knockout over the mammoth Primo Carnera, and thereby became heavyweight champion of the world!

After all, getting off to a poor start doesn't mean a whole lot. It's what happens in the home stretch that counts. That goes for pugilists as well as hosses!

New Faces

(Continued from page 25)

to his toughness, coupled with his small size.

Reed is keen on training, and has some ideas of his own on how it should be done. He claims that this training has enabled him to take dynamite blows and come back slugging. Reed stands 6 feet, and has a tremendous reach of 76½ inches, yet rarely scales more than 130 pounds. He is a freak, yes, but out of eight battles to date, he has lost only one. He has fought Tann, McCord and Haynes among others, each a good Southern lad.

Some of the comments on Austin's ability are: "Phantom-like footwork"; "will-o'-the-wisp defense"; "heavy right"; "a cool head."

Reed manages himself. He has only one love—fighting! Just to get fights, he has also promoted, been a matchmaker and has fought on his own cards, besides hitchhiking miles for others. He is a unique fistic character.

JOHNNY WATSON

THE 87th Field Artillery at Fort Davis, Canal Zone, is proud of its fighting men, and among the lads who have come in for their share of praise is John Watson, for two years holder of the Atlantic section championship. John is a product of Waltham, Mass., where he was schooled by Red Cartwright, who also trains Dock Maloney, Boston's light heavyweight.

Watson is a fairly clever boxer and possesses a stout heart. He hopes to win the title again in the annual tournament this summer.

* * *

MICHAEL V. KRAVAS

MICHAEL V. KRAVAS is another of Panama Canal Zone's young battlers who has made good. He has engaged in seven fights to date and has won four by the knockout route and three by decisions. He lost one bout. He is going to compete in the finals of the army's middleweight championship tournament. He is a fast boy and has an effective left.

Harold S. Peterson, his trainer, thinks well of the boy's chances.

Kravas is 5 feet 11 inches tall and scales 160 pounds. He expects to make boxing his profession when he gets out of the army.

* * *

JIMMY CHAPMAN

CANADA is producing some good talent among the boys in the light divisions, and among the best is Jimmy Chapman, who is the holder of the featherweight championship of Western Canada, a title recognized by the Western Canadian Boxing Federation.

Dave Cavadas is his manager. Dave, who hails from Vancouver, says that Chapman is one of the best lads of his weight to come from across the border in many moons.

* * *

KID CAFE

DOWN in Santo Domingo they have a young fighter, Kid Cafe, by name, who has been making a hit in Central American bouts. The Kid, born on November 24, 1916, is the lightweight champion of his country. He is also regarded by fistic experts as the best lightweight in the Caribbean area. The Spanish Adonis, they call him. He has appeared in bouts in Puerto Rico, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands; Guadaloupe, Aruba and places in the British West Indies, always with success.

In the Barbados he defeated Sylvan McLean, welter champion, and drew with Spider Al Browne. At this writing, he is matched to meet Lionel Gibbs this summer for the welter title of the Caribbean. He expects to visit this country if he can obtain travelling permission.

* * *

PAUL UNDERBURGER

A RUGGED, aggressive, two fisted ghter whose style is much like that of Lou Brouillard, Paul Underburger is one of the best fighters in the Canal Zone. He is thrice holder of the Panama Canal middleweight championship and hopes to make it four in a row this summer.

He is 22 years old and stands 5 feet 5. He likes boxing and he likes soldiering. Paul hopes to make boxing his profession when he decides to quit the army.

Tommy Ryan

(Continued from page 19)

he outfoxed and outboxed Tommy in their previous encounter.

The fight was one of the fiercest and most bloody in the annals of the prize ring. Ryan had to take as well as give terrific punishment, but not for one minute did Tommy deign to fall back on his wonderful boxing strategy and science. He went into the ring to outslug West and beat him at his own game, and he did it.

It is seldom that a fighter boasts stamina as well as speed. Few of us can be a sprinter and a long distance runner at the same time. Ryan had just as much endurance and stamina as he had speed and agility.

Most of Tommy's fights were short ones, victories by knockouts. But when called upon Tommy could go as long and as far as the next one.

Ryan knocked out Danny Needham after seventy-six rounds of terrific milling and beat Mike Shaughnessey after forty-six bloody rounds. He went fifty-seven rounds with Jimmy Murphy. All three of those fights were soul testing as well as stamina proving combats.

What do you think of a man that went through twenty years of gruelling ring campaigning and during all that time suffered but two defeats? That is a remarkable record, considering the hazard any boxer runs. That is Ryan's record, however. From the time he started boxing with bare knuckles and skin tight gloves in 1886-87 until he retired, in 1907, Ryan only had two defeats checked up against him. And remember Tommy was meeting fighters of all kinds and of all weights.

* * *

RYAN'S defeats were his fifteen-round knockout at the hands of Kid McCoy in 1896 and a loss on a foul to George Green at Kansas City in six rounds in 1901.

McCoy did not beat Ryan at his best. What the Kid did do, however was to outsmart and outfox Ryan with methods that many might consider underhand.

McCoy, you know, was a sparring partner of Ryan's. After the Kid left the Ryan stable he wrote a hard luck letter to Tommy telling him he was down and out and needed money badly and that if a fight between him and Ryan could be arranged it would put him on velvet again.

Tommy consented to give McCoy the match. Thinking the contest would be an easy one, Ryan did not do overmuch training. He had been troubled with rheumatism and that held him back considerably. Tommy always took good care of himself and never was in bad condition, but he certainly was in no condition for a gruelling fight when he crawled through the ropes with McCoy.

The Kid, on the other hand, showed up in the proverbial pink. He was trained to the minute and at just the right battle edge. McCoy made the pace such a terrific one that Ryan, caught out of shape, could not stand up under it and was knocked out in the fifteenth round.

* * *

RYAN'S battles with Mysterious Billy Smith all were classics. Smith was the toughest, wildest, fiercest rough and tumble fighter that ever breathed. He boasted a fair amount of science and also had a healthy kick in both hands as well. What Mysterious Billy would do to the present day welterweights and even middles would be a crime. He would annihilate the whole bunch in one night.

Mysterious Billy and Ryan fought half a dozen times, and every fight was a hair raiser. Ryan was about the only man who would consent to let Smith fight as roughly as he wanted. Everything went when Tommy and Billy were in the opposite corners.

I never saw any of the Ryan-Smith fights, although I saw both stars in battles with other men. I saw Mysterious Billy fight Kid McCoy up in Boston. Believe me, that was some shindy while it lasted.

Captain Bill Daly, brother of Dan Daly, the comedian—they used to be the four Dalys in those days—refereed the Smith-McCoy battle.

The first jab of McCoy's caught Smith on the nose and made Billy a raging lion. He came ripping, slashing in and grabbing McCoy with one arm, belted him with the other.

Daly immediately warned him. Smith persisted in his holding and hitting despite Daly's repeated warnings, and in the fifth round Captain Bill disqualified Smith.

If it had been any other referee, Smith probably would have tried to tear the house down, but Captain Bill Daly was as great a rough and tumble fighter as was Smith and was bigger and stronger than Mysterious Billy to boot. So Smith held his peace.

Mysterious Billy Smith's rough tactics never feazed Ryan. Tommy was equal to Bill, no matter what tactics Smith employed.

Tommy Ryan was just as good against a skilful scientific fighter as he was against a rough and tumble slugger. That is one of the things which makes Ryan's ring greatness stand out. No style of fighting bothered him; he would adapt himself to any fighter or any style.

* * *

THERE is no boxer in the ring today with a left hand the equal of Ryan, no boxer who boasts such superb footwork. Ryan was the equal of Jim Corbett in feinting a man out and in footwork. Tommy and Jim could feint with their feet, ankles, knees, head, etc., as well as with their fists. The trick of feinting an opponent into a lead or counter seems to be a lost art today.

Ryan seldom used to block a punch. He could block superbly, but Tommy preferred to duck or slip a blow and step in with a counter.

I don't believe that Tommy Ryan ever fought a bout that was not strictly on the level. He would agree to cut or split a purse with an opponent, but he never would agree to fake a fight or let an opponent stay the limit.

I myself heard him answer a certain fighter who wanted Tommy to make a contest go the limit. Ryan answered:—

"I will cut the money as you say, but it's up to you to stay as long as you want."

There was no getting Ryan to agree to pull or stall.

Ryan was a great boxing instructor. He taught Jeffries the crouch and use of his left hand. The one big mistake, I believe, Tommy made with Jeff, however, was in trying to get Jim to put principal dependence on skill and cleverness rather than in the strength and ruggedness, which were Jim's natural assets. You can't make a ballet dancer out of a hippopotamus.

Tommy Ryan could step in the ring today and not only show men of his class one special thing about fighting but he could show them everything. There wasn't a department of the game in which Tommy Ryan wasn't a master.

I've yet to see the man that for all around ring brilliance could begin to shine with Tommy Ryan. Tommy Ryan was a kohinoor of the ring.

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By MEYER ACKERMAN

(During the absence of Eddie Borden, his New York news and the monthly ratings will be carried on by Meyer Ackerman)

MIKE JACOBS received a shock a few days after the Conn-Louis match when Chick Meehan, promoter of the newly organized fight club at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, came forth with a newspaper blast, followed by a radio blast on Uncle Mike's boxing monopoly and demanded a state and national investigation. The blast was made following unavailing attempts of Jimmy Bronson and Billy Brown, in charge of Meehan's shows, to obtain the services of nationally known fighters who let it be known that they were signed for exclusive services to the Twentieth Century Sporting Club.

The blast was so terrific and the reaction so big, that the New York Commission took cognizance of it and demanded the appearance of Meehan to explain what he meant by "Mike Jacobs has a monopoly of boxing in New York." Meehan at the meeting stuck by his guns and in turn demanded that the Commission investigate Uncle Mike and not Meehan, after which, to hush matters, the Commission held the matter in abeyance until Meehan "can produce monopoly proof." To which Chick replied: "I'll give you written proof."

Thus the first shot in the war between Meehan and Jacobs was fired. There can be no doubt that Meehan's charge can be proved because Uncle Mike has all the big shots under his wing as he openly admitted with the announcement, "Let Chick Meehan pay me the money these fighters and their managers owe me and he can have the monopoly. The fighters must live and I've taken care of that by loaning them the dough. That's why they like to work for me. If that's a monopoly, why doesn't Meehan do the same?"

The opening of the Brooklyn club at the home of the Dodgers, the Conn-Louis battle at the Polo Grounds and the Zivic-Al Davis overweight welterweight match at the same field, were the three outstanding items in boxing in New York during the past month. Although the Ebbets Field show failed to click as the new promoters had expected, the organization will do well in future. The first show, featuring Tami Mauriello and Steve Mamakos, had to be postponed one night because of rain, but the second, billing an all star heavyweight card in which Red Burman faced Melio Bettina, Pat Comiskey faced Henry Cooper, and Lee Savold and Solly Krieger were also featured in tens, should enable the critics to judge just how far the club can go in opposition to Mike Jacobs. At any rate, the fans and this publication feel that there is plenty of room for such an organization as is headed by Meehan, Bronson and Brown, and instead of fighting it, Mike Jacobs should welcome an addition as an aid to boxing.

Another item of note was the indefinite suspension plastered on Ray Robinson by the Commission because of the ex-Golden Glover's refusal to fight Norman Rubio at the Queensboro Arena after he had contracted to do so. Robinson pleaded an injured hand but Dr. Alexander Schiff, on the staff of the N. Y. State Athletic Commission, examined the unbeaten lightweight flash and could find nothing wrong with his hand. Robinson is being touted as the next lightweight champion of the world, ultimate successor to Lew Jenkins.

Billy Conn was a victim of too much courage in his fight with Joe Louis. After being clearly in front going into the thirteenth round, Conn's handlers pleaded with him to coast and box his way until the finish as his lead at that point would have been sufficient to win the world's heavyweight title at the Polo Grounds.

Conn, with his Irish do-or-die fiery disposition, was determined to flatten Louis. He was stupidly annoyed by Referee Eddie Joseph who came to the corner and remonstrated to Conn to "step on it." A world's heavyweight championship fight at stake and the New York State Athletic Commission had to designate an official who showed he was partial to Louis from the first round to the finish.

In each round Joseph cast suspicious glances at Conn's corner for the appearance of vaseline smears while Louis was left alone to do what he liked. It was another indication that Joe Louis does not get the worst of it, regardless of who referees in this state, although he needs no help.

Going into the thirteenth round, Billy had captured eight rounds. The eleventh and twelfth rounds were overwhelmingly in his favor and at that point it looked like certain defeat for the champion. However, over-zealousness played an important part in Conn's defeat. He scaled 174 against 199½ for Louis.

There was a paid attendance from 54,487 spectators of $451,743 gross and the net was $386,012. Herbie Katz whipped Henry Cooper in the concluding bout on the program. Tommy Tucker defeated Charley Harvey, Holman Williams bested Antonio Fernandez, Larry Fontana scored over Johnny Cregan while Jose Basora triumphed over Jerry Fiorella in the four-round opener. The balance of the bouts were of six rounds duration.

The return engagement between Fritzie Zivic and Al Davis failed to provide the thrills that were expected. They tangled at the Polo Grounds and after an ordinary battle the fight was halted by Referee Arthur Donovan in the tenth round when Davis was badly cut about the mouth and hopelessly outclassed. The crowd was more disappointing than the fight. They attracted only 8,968 paid customers who contributed $36,185 in gross receipts. The Army Relief Fund benefited to the extent of $10,000 from the gross receipts.

Zivic dropped Davis just before the first round ended. It was a heavy right hand smash on the point of the chin and probably was the deciding factor in their conflict. Zivic was the master throughout and ripped and slashed away during the entire fray with Davis contributing very little but gameness and the desire to annihilate his opponent. The wish was father to the thought but as far as actual damage was concerned, Zivic managed to escape any dire consequences. It was an overweight meeting for twelve rounds. Zivic scaled 149½ against 148 for Davis.

The preliminaries furnished some lively action. Kid McCoy whipped Cal Cagni by a hectic last round rally in the semi-final eight. This was a stirring affair with the result in doubt until the final session. Cagni suffered an injured eye and the bleeding handicapped him to a great extent. Ray Robinson looked good when he disposed of Pete Lello in the fourth round of their scheduled eight. Mickey Farber stopped Harold Oliver in the third while Henry Majcher defeated Alberto Barja in six. Davey Cohen won from Howard Calvert in the four-round opener.

Norman Rubio, slashing Albany welterweight, stepped into the limelight with an unexpected victory over Tony Marteliano at the Coney Island Velodrome after ten rip-tearing rounds. It was nip and tuck and punch for punch with Norman landing the more effective blows. Both boys staged a slugging orgy in the closing two sessions that had the crowd standing in their chairs. Rubio weighed 142½ and Marteliano 148. Joe Baksi disposed of Milton Reeves in the third round of the scheduled six-round semi-final. Steve Belloise, on leave of absence from his Naval duties, participated in a ten-round scrap at Mount Vernon and conquered his old rival, Victor Dellicurti. The last time these boys clashed, it was a one-round knockout victory for Belloise but on this occasion Vic gave him plenty of trouble and was never in any danger. Belloise weighed 153¾ and Dellicurti 151.

Maxie Shapiro, now a full-fledged lightweight, banged out a well-earned victory over Charley Varre in the feature ten-rounder at the Dexter Park Stadium. Shapiro received a cut eye in the third session but that only spurred him on to greater efforts and there was no doubt about his earning the award at the finish. Maxie weighed 133¼ against 134¾ for Varre. Vinnie Rossano disposed of Mike Angieri in the fifth session of the eight-round semi-final. Lulu Constantino continued on his merry, undefeated way when he trimmed Sonny Brent in the feature eight-rounder at the New York Coliseum. Carmelo Fenoy whipped Ray Bonti in the eight-round semi-final.

Al Reid, Bronx featherweight, battered out a decisive victory over Nat Litfin, who subbed for Mike Belloise, in the feature eight-rounder at the New York Coliseum. Reid, although outweighed by eight pounds, fought a stubborn, aggressive battle and had little trouble. Reid weighed 127¼ against 135¾ for Litfin. Ted Christie scored over Vincenzo Dell Orto while Curley Nichols outpointed Aaron Seltzer in other eight-rounders. Lou Salica is setting a mark which other champions should try to emulate. He has been going at a fast pace, defending his title every time a worthy challenger appears on the horizon. He has twice beaten Tommy Forte at the championship limit and can now extend his activities to other climes. Kenny Lindsay, of Vancouver, British Columbia, and Kui Kong Young, of Hawaii, appear to be the most formidable challengers at the present moment.

Huge Abe Simon proved too big and strong for J. D. Turner of Dallas, Texas, and scored a technical knockout over his opponent when he failed to come up for the sixth round at the Queensboro Stadium. The fight was scheduled for eight heats. During the first four rounds Turner gave his over-sized opponent quite a battle but too many body punches wore him down until he was finally forced to succumb and call a halt. Simon scaled 259 against 214½ for Turner. Danny Kapilow, who is winning regularly, scored over Pete Bayron in their six-round fray. Harold Oliver scored a three-round kayo over Billy Lawrence while Roman Alvarez turned the tables on Joe Symelic in their return six-round engagement.

Harry Brooks, who was very active in boxing circles around Cleveland, sends word along from Camp Shelby, situated near Hattiesburg, Miss., that the camp in which he is located already has 60,000 recruits and more coming daily. Their Athletic Director, Captain Raymond Novotny, has done wonders in getting the boys together and branching them off where they can do the most good. A boxing school is being formed and some of the entries look mighty promising. Lou Jallos has been transferred from Fort Custer, Mich., to Camp Wallace, Texas. Jallos, at one time a classy lightweight from Cleveland, has been an active referee in the State of Michigan until he was drafted.

Chalky Wright, the dark destroyer who fights them all, regardless of any weight handicaps, took on Bobby McIntyre of Detroit at the Queensboro Stadium and was credited with a technical kayo in the fifth round of their scheduled eight-rounder. Bobby was floored in the first session but recovered sufficiently to give Chalky a good argument until the fourth round in which he took a licking and eventually Referee Steve Hamas called a halt. Wright weighed 127¼ against 138¾ for McIntyre. Charley Bayron created an upset when he whipped Lou Barbetta in the eight-round semi-final.

Bobby Ruffin, Long Island City, shaded Tommy Speigal in their ten-round feature event at the Coney Island Velodrome. It was a very dull affair that caused continuous booing. Henry Vasquez and Danny London scored knockouts over Johnny Rudd and Tommy Walker respectively in the other six-rounders.

Scotty Strachan, who has been of great assistance to Bill Rand in their few Chicago Stadium shows, has been made matchmaker for the new outdoor arena which is located on the same premises as the Stadium. It has a seating capacity of 8,000 and Scotty expects to give the fans some high class shows which will keep him running twice monthly. The Stadium and the Marigold Gardens will be the only two clubs running regularly in the Windy City.

Norman Rubio, Albany Wildcat, won the decision over Vic Troise, Harlem, in the feature battle of eight rounds at the Queensboro Arena. Troise, who was substituting for Ray Robinson, who claimed an injury to his left wrist, gave a good account of himself for a few rounds but tired in the closing few minutes under Rubio's tireless body attack. It was strictly pier 6 gloved warfare with no question as to the ultimate victor. Rubio weighed 139¾ while Troise scaled 146¾. In the six-round semi-final, Paul Klang, 161¼, kayoed Johnny Flores, 156½, in the third round.

Chick Meehan, flanked by generalissimos Jimmy Bronson and Billy Brown, shot the opening gun of their battle against the Mike Jacobs fistic monopoly at Ebbets Field and although no official figures were made public, the fights, from a spectator's standpoint, were a great success and should give Uncle Mike something to think about.

Tami Mauriello, the foundation with which newcomer Meehan hopes to rock the Jacobs dynasty, stood up in great style in the main event of ten rounds when he stopped Steve Mamakos, Washington Greek, in the ninth. Mauriello had things very much his own way. Although the general opinion was that Mamakos could have lasted the distance had Referee Eddie Joseph been inclined to let him try, it was just as well that the referee stopped the contest to save Mamakos from further unnecessary punishment. Mamakos was dropped in the first for no-count, was spilled over the lower rope in the fifth for no-count and when Joseph saw he was helpless, he called a halt. Mauriello hurt his right hand in the sixth round. Mauriello weighed 165¾; Mamakos, 160½.

Three other ten-round fights and an opening four-round event completed the card.

In a featherweight contest that was far from thrilling, Sal Bartola, 127¾, won the decision over Spider Armstrong, 126, who substituted for Maxie Shapiro. Wicky Harkins, also a sub for Maxie Berger, got off the floor in the first round to whip Vic Dellicurti in another ten-rounder. Harkins, at 148 pounds, spotted his rival 4½ pounds. In another ten, Bobby Ruffin, 133½, whipped Julie Kogon, 134½. In the four-rounder, Joe Manfro decisioned Pete Grippi.

Ruffin made a perfect show of the hard-hitting Kogon. Julie couldn't get a clean shot at clever Bobby's chin. Whenever Julie landed his vaunted right, Bobby got rougher than ever while the crowd enjoyed the fun. It was a good scrap and added to the prestige of the victor.

Bartola dropped Armstrong near the end of the seventh and while Spider came up quickly, he was hurt. The Canadian did well until he tired.

The defeat of Dellicurti was an upset. Wicky was floored for two in the first round and in that same session, Dellicurti received a cut eye. Harkins came along strongly from the sixth on to win the verdict. Vic made a hard try in the tenth but couldn't overcome his opponent's lead.

Joey Fontana returned to the Fort Hamilton ring and scored an eight-round victory over Henry Hook before a capacity gathering. It was a good, hard fight, and left the Brooklynite unbeaten in the Soldier ring. Fontana scaled 130; Hook, 128. In the eight-round semi-final, Frankie Conn whipped Matt Perfetti after a tough battle.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By BILLY SHAW

ANNOUNCEMENT was made shortly before this went to press, that application for the incorporation of a new boxing club for Syracuse had been made at Albany. Joe William, wealthy local Italian banker and grocery chain owner, will bankroll the club, with Henny Andrews, former New York boxing manager, handling the promotorial reigns. Reports are current, two, and possibly three, big outdoor shows will be staged by the William-Andrews combine at Municipal Stadium.

Marc Buckland, present owner of the Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., which has held the Syracuse fistic franchise for several years, also is said to be angling for the Stadium for several outdoor shows. Andrews is getting plenty of publicity for his outfit and if the plans he has mentioned go through, it is likely the Olympians will have to step aside.

Joey Kushner, hard-hitting Syracuse featherweight, has taken a new lease on fistic life and is creating havoc among the little fellows in out-of-town rings. Joey kayoed Irish Mickey Butler of Troy in the second round of a scheduled six at Albany on the Jimmy Webb-Henry Moriz card. Journeying to Toronto, where he is a big favorite, Kushner easily defeated Steve Curley, former Canadian Golden Gloves champion, flooring Curley for nine in the second and whacking Steve handily to annex the nod after six sessions. Ritchie Jones, Saratoga Springs Negro boxer, was Joey's next victim. Kushner trounced Jones in six on the Vinnie Vines-Bobby Britton card at Albany.

Incidentally, Albany, with the veteran Moe Meyers at the helm, has developed into a swell fight town. The shows have attracted the biggest crowds in years and are producing some grand battles for the fans.

LEFT HOOKS—John R. Van Arnam, yet road showman and former grid scout for Syracuse University, has hooked up with the Jimmy Bronson-Chick Meehan-Billy Brown boxing monopolybusters in New York, and has become editor for the club's *Brooklyn Boxing Association News* . . . . Gene Pinter, rugged McAdoo, Pa., middleweight, is now boxing out of Syracuse. He made a big hit at Buffalo on the Jones-Dorazio card, although he dropped the nod in six to Rudy Zorich of Bisontown . . . . Irving (Itchky) Robbins is looking after Pinter's ring affairs . . . . Bert Courage, former Hobart College kayo king, has become a minister, and is now studying medicine at Syracuse University . . . . Bert intends to become a missionary in foreign lands upon the completion of his present course . . . . Otis Walker, ex-Cleveland Negro amateur, now making his home here, clicked in a big way at Watertown, winning a five-round decision over Johnny Greene, National Golden Glove champion, on an A.A.U. card there . . . . Walker has announced his intention of turning pro . . . . He is one of the best looking lightweights in this section . . . . Rumors along fight row here have it that Gabe Genovese owns the new featherweight king, Ritchie Lemos . . . . Frankie Muer, Ginsburg's bartender, is wasting his time behind the strip . . . . Muer can make more good "mind matches" than any redhot fan we have encountered thus far.

Ralph De John is reported to be headed East, from San Francisco, determined he will get back into fighting trim under the management of his old pilot, Joe Netro . . . . Babe Amos is operating a rathskellar in the basement of the old Alhambra . . . . The Babe is erecting a gymnasium in his spot where the customers can sip their beverage and watch the punch tossers work . . . . We received more than 50 letters requesting additional info on the 16mm. sound movie ballyhoo idea . . . . Complete information will be forwarded anywhere for two three cent stamps . . . . A good way of "upping" the take for any fight club, and not costly, either . . . . Freddie Sallus, once one of the best middleweights in Central New York, is now a steelworker . . . . Al Wise has a big chicken farm at North Syracuse . . . . Wise used to be one of the hardest punchers in the 160-pound division . . . . Young Fisher, Battling Johnson, Nick Michaels, Patsy Johnson, and other favorites of long ago, all have good jobs . . . . Patsy Perroni, Ohio heavyweight, is residing at Brewerton, N. Y., where Henry Andrews has erected a training camp for him . . . . Rochester is expecting a pro fight boom this fall, with thousands back to work on defense projects.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By NAT FRANK

A COUPLE of queries from RING readers have reached us requesting our selections of Philadelphia's greatest fistmen of each division since 1915 as well as our choices of the hardest hitters of each class. The City of Brotherly Love has boasted of numerous outstanding fighters, especially in the featherweight and lightweight divisions, but we feel we can go ahead in an unbiased manner to answer the questions put forward to us. So here goes:—

Division—Best fighter; Hardest hitter
Flyweight—Midget Wolgast; Joe Tuber
Bantamweight—Eddie O'Keefe; Tommy Forte
Featherweight—Benny Bass; Benny Bass
Lightweight—Lew Tendler; Lew Tendler
Welterweight—
Bobcat Bob Montgomery; "Bobby" Barrett
Middleweight—Vincent Forgione; Kid Snowden
Light-heavyweight—Tommy Loughran; Matt Adgie
Heavyweight—George Godfrey; George Godfrey

Tommy Forte, the hardest punching bantamweight in the game today, is at present on a nationwide tour on his honeymoon. The Mite of Might was married to his childhood sweetheart, Carmela Cangelosi. Forte, who is managed by Mickey Diamond, retired welterweight, is hoping to fight his way back to another title engagement with Lou Salica.

Philadelphia's outstanding middleweight, Johnny Carter, feels that he has a better chance dethroning Tony Zale, the N.B.A. middleweight boss, than he would against Billy Soose, the New York, Pennsylvania and California ruler of the 160 pounders. Carter, who has been traveling along the fistic highway like a meteor, points out that his boxing ability will offset the aggressive and boring in methods of Zale, whereas Soose, strictly a boxer, would prove more bothersome as the latter's style is similar to his. Carter is being managed by the popular Harry Zaslow. Benny Bass, former featherweight and junior lightweight king, is teaching Carter the proper ways of punching and ring generalship.

Another Zaslow puncher of promise is Freddy Domico, aggressive 140 pounder, who has been a consistent windup performer at the smaller clubs. Domico is at a stage now where he deserves shots at the better brand of beak busters.

WHAT OUR FORMER CHAMPIONS ARE DOING—Midget Wolgast, ex-flyweight king, has a cigar store in Philadelphia's Little Italy section . . . . Benny Bass, who ruled the 126 and 130-pound roosts, has an enterprising pin ball machine business . . . . Johnny Jadick, undefeated junior welterweight king, is an automobile salesman . . . . Harry Lewis, one-time welterweight titleholder, is employed by Lit Brothers, one of our largest department stores here . . . . Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, former light-heavyweight king, has a large gymnasium in the heart of New York City . . . . Battling Levinsky, another ex-175-pound ruler, holds political office, as does Tommy Loughran, the retired undefeated headman of the light-heavyweights.

Herman Taylor, Philadelphia's famous boy promoter, is a grandfather . . . .Harry Lenny, who managed such stalwarts as Napoleon Dorval and Ray Impelliterie, is a specialist on healing injured limbs . . . . Archie Pirelli, aide de camp to the Frank "Blinkey" Palermo enterprises, is a certified public accountant . . . . Billy Maxwell, who fought more than twenty years ago, owns a string of checker taxicabs . . . . Bobby Reynolds, star of yesteryear, is being boomed for public office . . . . Commissioner Leon L. Rains, Chairman of the Keystone State Athletic Body, has been a success in every enterprise he has undertaken . . . . He was a one-time advertising man, then a boxing promoter prior to becoming the head of the Fistic Commission . . . . The three Loughran brothers pursue the following trades: Tommy, a political office holder . . . . Charley, a policeman, and Eddie, a boxing judge . . . . State Representative Rafe Monks is the auditor for Promoter Herman Taylor . . . . Bob Hamilton, who served on the first Boxing Commission as the Chief Deputy, is now a City Councilman . . . . Herman Hindin, former manager and referee, is selling furniture . . . . He also is expecting to get back into the game by either managing a stable of fighters or renewing his license as referee . . . . Willie Clark is the only referee hereabouts who serves as third man in the ring both in boxing and wrestling bouts . . . . From errand boy to treasurer marks the rise of Alec Lerner, of the Herman Taylor promotional enterprises.

The last three major boxing presentations here saw three kings in action. First there was Lou Salica, who successfully defended his bantamweight crown against the onslaughts of Challenger Tommy Forte; then came Fritzie Zivic's non-title clash with Johnny Barbara, and Sammy Angott's over-the-weight tiff with Ray "Sugar" Robinson. Zivic is the boss of the welters while Angott is the N.B.A. acknowledged ruler of the lightweight class. The latter bouts were staged after this article went to press.

SOUTH JERSEY AND DELAWARE NOTES

By ARCHIE PIROLLI

WILMINGTON, after a long number of years of inactivity, has come to life. Ralph Tribiani, Wilmington, former boxer, is responsible for bringing back professional boxing here. Tribiani held the helm here for the past four years staging amateur boxing shows. During this time many graduates from the amateur ranks have made good in the professional field. Among others developed by Tribiani are Lou Brooks, promising colored heavyweight; Johnny Aiello, featherweight, now a stablemate of Ray Robinson, and Al Tribiani, a middleweight with much promise. This genial promoter is building an indoor Arena with a capacity of 2000 for this coming winter. Upon completion, Wilmington again will take its former place with other Arenas in this vicinity. This Arena will be the only one in the State of Delaware. Good luck, Ralph.

Wilmington—Lou Brooks, colored heavyweight, added another victim to his long string when he knocked out Frank Donofrio. In other bouts on the same show, Steve Baran stopped Earl Blackwell; Pete Lo Bianco won over Charley Gains; Joey Belfiore knocked out Howard Sewell.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Outdoor boxing shows are being staged at the Garden Pier here by Promoter Joe Miller who moved from the Northside Boxing Arena. Although in the big league at present, Bob Montgomery didn't forget Promoter Miller when he consented to box there, and he knocked out Frankie Wallace in three rounds. Leon Haire, a stablemate of Montgomery, defeated Willie Allen on the same show. In other bouts in Atlantic City, Johnny Carter won over Milo Theodorescu; Tilton Edgehill outboxed Frankie Saia; Joe Downey shaded Ben Brown; Jackie Saxon won over Ernie Petrone; George Birch stopped John Walker.

Frank "Blink" Palermo, over Philly way, has about the busiest stable in Philly. Mayon Padlo, his star welterweight, is headed for a Zivic match in Philly. At this writing he is booked with Irwin Kaplan. Mayon is rated highly in Philly. "Blinky," as he is known in the boxing fraternity, manages a dozen highly rated maulers, among them Nick Fiorentino, heavyweight; Gene Buffalo, welterweight; Jimmy Tygh, lightweight; Tony Saraullo, lightweight; Johnny Marcelline, featherweight; Frankie Saia, welterweight; Henry Allen, colored heavyweight, and Nap Mitchell, heavyweight. All these scrappers are windup performers.

The writer, after an absence of several years, is glad to be back among the RING staff. All you promoters, boxers, managers and fans, get in touch with the writer for any information in this section you may desire and I will be glad to be of service to you. Boxers wishing to get started in this territory, do not hesitate to write me. I can be reached at the Shubert Building, Room 605-250 S. Broad St., Philadelphia.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

BY scoring a clean cut KO over Petey Scalzo, Richie Lemos, Los Angeles Mexican, is now the N.B.A. featherweight champion and would be the favorite in a bout against Joey Archibald for the undisputed title. Lemos handed Scalzo the sleeping-powders in the 5th round at Los Angeles' Olympic. For four rounds the contest was rather close and not too exciting. Lemos easily garnered the first two rounds, Scalzo making little effort. Petey got going in the third and copped the round with some good right uppercuts. The champ also had the better of the fourth round. Coming out for the 5th round Lemos switched to his natural style (southpaw stance) and then things began to happen. A vicious left staggered Scalzo. Richie rushed Petey back into a corner and rained rights and lefts to the N.B.A. champion's head and body. Another hard left dropped Scalzo to his knees for a 9-count. He arose and tried to back-pedal to safety, but the tigerish little Mexican wasn't to be denied this kayo victory and an instant later he dropped Petey like a log. Scalzo started to rise at the count of 8, but collapsed and was counted out. The Mexican gallery went wild and to add to the thrilling scene, Lupe Velez, movie star, climbed onto the ring platform to give Richie a hug and kiss. Lemos weighed 125¼, Scalzo 126. An estimated crowd of 9000 fans paid $8000 to witness the bout.

Promoter Joe Lynch of the Olympic Auditorium rates a big hand for his courage and foresight in staging the Lemos-Scalzo go. Lynch guaranteed Scalzo $5000 in spite of the fact that he scaled the house at 50c-$2.00. So, he paid the champion well, secured Lemos a great opportunity and gave the boxing fans a break.

Chico Romo, Mexican welterweight of Denver, upset the dope when he chilled Ran Jackson, New Orleans Negro, in the second round at the Ocean Park arena. They had fought two furious draws in previous meetings.

Larry Cisneros and Johnny Hutchinson repeated their two-man war, this time at the Hollywood Stadium, and the Philadelphia Negro evened up the score. The retake was as furiously fought as their first clash and was just about as close. Hutchinson felled Larry for an 8-count in the first round and for 9 seconds in the fourth with hard rights to the jaw. It was those two knockdowns that rated Johnny the duke, but those trips to the canvas only made the game Mexican fight all the harder and he came up off the floor with a rush and two-fisted attack that backed the Negro around the ring. It was a bitter struggle all the way and at times both boys resorted to alley tactics. Referee Charlie Randolph chalked up five rounds for the colored boxer, four for the Mexican. Hutchinson weighed 135, Cisneros 139.

Richie Shinn, 133, San Francisco, copped an easy decision over Georgie Hansford, 128, Los Angeles veteran, in the six-round semi.

The colored boxers have pretty well cleaned up in most of the divisions here in California. All the state titles from lightweight to heavyweight are held by Negro fighters. The recognized champions are Jackie Wilson, Eddie Booker, Oscar Rankins and Turkey Thompson. And if Chalky Wright was to return home the state featherweight crown would also be worn by a colored boxer.

Oscar Rankins, veteran redheaded Negro, is sporting the California light-heavyweight belt due to his upset win over Pat Valentino, San Francisco Italian, who was regarded as the state champion. The contest, staged at the Los Angeles Olympic, was a vicious affair in spite of the fact that it was rather one-sided, Rankins grabbing 7 of the 10 rounds. The highly-touted Valentino was far from impressive, being slow of foot and easy to hit. Pat dropped the Negro for a one-count in the third, but Oscar came back in the fourth to have the Italian in a bad way. Rankins' bull-like rushes tired the poorly conditioned Valentino, and Oscar's savage body attack slowed Pat down to a walk. Rankins weighed 171, Valentino 174.

Cecil Hudson, colored clouter of San Jose, added to his reputation by winning a 10-round decision over Red Green at the Hollywood Stadium. A capacity crowd turned out for this clash, which figured to be a thriller and a toss-up. But Green must have parked his real fighting ability along with his car, for the Signal Kid appeared listless, clinched a lot and fought only in spurts. Hudson won handily. Cecil experienced little difficulty in jabbing Green and scored repeatedly with right upper-cuts. Red hurt his colored foe with occasional overhand rights and left hooks, but was in no mood to follow through. Although plainly off form in his boxing, Green did put two of his assets on display—courage and toughness—to the nth degree. Hudson is a terrific puncher, yet his best shots didn't appear to bother the rugged redhead. Referee Mushy Callahan credited Cecil with six of the rounds, gave Red two and called two even. Each weighed 142.

Andy Vasquez, 127, decisioned Cleo Shans of San Diego in the six-round semi-windup.

Richard Polite of New Orleans and Yucatan Kid of Mexico were the batteries in a 10-inning affair at the Los Angeles Olympic. Polite did the pitching and Yucatan the catching. The Mexican won the opening round and came close to flooring the Negro with an overhand right in the eighth, but accomplished little else during the ten heats, although the Kid tried hard all the way. Polite jabbed Yucatan at will and his fast footwork caused the Mexican to stumble around like a baby just learning to walk. The Kid kept lunging in and wanted to slug it out, but the colored boxer was too smart to do that. Polite weighed 145, Yucatan Kid 142.

Henry Armstrong made his debut as a referee in this bout and did a good job of it.

Francois DeTombeaux joined the brigade of boxers who have whipped Babe Brandelli in recent months, when he pounded out a six-round decision over the veteran at the Ocean Park Arena. DeTombeaux weighed 148, Brandelli 146.

Promoter Mike Hirsch of the Ocean Park Arena staged the first 12-round scrap held in California in nearly fifteen years. He featured Soldier Eddie Stanley vs. Serio Mendoza. Although no decision can be rendered in these 12-round bouts, Referee Benny Whitman credited Stanley with seven of the rounds, called two even and gave Mendoza the other three. A record-breaking crowd witnessed the contest.

Judging by the manner in which he polished off Lou Transparenti—who gave Lou Salica a very close tussle—Manuel Ortiz is to be the next bantam champion of these United States. Ortiz K.O.'ed Transparenti in the 7th round at the Hollywood Stadium in a bout in which the Baltimore contender garnered but two rounds—the first two. Ortiz started slow, sizing up his highly-touted opponent, and the scrap was close at the end of the fifth, but the hard hitting little Mexican came out in the 6th with a bang and soon had the eastern boy in trouble. Manuel rocked the Italian with a series of punches and sprawled him on the canvas near the end of the round. It looked like the finish, but the gong rang at the count of four and Lou's seconds dragged their man to his corner. Transparenti appeared to be okay at start of the seventh, but not for long, for Ortiz renewed the heavy bombardment and again put Lou on the floor, this time to be counted out. Ortiz weighed 118, Transparenti 122.

Jackie Wilson made short work of Norment Quarles at the Olympic in Los Angeles, rendering the North Carolina blond hors de combat in one round. The sound of the opening gong had hardly died away before Jackie staggered Quarles with a stiff right. A few seconds later a left-hook put Norment on the canvas for an 8-count. The southerner arose only to be flattened with a terrific right for nine seconds, a dose that was repeated four times more, Quarles being knocked down six times before end of first round. Referee Mushy Callahan examined Norment during the rest period and found him in no condition to continue, and awarded the bout to the colored embalmer. Quarles had suffered a fractured jaw. Each tipped the scales at 138 pounds.

Richard Polite, New Orleans Negro, experienced little difficulty in winning over Jack Larrimore, raw-boned Irishman of Miami, at the Hollywood Stadium. The one-sided affair was stopped in the 6th round and awarded to the colored dynamiter on a TKO. Polite nailed Larrimore on the chin with a terrific left-hook in the first minute of fighting and the lanky Floridan never completely snapped out of the effects of it. That punch put Larrimore down for a 9-count and although he climbed off the floor to carry the fight to his dusky foe he fought as a drunken man might have. Polite dropped Jack twice more in the 4th and had the Irishman in distress all during the 5th. Early in the 6th Larrimore dropped to his knees and frantically clawed at his mouth, and Referee Benny Whitman immediately stopped the contest. Jack's mouth-piece had become lodged in his throat and was gagging him. Either Polite's first left-hook ruined the Floridan for the night, or he wasn't yet ready for action after his long layoff, for he wasn't half the fighter who was out here last winter. He lacked punching power and his injured leg gave way every time he was hit solidly. Polite weighed 145, Larrimore 143.

Jimmy McDaniles, 151, defeated Buddy O'Dell, 158, Amsterdam, N. Y., in the six-round semi. It was a mauling match with O'Dell ruining whatever chances he had of winning a decision by resorting to foul tactics.

Soldier Eddie Stanley of San Francisco outroughed Andy Vasquez of Los Angeles to cop a six-round decision over the busy little Mexican at the Ocean Park Arena. It was Stanley's sixth consecutive win at the beach city. Stanley weighed 133, Vasquez 129.

This writer expressed his doubts about any of the four claimants to the California featherweight title (Lemos, Bybee, Serean and Hansford) being able to make 126-pounds and lick their lips. Well, we were wrong about Lemos. Richie made the weight and retained his strength. But we were right about the others, for Bybee and Serean have acknowledged their inability to do the featherweight poundage, and Hansford appeared to have little of his former strength at the lower weight.

Bubby Holzhauer, Long Beach light-heavy, now boxing under the name of Ryan, is doing okay in his comeback try. Holzhauer recently KO'ed Sterling Ingram of Hanna, Wyo., in the first round at the Olympic. Buddy decked the Negro heavyweight four times before the finish.

Los Angeles amateur boxers did themselves proud in the Las Vegas (Nev.) Western States tournament by copping six of the eight titles. The six L.A. boys (under the direction of Harry Winkler) who brought home the coveted trophies were Johnny Preston 112, Jackie McCoy 118, Bobby Fontes 135, Frankie Russell 147, Babe Edwards 160, and Henry Juarez 175.

OTHER RESULTS:—

Guy Serean decisioned Phil Zwick in ten at Milwaukee.

Johnny Hutchinson KO'ed Eddie Bello in two at Oakland.

Georgie Hansford stopped Sammy Brown in first round at Fresno.

Richard Polite decisioned Gene Valenzuela in six at Wilmington.

Eddie Marcus was KO'ed in three by Ray Lunney at San Francisco.

Odell Polee put Leroy Evans to sleep in the fourth at Oakland.

Donnie Maes scored a TKO over Black Joe in sixth at Wilmington.

Johnny Diaz was stopped in eighth by Eddie Booker at San Francisco.

Shorty Hogue dropped the duke to Lloyd Marshall in ten at Sacramento.

Johnny (Bandit) Romero was stopped by Jimmy Webb in three at Richmond, Va.

Irwin (Kay) Kaplan decisioned Wickey Harkins in New York.

Odell Polee lost a questionable decision to Harold Blackshear at 'Frisco.

Chief Crazy Horse outpointed George Zengaras in eight at New York.

Urban Hernandez lost by TKO to Tiger (Aaron) Wade in sixth at San Francisco.

Pancho Ramirez decisioned Frankie Valdez in six at Wilmington.

Johnny Grady dropped ten-round decision to Eddie Paco at Stockton.

LEST I FORGET:—Joe Waterman is again packing them in at the Ocean Park Arena for Promoter Mike Hirsch. Men, here is a Matchmaker! . . . . Henry Armstrong is proving a competent referee . . . . Richie Shinn, classy Korean of San Francisco, is ripe and deserving of main-event billing . . . . The Draft is sure thinning out the professional ranks . . . . Nick Peters and Chief Evening Thunder are both employed on National Defense Projects . . . . The Eastside Arena is again closed . . . . Red Green and Tommy Cobb, popular California boxers, accompanied the Los Angeles team of amateurs to the Las Vegas (Nev.) tournament . . . . Tony Chavez, Mexican welterweight, is now a fight manager. He has acquired the contract on Mike Delia, a promising young lightweight . . . . The proceeds of the Southern California amateur championships staged at Los Angeles this month, are to be turned over to the family of the late Tom Cox, amateur boxing's greatest benefactor . . . . The battle-scarred Soldier Stanley has been chalking up wins over some pretty fair fighters in recent months. Among the tough Soldier's victims are Babe Brandelli, Andy Vasquez, Serio Mendoza, Gene Mock and Bobby Castro . . . . Bobby Bonger is contemplating on returning to the ring in the near future . . . . Jimmy McLarnin has become a crackerjack golfer. He came close to winning the Southern Californja championship recently . . . . Eddie Marcus will be out of the ring for some time, having received a fractured cheek bone in his fight with Ray Lunney . . . . Mike Piskin, N. J. welterweight, is in Los Angeles training for an early debut . . . . Lee Lewis, well liked sports writer and publicity purveyor, is booking Henry Armstrong's refereeing tour . . . . Pete Reilly says making the weight is what beat Scalzo. Reilly says Petey is to box as a lightweight hereafter . . . . The Commission lists Tony Olivera as the California bantam champ, but it is doubtful that he can whip Manuel Ortiz . . . . Henry Von Stumme is greatly indebted to Promoter Joe Lynch. We trust that he will not forget it too quickly . . . . California might boast a few world's champions if Jackie Wilson, Manuel Ortiz, Chalky Wright or Richard Lemos could get the title-holders in the ring with them.

This writer's address is 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

Notice to Service Men

In order to aid men in the service who are eager to purchase books from The Ring Book Shop, until further notice, all men in the service will be entitled to a fifteen percent discount of any books purchased by them provided such purchases are to be sent to them in camp, on ship or to their headquarters if serving in foreign countries. This discount will not be allowed unless such orders are sent direct to The Ring Book Shop and not through some agency.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

By SHERIDAN BROWN

SOME $12,000 worth of customers sat in on San Francisco's biggest mitt show of the past half-decade at the Civic Auditorium when Benny Ford put on three ten-rounders involving some of the best fighting men on the Coast. The Coliseum Bowl matchmaker had Zephyr Boy Ray Lunny paired with Eddie Marcus, Los Angeles lightweight, a heavyweight brawl between Harold Blackshear of Monterey and Odell Polee of Los Angeles, both colored, and a grudge meeting of lightweights Verne Bybee, from nearby Brisbane, and Ray Price, Portland Negro.

Lunny wrecked Marcus in the third round with a zip-boom right cross that traveled a maximum of eight inches and dropped the Los Angeleno on his head in the resin dust. The punch climaxed two and a half rounds of inartistically vicious aggressiveness on the part of the mild-mannered Mission District harp and gave answer to those who had claimed that Lunny lacked the killing wallop essential to greatness. Marcus was hurried to Emergency Hospital for repairs to his jawbone while Lunny carved the thirtieth consecutive notch on his professional shillalah.

Had they been fighting in an alley, Bybee would have won over Price hands down, but because there are rules governing ring conduct, Referee Joe Gorman gave Price the duke, after a ten-round brannigan during which Bybee used everything but a broadsword on the fast-hitting colored boy. Price is no ring Lord Fauntleroy himself, but the Brisbaner overdid the rough stuff and it cost him the fight.

Blackshear took a hairline decision over Polee after a sweet heavyweight swatfest marked by Harold's crushing body attack and Polee's hard-hitting at long range. It could have been a draw, but Frankie Brown drew the fine line of distinction and got himself a good round of booing from the packed galleries.

The packed house saw a swell show for their $12,000 and it all went to prove again that this town's fight addicts will pay the freight when guaranteed top-flight fistic entertainment.

Tony Olivera of San Francisco, one of the better bantamweights, dished out an honest-to-goodness pasting to Ken Lindsay of Vancouver, B. C., in their ten-round top at the Oakland Auditorium and thereby reversed a previous defeat at the Canadian's hands. Tony worked his left hand overtime in copping seven rounds and had the Northerner a weary boy at the finish. The victory should re-establish Olivera as the outstanding contender for Lou Salica's title.

Fighting a scheduled ten-rounder under the Olivera-Lindsay main event, Cecilio Lozada, a new importation from Mexico, stopped Earl Turner, young Richmond Negro welterweight, in the sixth round. A left hook of questionable accuracy plunked Turner in the belt-line region and he was counted out over the protests of his handlers. The colored boy was far out in front at the time and seemed headed for a decisive victory.

Pat Valentino, back on the Coast after a fruitless Eastern invasion, receipted for a discouraging licking at the hands of Negro Oscar Rankin in the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium. Rankin is an elderly character with his best years behind him, but he shook off a second-round flooring and came back to body-punch his way to victory and recognition as state light-heavyweight champion.

It is expected that Valentino's next effort will be located in the Coliseum Bowl here, with either Melio Bettina or "Red" Burman furnishing the opposition.

Larry Cisneros of New Mexico batted "Sheik" Rangel of Fresno all over the Oakland Auditorium ring and took the decision after ten lopsided rounds, before a small sprinkling of the faithful. A prime crowd pleaser who throws great quantities of leather, Cisneros put the Raisin City Armenian down for no count in the fifth and copped nine of the ten rounds.

Cecilio Lozada of Mexico technically kayoed Eddie Munyer, Sacramento welterweight, in five rounds of a semi-windup slated for ten.

The dark myth of power that had grown around the 200-pound person of Leroy Evans, Buffalo Negro heavyweight, was exploded when lanky Odell Polee of Los Angeles knocked him out in four rounds at the Oakland Auditorium.

Evans had built up a fair reputation by stretching a string of Grade-D opponents at Oakland and Polee looked like just another victim when Evans spilled him on the mat in the second inning. However, Polee is made of sterner stuff than Evans had been accustomed to, and he came back in the third frame to put the Buffalo darky down twice. Evans lost all enthusiasm at this turn of events and early in the fourth, Polee knocked him flat and frigid with a lusty belt on the chops.

Paulie Peters, San Francisco soldier welterweight, and Al Walker, Oakland Negro, fought six good rounds to a draw in the semi-final bout.

Mexican Nash Garrison of San Jose crowned his shoddy fistic career with a shining all-time high by belting out a well-earned win over Tony Musto of Chicago in their ten-round headliner at the San Jose Civic Auditorium.

With nine rounds against Joe Louis and a draw with Turkey Thompson to his credit, Musto figured to breeze through the antiquated home-towner but Garrison, in amazingly fine physical condition, floored Tony in the fifth and slugged his wild-eyed way to a gold-plated upset victory.

George Latka, San Jose's ranking lightweight, decisioned Eddie Bello of Stockton in a companion ten-round feature.

Irish John Taylor of Oakland who, until recently, has been traveling the Western States meating up on rural favorites, came back to the Oakland Auditorium ring for a ten-round tussle with Earl Turner, Richmond's Negro welterweight who is handled by Frankie Neil, old-time world bantamweight king.

Taylor was too cute for Turner and cinched his triumph by pouring on a wicked body beating in the closing rounds.

Irish John is next matched with Los Angeleno Jackie Wilson, THE RING'S No. 2 lightweight, and Irish John had best be very cute for that one.

Tony Olivera was never more impressive than he was on the Monday evening during the month past when he shellacked Little Pancho in their ten-round star bout at the Coliseum Bowl. Tony was fast as a streak and sharp as a razor as he handed the Filipino the worst licking that worthy has ever suffered in a local ring. The North Beach bantamweight forced the going all the way, never allowing Pancho to set himself, and Tony walked off with a minimum of seven rounds to his credit.

Northern California fight fans had a quick look at Johnny Hutchinson of Philadelphia, brought up from Los Angeles by Frank Tabor for an Oakland Auditorium ten-rounder with Eddie Bello of Stockton.

A growing favorite in the southland after two great fights with Larry Cisneros, the Negro had far too much for Bello. He fiddled around for the first inning and flattened Eddie in the second with a smacking left hook on the jaw.

The semi-windup saw Paulie Peters wipe out a previous draw with Al Walker by kayoing the Oakland darky in the sixth of a scheduled tenner. Peters put Walker on the deck eight times before finishing him off.

State middleweight champion Eddie Booker of San Jose had an easy night of it when paired off with Johnny Diaz, Honolulu Portuguese, at the Coliseum Bowl. Booker gave the rugged Diaz a murderous body pounding, dropped him four times and was awarded a TKO in the eighth of ten scheduled rounds.

In a companion feature, also billed for ten rounds, Little Tiger Wade, local Negro, kayoed Urban Hernandez, Los Angeles Mexican welterweight, in the sixth heat after decking him three times.

RESIN DUST—Georgie Hansford, veteran Los Angeles lightweight, pulled an explosive upset by knocking out Sammy Brown, cagy Fresno Negro, in the first round of their meeting at Fresno . . . . During the month, Brown also lost a Fresno decision to "Sheik" Rangel . . . . Lloyd Marshall, capable Sacramento Negro middleweight, avenged a previous reverse by whipping "Shorty" Hogue of Jacumba, Calif., in a ten-rounder at Sacramento . . . . Richie Shinn, the classy little Korean lightweight who is unable to find ring work in this, his home town, registered an impressive victory when he whipped Georgie Hansford on the Hutchinson-Cisneros card at Hollywood. Shinn is Ray Lunny's favorite sparmate.

Frankie Scaler is having a tough time of it in trying to interest San Franciscans in his short-bout, local-talent cards at the Coliseum Bowl. His first show had more celebrities than paying customers. Max Baer was the life of the party and many old timers were on hand. The main event, of six rounds duration, saw Larry Derrick, Sacramento Negro light-heavy, winning over Pete Pedro, local Brazilian . . . . Scaler's second show drew only $350 and had Mickey Daniels of Fresno and Billy McCoy, local welterweight, in the abbreviated main event. It wound up a draw after a bout filled with enough action to satisfy five times as many customers as were present.

Eddie Paco, latest Filipino importation, is winning steadily in Stockton. His latest was a ten-round win over Joe Robleto, Los Angeles bantamweight . . . . Cecil Hudson, the sharp-hitting San Jose colored boy who is going like a house afire in Los Angeles, scored a nice win over rugged "Red" Green at the Hollywood Stadium . . . . Ray Lunny's next local opposition will probably be furnished by Ritchie Fontaine, veteran Missoula, Montana toughie.

Ray Price and Verne Bybee are down for a Coliseum Bowl encore of their savage Civic Auditorium beef. Likewise Harold Blackshear and Odell Polee . . . . Amateur boxing is as dead in these parts as it has been for years . . . . Harold Blackshear, improving steadily under the guidance of Dolph Thomas, has won his last seven outings and can claim such victims as Odell Polee, Freddie Fiducia, whom he stopped, Newsboy Millich, twice, and some lesser lights.

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AFTER an absence of some two years from the fight game, Colorado's former dusky-hued thunderbolt, Young Joe Louis, has returned to the squared circle under his real name of Jack Chase, and is anxious to accommodate any middleweights in the business.

Lloyd Ulibarri, promising Montrose lightweight, died suddenly in a Telluride, Colo., hospital following an hour's illness. Ulibarri was a prime favorite with western slope fans.

R. J. Lewis, up-and-coming Denver middleweight, surprised even his warmest supporters in the grand manner in which he decisively defeated Joe Sutka of Detroit, in a battle staged in Billings, Mont.

The non-cooperative policies of the Colorado boxing commission have caused fight promoters in this state to take a lengthy holiday, a holiday that will continue indefinitely unless there is a decided change in the tactics. Instead of adopting a policy of cooperation toward those desiring to help professional fisticuffs in these parts, the commission for some unexplainable reason continues to rebuke and abuse the very men who make boxing possible in this state.

As a result, there haven't been half a dozen pro cards staged in this state in the past year. Practically all of the fistic colony have moved on to other parts, while promising talent has been forced to sit idly on the sidelines. I think it is about time we had either cooperation or a repeal of the law making a commission possible.

We do know that professional fighting has been on the chutes in these parts ever since the commissions came into existence, hence commission rule in this state has not been of any benefit.

There was a time, and not too long ago either, that cities like Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Walsenburg, Trinidad and Alamosa played host to scores of nationally known fighters. Fighters and managers alike begged to show in these Colorado cities, and they were well paid for their efforts. But show me a single manager now who is willing to come out here, and I'll show you a dozen who have Colorado down on their "no soap" list.

People out here still have the money to pay to see fights; there is just as much talent as ever if given a chance to develop; there are just as many potential fight clubs as ever, and there are just as many fighters as ever, willing to show their wares in this state, but until when and if the Colorado boxing commission climbs down off their high horse and begins to play ball with the sport that makes its existence possible, then pro boxing is going to remain in its present state of hibernation.

C. C., Denver Colo.: The old Chicago lightweight, Charley White, was of Hebrew parentage and his correct name was Charley Anchowitz.

At Denver, Colo.: Rodie O'Dooley, Steamboat Springs heavyweight prospect, scored a one-round kayo over George Amaya of Pueblo in his second professional appearance.

Despite the fact that he flattened Amaya in the opening round, O'Dooley himself narrowly escaped a knockout when the Pueblan nearly tore his head off with a left hand smash in the first minute.

In the semi-final, Ice Mancinelli, Denver northsider, scored a six-round decision over rugged Jack Diamond of Salt Lake City.

At Boise, Idaho: R. J. Lewis, Denver colored middleweight star, outscored the veteran Jackie Burke of Ogden, Utah, in a thrill-packed ten-rounder.

Lewis almost scored a kayo in the ninth when Burke was floored by a vicious right-hand smash. However, he managed to weather the storm, although he absorbed a bad beating.

NEVADA AMATEUR NEWS

By HARRY E. WINKLER

LAS VEGAS went big time in amateur boxing when the American Legion of this lively little city played host to the Western States Tournament last month. Six states were represented in the tourney, including Nevada, Utah, California, Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico. Also, the pick of three Army camps and the champions of three C.C.C. camps were among the 110 entries. Uncle Sam's forces were represented by Camp Haan of Riverside, Cal., Fort Douglas of Salt Lake, Utah, and Camp Sibert of Nevada. The C.C.C. camps were Camp Las Vegas, Mt. Charleston and Moapa.

Wichita, Kan., 1500 miles away, sent up three entries, and Denver, Colo., nearly 1000 miles distance, entered four men.

The tournament lasted four nights, from 15 to 20 contests being run off each evening. The Los Angeles boxers, under the direction of Harry Winkler, not only won the team honors, but were the talk of the town because of their neat appearance, gentlemanly conduct and clean fighting. All six of the Los Angeles boxers won titles in their respective divisions. Three of the boys, Babe Edwards, Frankie Russell and Jackie McCoy, were the most outstanding boxers of the meet.

The three boxers making the biggest hit with the fans and vieing for the Popularity Trophy, were Jeff Pelton of Salt Lake City, Jackie McCoy of Los Angeles and Howard Heckethorn of Las Vegas.

Pelton stole the show in upsetting Harold Benham, favorite to cop the heavyweight title, and was awarded THE RING trophy, donated by Nat Fleischer. McCoy was the classiest performer of the tournament, and Heckethorn, a colorful kid, scored the quickest knockout of the tourney.

Winners of the Western States championships were:—

112-pound class—Lawrence Arbiso, Los Angeles.
118-pound class—Jackie McCoy, Los Angeles.
126-pound class—Ferdinand Dela Vega, Las Vegas.
135-pound class—Bobby Fontes, Los Angeles.
147-pound class—Frankie Russell, Los Angeles.
160-pound class—Babe Edwards, Los Angeles.
175-pound class—Henry Juarez, Los Angeles.
Heavyweight class—Jeff Pelton, Salt Lake City.

The leather-pushers of Fort Douglas, Utah, headed by Lieut. Chas. L. Schloss, flew to and from Las Vegas in one of Uncle Sam's big bomber planes. Red Green, one of the Pacific Coast's foremost boxers, accompanied the Los Angeles team to the tournament. Glen Lee, well known Nebraska Wildcat, was in charge of a trio of amateurs from Inglewood, Calif. Lieut. Norman Duncan, former football star of U.C.L.A. and now the Athletic Director of Camp Haan, Riverside, Calif., was in charge of the soldier scrappers, practically all of whom were Minnesota boys.

Les Showers and Dick Russell, the promoters of this tournament and two men well known throughout the middle west for their successes in staging these boxing carnivals, deserve much praise for the manner in which this affair was run off. The meet was well handled and the only thing the matter with this fistic holiday was that it was just too big for a city of this size. This writer, as an observer of the whole show, recommends these two fine sportsmen to any city or civic organization who contemplates on ever staging a tournament of this nature.

A First Class Fighting Man

(With apologies to the Kipling Muse)

By GEORGE T. PARDY

We've seen the leather-pushers come and go
In the pugilistic lineups of the past,
The slugging chaps who traded blow for blow,
And science-peddlers piling points up fast;
And some were of the true-blue fighting brand
And some were champs who should have rated zero,
But the most surprising scrapper in the land
Was the ring's sole tearing, triple-titled hero!

So here's to you, Henry Armstrong, with your two-fisted attack,
For you always kept on coming and you never would step back,
We have cheered you to the echo, and we'll cheer you now you're through,
For your nerve and dash and courage —here's a double health to you!

There were many mauling marvels of your race,
Such warriors as Jackson, Dixon, Gans,
And others who could set and hold the pace
To win the frantic plaudits of the fans;
But never in the annals of the Game
Was seen a finer stand before disaster
Than when in making one more bid for fame
You bowed at last to Fate—your only master!

So here's to you, Henry Armstrong, with your heart that wouldn't flinch,
A gamester of the gamesters and a fighter every inch,
We want to go on record by awarding credit due
To a three-crown, colored cyclone—here's the best of luck to you!

MONTANA AND VICINITY

By MEL EPSTEIN

AT Billings—R. J. Lewis, classy Denver colored middleweight, decisively defeated Joe Sutka of Detroit over the ten-round route. The Negro star had the Eastern boxer on the deck twice during the encounter. No professional boxing matches are scheduled for Montana rings during the month of July, although there was some talk of a Billy Seward-Ritchie Fontaine bout to be booked at Billings.

There are several cities in the state of Montana where boxing should and would thrive if those who are interested in the game would be assured of cooperation and encouragement from the right quarters. At the present time but one club in a city is allowed to hold a franchise to promote fight cards, yet we all realize that the spice of all good business is competition. It is a known fact that there are some franchise holders in the state who do not promote a show once a year, nevertheless their charters are renewed every year. To remedy this evil, the writer suggests that a ruling should be made by the commission whereby a club must stage at least six shows a year or forfeit the franchise. Until such a ruling becomes effective, Montana ring fans can expect few and mediocre boxing shows in the state.

Bo Grmoljez, well-known Butte fight manager, recently returned from California, where he took in several boxing cards, which included the Bob Pastor-Turkey Thompson classic. While in Los Angeles, Bo visited a great deal with his friend, Tony Chavez, who, incidentally, has been a great attraction in Butte over a number of years.

Sonny O'Day, former Butte welterweight, is the proprietor of the Savoy, a swanky night club in Meaderville, which is on the outskirts of Butte . . . . Moze LaFontise, who boxed all the good hundred and forty-seven-pounders at the turn of the century, is still keenly interested in the boxing game and always has a good word for the present-day scrappers.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

SYDNEY HULLS called in by the Organizers Councillor C. P. Blackburn and Mr. Joe Jacobs and their committee to promote a boxing show at The Gramby Halls, Leicester, on behalf of Lord Mayor of Leicester's (Councillor W. J. Cort) Appeal for The Red Cross & St. John.

A crowd of 7,000 packed the hall, and witnessed the contests, with the result that the fund benefited to the tune of £1,500 after all expenses had been paid.

The top line bout, was between Corporal Tom Reddington, of the R.A.F., and Sergt. Instructor George Markwick, Heavyweight Champion of the British Army, over 10 rounds.

These two heavyweights had previously fought a thrilling 10 round draw, and this contest was a replica of their previous bout, and had the frenzied fans on their toes throughout the 10 fast fighting rounds.

Hard punching by Markwick was counter marked by the clever left hand boxing of Reddington, who throughout scored with a snappy left lead, and although Markwick tried hard to counterbalance this, the bout finished with both the worse for wear, and Referee Charlie Thomas of Wales, gave his decision in favor of Reddington, who is without a doubt, one of the cleverest young heavyweights in Great Britain today.

Both men left the ring with loud cheering from the crowd, and it proves that bouts of this caliber, make boxing one of the best of attracting sporting events in the world.

Freddie Mills of Bournemouth now serving with the R.A.F. met Arthur "Ginger" Sadd of Norwich, and also in the Army, in what was to be over 10 rounds, but the persistent hooking of Mills soon had Sadd backing away from his forceful opponent, and during the ninth round Sadd was put down for a long count, and looking the worse for wear, retired at the end of the round, leaving Mills a popular winner.

Harry Lazar, the young Aldgate lightweight, boxed cleverly throughout his 8 round contest with George Bridges of Salford, and finished a good winner on points.

Sergt. Major Eddie Ryan had to pull out all his boxing knowledge to score a points victory over that tough piece of fighting material from Middleborough, Harry Craster, who now wears the uniform of the R.A.F.

The contest was a thrilling one from the first gong, and lasted to the end, when Ryan received the decision.

Jackie Paterson, Glasgow's gift to the flyweight division, and champion of Great Britain and the British empire, met a good little fighter in Billy Hazelgrove of Brighton, and now in the R.A.F. at Bristol, but when the furious Scot got going with his left hooks, Hazelgrove was all at sea, but after surviving an eight second knockdown in the second round, he gave the champion a stern test in the ensuing rounds.

Paterson again let loose in the seventh round, and soon had the game Brighton boy in a bad way, and his seconds seeing that he had no chance, threw in the towel, and the referee declared Paterson as the winner.

Boxing at High Wycombe, Dave Crowley, ex-lightweight champion of Great Britain, scored a three round K.O. win over Tony Ryan of Glasgow, in a bout that was scheduled for 10 rounds.

Ronnie Rice, (R.A.F.) and Billy Hawkins of Watford battled throughout their 10 rounds with honors even.

Ted McDonald (Hull) stopped Bombardier Baxter (R.A.F.) in the fifth of a 10 round contest.

Sergt. Jack London of West Hartlepool and the R.A.F. soon put paid to the aspirations of a comeback for Sergt. Larry Gains of the Army, when the latter was K.O.'d in the third of a 10 round contest at Newcastle.

London had a 28 pound advantage over the colored veteran, and his heavy swings to the body soon had Gains in trouble before scoring the coup de grace.

Ernie Roderick, British welterweight champion, gave a boxing lesson to Ray McIntyre, Canadian middleweight champion, when they met over 10 rounds at Liverpool.

Freddie Mills, Bournemouth cruiserweight and R.A.F. travelled to Pontypool, to stop Trevor Burt of Wales in the first of a 10 round contest before a large crowd.

Jackie Paterson, the Busy Bee champion of the flyweights, after defeating Kid Tanner of British Guiana by a T.K.O. at Glasgow, in the second of a 10 round contest, traveled down to Liverpool to defeat the promising Mersey Side boxer, Jimmy Stubbs of Runcorn.

Stubbs was almost knocked out in the first round, by the Scot's first punch, but he recovered well to last the distance.

Well known in amateur boxing circles, Acting Commander Edward H. G. Gregson lost his life when "The Hood" went down.

Gregson stood 6 ft. 5 ins. in height and weighed around 16 stone, was one of the most popular champions of the Navy, having held the title for the last five years.

When Carnera was the rage of the boxing world, the Commander boxed him a three round exhibition at The Stadium Club, London, on the occasion of a Charity Show held there.

"May His Soul Rest in Peace."

Readers who find it difficult to get their copies of "THE RING" MAGAZINE, are advised to order their copies through the writer, at 3 Edwin Street, London, E. L. by the month, sending 1/8½ (One Shilling and Eightpence Halfpenny) or by sending £1 (One Pound) for 12 monthly issues, and as soon as the books arrive in Great Britain, they will be dispatched to you.

If you would like to receive a price list of "The Ring Bookshop" in English currency, send a stamped addressed envelope to the above address.

This is all for this month readers, will be with you next month with more news, so we will be seeing you.

CANADIAN TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

HARRY HURST, Montreal lightweight sensation, established himself with the fans by virtue of his sparkling performance against the N.B.A. king, Sammy Angott, in a ten-round non-title bout at Toronto. Angott, reputed to be a rough, rugged and aggressive fighter, scored heavily in the first round, only to have Hurst weather the storm and come back trading blow for blow as the round closed. After an even second round Hurst waged a two-fisted offensive that kept Angott strictly on the defensive for the next six rounds. The Montrealer staggered the N.B.A. king repeatedly with right hand smashes to the jaw, and thudding left hooks to the body. Going into the ninth round, Hurst made the mistake of coasting, figuring he had the fight in hand and as a result, he lost a split verdict. Referee Bland called it a draw.

The majority of the sports writers were greatly impressed by Hurst's showing, particularly his punching prowess, and several of them openly opined that the officials were evidently overawed by Angott's N.B.A. championship.

Dave Castilloux, classy Canadian lightweight king, kept in the limelight by scoring decisively over Maxie Berger, his old rival, in a catchweights bout at Toronto. Castilloux got an early lead and added to it as the bout progressed, making his welter foe look bad quite frequently. As we go to press they are matched to meet in a championship bout in Montreal when Jimmie McKimmie, who staged the Hurst-Castilloux classic, returns to promotorial activities at the ballpark.

Armand Vincent, whose promotorial prowess made Montreal the bantam mecca ten years ago, is back in the field as a promoter. The colorful and enterprising Vincent figures on running about half a dozen shows or more at the Forum, several of which would be benefitting some of the various War Funds. He is angling to stage a Hurst-Castilloux return "natural" and is also keen on staging a bout between Hurst and Eric Boon, British champ, as well as bringing over Len Harvey. Hurst-Castilloux winner versus Boon would be an Empire lightweight championship bout.

STRAY SHOTS—Oliver Shank, hard punching heavyweight, has added a new wallop to his lethal repertoire . . . he calls it the "boppo" punch, or is it "bopo" . . . something on the style of Ceferino Garcia's "bolo punch" . . . not as slashing but more solid . . . if he operates it in the ring as he does in the gym he'll be bowling 'em over like nine-pins . . . his kid brother, Wilf Shank, got a tough break that temporarily halted his unbeaten progress in amateur ranks . . . he sustained a fracture of bone of little finger in section between wrist and knuckle . . . hand still in cast and will not box till fall . . . Harry Hurst lost his first fight when Angott scored that questionable verdict over him at Toronto . . . so it took a world champ to break his unbeaten record . . . nice going for a kid less than two years in the game . . . Maurice Foreman a busy man these days what with his physical culture studio to operate (in conjunction with brother Harry) as well as managing and training Hurst and giving golf lessons to several clients . . . Eddie Petrin retained his Canuck bantam title as well as gaining revenge for a previous defeat when he licked Nels Broadhead of Hamilton in the ten-round semi-final to Hurst-Angott . . . Broadhead had previously stopped Petrin in eight rounds but the Montrealer was in better shape with his title at stake while Broadhead had to run off an extra pound before weighing in . . . Armand Vincent got word from Eric Boon's mentor that Boon would be available to fight Hurst, Castilloux, Berger or anyone Vincent designated . . . well, perhaps Montreal will be back on the fistic map where she belongs . . . with two promoters operating it looks promising.

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CLEVELAND CHATTER

By SPARKY RUDOLPH

BOXING around Cleveland has been rather dull for the past month, due to the promoters trying to line something up that would be a sure winner. Hence Cleveland boxers went to other points to find action.

Eddie Mead will be back home here as matchmaker and promoter. He has joined hands with the Benny Goetz and Bob Brickman combine. Mead will be a welcome addition in his home town, where he belongs. Rotund Eddie has always had a flair for the extravaganza and his keen judgment of fighters, combined with his shrewd promotional ability, should tend to satisfy local fans that at long last big time boxing will be returned in grand style. If anybody should be capable of bringing the best names in fistiana to this city, Eddie Mead is that person. Welcome back, and good luck to you.

Jimmy Bivins is back into action again, after a little vacation. He went over to Pittsburgh to give Curtis Sheppard a real boxing lesson. The bout put Bivins in tip top shape for his tilt with Lem Franklin, the colored heavyweight. By the time this goes to press Bivins will have fought Franklin at Chicago.

Georgie Toy defeated a good fighter at Chicago when he won over Gene Ward. It seems as though after the Gamiere fight Toy started to click. He has won three times and looks better in each bout. The lad needed action, which he is now getting. His manager, Charley O'Connell, intends to keep him busy.

Joey Pirrone, fast rising Cleveland lightweight, is at Buffalo, N. Y., where he has been doing very well. He recently knocked out Harris Blake of Buffalo. He is handled by Mike Vellotta. Joey is a brother of Paul Pirrone, a deadly punching middleweight, who boxed and beat the best in the game.

Bobby Boom Berry lost to Jim Franklin at Pittsburgh but defeated Johnny Dean a short time later. Berry, as the rest of the Cleveland lads, has been a consistent winner.

Some of the boys I have heard from who are in the Army are: Lou Jallos, Tubby Gardner, Jimmy Grimshaw, Frankie Missella, Tony La-Branche, Mike Szabo, Joey Forchione, and Steve Malinky. I would like to hear from more of them.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 415 Western Reserve Bldg., Cleveland.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By TOM EPHREM

TEDDY YAROSZ, former middleweight champion, dished out a fancy fistic trimming to the Florida Firecracker, Tommy Gomez for ten rounds in Tampa and failed to get the deserved win nod from Referee Bill Gore and Judges Pop Jones and Dr. W. H. Roop. The judging gentry claim Gomez won by his "aggressiveness". True that Teddy backpedaled and circled with Tommy on the chase, but what did Gomez do while in pursuit? Nothing but fan the air with his healthy swings and landing about four wallops throughout the contest.

Meanwhile, Yarosz was moving around, jabbing, sticking left after left in Tommy's face; outsmarting and outmaneuvering the Tampan; occasional left hooks, and right crosses and his artistic ways in getting out of several tight corners were masterpieces sure. The ex-titleholder piled point after point with that left jab, his main weapon, keeping Gomez at bay and copped the fight to the 5,000 fans who braved a rainy, rainy day and night.

The Tampan wore a very surprised look on his face when acclaimed "winner" and opponent Yarosz proved a grand sport in accepting his "loss" in a gentleman's manner. However, the crowd was with Teddy at the end of the bout. Their booing of the decision lasted a good while. Truly, it was a poor decision. Also tough on Promoter Frank LaMarque, the man who is trying hard to place boxing back on a big scale in his city. "Home Town Decisions" can ruin the promoter. Evidently, this bout with Yarosz proves to be a valuable lesson for Gomez. No doubt, within two years, Tommy will be clashing the very toppers in the heavyweight ranks. He'll have to meet BOXERS along the route and if BOXERS can prove his nemesis, he may never be champion. It wouldn't be a bad idea if Manager Joe Leto puts Gomez in there with that type for actual and forthcoming experience. The kid MUST learn before it's too late.

In the semi-final, Young Billy Murray, Miami welter sensation, lost his first start in 33 attempts. Frankie Foley, a soldier from Camp Blanding, provided the upset. It was the night's best. Allen McCorvey, Tampa, won from Jimmy Lowery, Miami, but the decision brought boos. They are welters. Frankie Thomas kayoed Pete Kavula, Camp Blanding soldier in five. Young Gomez, local promising featherweight, put Baby Garrett to sleep in the first. In a colored four, Dixie Lee Oliver beat Bulldog Griffin, a heavyweight tussle. Receipts hit over $5,500. An all round good card by Promoter LaMarque.

A distinctive honor was mine when I met Ray Foutts, manager of Teddy, and Tommy Yarosz; Mike Raffa, and several other good boys. Ray is a fellow that boxing needs. He is a valuable asset to the sport and a treasured member of THE RING Magazine. Here's what Ray said to me about Tommy Gomez:

"I believe GOMEZ IS THE BEST WHITE HEAVYWEIGHT PROSPECT IN THE COUNTRY. THE KID WILL BELT OUT ANY OPPONENT HE CAN HIT AND IN MY OPINION, PROPERLY MANAGED AND MATCHED, HE HAS A GREAT CHANCE TO BE THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION WITHIN THE NEXT THREE YEARS."

Foutts is planning to spend the winter in Florida with his boys which means we will see outstanding fighters on Florida cards. Nifty build-up for Florida boxing. The Ohio manager has Irish Bobby Berry, a 165 pounder, who is a good hitter and a prospect as well.

Two weeks after Ray's prediction on Gomez, the soldier was stopped in seven heats by Buddy Scott at Tampa.

Frankie Poreda, kid brother of Stanley Poreda, former heavyweight contender, made his debut in Jacksonville and scored a four round kayo over Jose Fonseca. Fonseca's awkward style proved puzzling to Frankie but the latter settled down to work in the third round, scoring several knockdowns before the end in the following canto. Poreda's manager, Bill Reppenhagen, a great fellow and steady reader of THE RING, journeyed all the way from New Jersey in order to be with his fighter. Frankie is a local Navy Base physical instructor.

In a sub-semi, Jimmy Powell decisioned Clyde Hayes of Miami, a lightweight affair. Marty Fuller's scrappy New York Jewish fight twins, Harvey and Moe Weiss, were the talk of the show. Harvey or Moe fought the local "AlBummy Davis", Johnny Bowden. Bowden started it off in the opening round.

Before the end of the canto, it was all a merry mix-up with fighters, seconds managers etc. The ref changed his mind after calling it "no contest" and let the boys fight it out. After scoring eight knockdowns, Harvey or Moe won unanimously. Any time Bowden is in there, fans look for some kind of action. Both weighed 140.

Then Moe or Harvey appeared in another sixer and defeated Joe Ackerman easily. Joe, outweighed a good bit, took everything and had nothing to offer except a great display of courage. Joe tried anyway. In a featherweight clash, Jimmy Travers, Boston, looked good in putting Charlie Morrison to sleep in the third. Back to the Twins. It's the hardest thing to tell Moe from Harvey and Harvey from Moe. Their playful antics sure had us all down here going. Especially with the HOTFOOT. They're the HOTFOOT FLOOGIES. Whatapair.

Harry Weekly, best Southern welter, grabbed a ten round duke from Carmelo Fenoy of South America, in a Birmingham ring. A good win for Harry who is ranked by THE RING as number eight man. On the same card, Ben Montabana took a tenner from Eddie Carroll and Cosby Linson outpointed Don Eddy in another. All are welters.

At Miami, Tommy Gomez, Florida's human cannonader, dealt Mickey Dugan a left hook in round two for the night's close. Tommy had Mickey down twice before the coup de grace. Dugan had a 14 pound pull in weights but that was naught to Gomez. It was Tommy's 27th kayo win in 34 bouts. Billy Murray, sweet boxing Miami welter and Joey Dunne, Jacksonville lad, put on a good boxing match which met with approval with the fans. Murray won the nod. He had four knockdowns to his credit. The Jacksonville boy did very good to stay ten rounds with Billy and it was a good bout to watch. In an eighter, Jimmy Lowery and Frankie Thomas met again and to a draw although Lowery seemed to have an edge. The boys really went to war in this one.

Tiger Neville Beech went on another kayo spree and added Don Friend to his list by a two round sleeper. Tiger used both hands with telling effect. In meeting Irish Dan Dowling, Beech held the latter to an 8 round draw. Then facing Texas Jack Marshall, Beech lost a decision that caused excitement. The fans didn't like it. The excitement came in when the eighth round found both boys wrestling to the canvas and Tiger, first up, lunged at Marshall, not quite up yet. The ref, Freddie Getz rushed in at the bell and held Jack's hand as winner and right there is where the gathering of 2,000 chorused their dislike. Beech had Marshall on verge of a knockout in this round.

Joey Dunne, Jacksonville scrapper wishes to say "hello" to Jimmy Ring, Joe McVey, Jimmy August and Bobby Dawson, all of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. You all have Joey's best regards . . . At Tampa, Joe Legon, Cuban fighter, kayoed Eddie Carroll in the first round. Marty Fuller's Weiss Twins showed again in Florida and on this same card, Harvey held the more experienced and taller Frankie Thomas to an eight round draw. Brother Moe faced Joe Ackerman and came out with a T.K.O. victory in seven. Another smash hit for the Twins . . . . Jess Losada, crack Cuban sports writer, is in Tampa with his heavyweight, Claudio Villar, Spanish threat whom Jess says can give the best in the country, trouble . . . . Pete Montesi of New York, says Ray Powell, a Jacksonville colored boy is doing pretty well up there. Also Ring Colleague, Don Hamill, saying Gene Brown, another colored Jaxon, doing great work around Holyoke. Best to the boys . . . . Jimmy Weaver, former Washington State Boxing Inspector and Everett Clay, Miami Herald sports editor may get together about an HONEST boxing bill soon. Incidentally, the Horrell Bill failed as figured. It wasn't the right bill, we later found out.

Three Southerners got good news. They were called Best Prospects in their division by Eddie Borden of THE RING. Tommy Gomez, Tampa heavyweight sensation, Buddy Turner, Mississippi lightheavy and Sonny Brentz, Louisville feather are the lucky boys. A Tampa paper quoted THE RING as The Bible in mentioning Gomez's capture of the honor in his class.

Ray Carlen, manager of Lou Nova, has added Freddie Barja, Tampa welter, to his string . . . . Baxley Hardy held Joey Spangler to a draw at Charleston although Joey really won the fight. Anyway, Hardy is a prospect out of Augusta, Ga., and his win over Gene Molnar at Savannah should set the talk. It was a big upset. The Weiss Twins added a first round kayo apiece on the same card and went over big. Each twin has engaged in about 15 combats and are all wins excepting Harvey, who was held to a draw by Frankie Thomas in Tampa.

Jacksonville's only boxing gym, Johnny Blaine's club, is becoming more and more popular, 'tis good to say. Here's where the local fight lovers gather each day and night for fistic conversation and whatnot. Arguments and plenty of them are noticeable at Johnny's place but mostly all are settled when a RING MAGAZINE becomes Law. They don't argue with THE RING down here.

Blaine's co-partners, Leonard Rosenberg and Seymour Hoffenberg were so thrilled at seeing their names in THE RING that they bought a half-dozen copies for home use and mailing to friend purposes. It looks like the old days with the large gathering that come to see Steve Belloise, Frankie Poreda, Tommy Tucker, Al Nettlow, Cal Cagni, and Georgie Abrams work out.

Yessir, Blaine's Gym is partly responsible for the fight game coming back as many of the local cuffers are priming into shape and condition makes or breaks a fighter, you know. Another great thing about the gym is that youngsters that yearn to learn boxing are given great assistance from the Navy boys mentioned above. Johnny does plenty to help the fellows, too. Here's a mighty big hand to Johnny, Seymour and Leonard for opening their place.

Managers wanting to show their fighters here in Jacksonville can obtain all info from yours truly. This goes for the state, too. Address: Tom Ephrem 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida. Send record, pictures etc., of the fighters, please. . . . THE RING MAGAZINE can be bought at Jake's Stand at the corners of Forsyth and Hogan Sts. Also at George's Smoke Shop, 200 block West Bay St., Jacksonville. Don't forget it.

IN SOUTHERN U. S. CAMPS
By TOM EPHREM

HURRAY, NAVY . . . . Boxers from the Jacksonville Naval Air Base did extremely well in Northern clashes and five out of the six combatants came back home with the victory wreath. The only loser, and he did very well considering his inactivity due to being with Uncle Sam down here, was Cal Cagni, Creskill, N. J. welterweight contender. Cal gave the active Kid McCoy (Young) a very close fight and it was a tough one, believe me. McCoy started off well for the first four rounds but from then on, Cagni put on the heat to make a real fight out of it. Betcha, Cal does better next time. They're rematched. Both fought the main preliminary to the second Fritzie Zivic-Al Davis go (Polo Grounds, N. Y.)

Also on the same card, Henry Majcher, of Uncle Sam's Army, outpointed Alfredo Barja (Freddie Barja) of Tampa in a six rounder, a welter duel; while headlining, Al "Bummy" Davis, of Camp Hulen, Texas, lost his second timer to welterweight champ, Fritzie Zivic by the kayo route in the 10th round.

Al Nettlow, Detroit's welter ace, now at the Jacksonville Navy Base, scored a close win over Irwin Kaye Kaplan in the main prelim to the Lou Salica-Tommy Forte bantam championship bout at Philadelphia. Al used a body attack and in midway of the fight, raised a lump over Kaplan's eye. The latter subbed for Milt Aron. We understand that (local sources) Nettlow kept away from Kappie's bad eye and concentrated his fighting on the Jewish boy's downstairs. Nice sportsmanship Al. . . .

Steve Belloise, middleweight title aspirant, beat Vic Dellicurti up there. Steve is physical instructor down here in Jacksonville . . . . Other local base boxers triumphant are Georgie Abrams, two-times conqueror of Billy Soose; Georgie beat Joey Spangler on the Jimmy Webb-Johnny Bandit Romero card at Richmond, a Police Benefiter. Georgie stepped around to win this one unanimously. His next is with Billy Soose again. Georgie will win his third decision, I'm sure.

Tommy Tucker, one of the world's best lightheavies and ALSO at the Jacksonville Base, appeared in the semi-slot of the Joe Louis and Billy Conn championship bout in New York and won a decision. His opponent's name escapes our poor memory . . . . Then Frankie Poreda, Jersey City heavyweight youngster, scored a kayo win over Jose Fonseca in a Jacksonville ring and became the first of the group to show his wares locally. Frankie steps around sweetly for a big boy. Remember his big brother, Stanley Poreda, ex-heavyweight star?

Bill Cocke, young but veteran associate in the fight game, has been transferred from his camp, Fort Knox, Kentucky to Pine Camp, N. Y. Bill says he sure does miss the good Southland. It won't be long 'fore Uncle Sam makes Bill a "Corporal". Incidentally, Bill, who is a close chum of Mike Raffa, Uncle Sam's baby Army Bomber, reports that Mike is conditioning himself by cutting wood around camp. Ray Foutts has Raffa.

Says Bill in his letter to me: "I will do all in my power to put this fine magazine (THE RING) over at this post, you can count on this." Unquote . . . . I can't thank you enough Bill, and my deep appreciation for your fight clippings, especially that of RING Editor, Nat Fleischer with Billy Conn pictured together which sees Conn receiving Nat's Beautiful Trophy as the "Fighter of the Year."

One of the niftiest little fellows we've seen to lace a boxing glove on, is Al Young, Jacksonville laddie who fought for the University of Florida, last year. Al is keeping many an eye opened in his daily workouts at Johnny Blaine's Gym and we're expecting a lot from the youngster when he goes back to the University. A fast moving boxer and smart, this kid should be a mainstay of the team.

Before 1700 fans at Galveston, Texas, Leon Foucart, Jacksonville soldier, got sweet revenge over Bernie Peterson, taking a decision in a great fight. Peterson was game and displayed it throughout till the decision was given. Foucart seems to be fighting better than ever before. Just something that Uncle Sam done for him; put him in fine condition in the Army camp there.

George Feltes, middleweight cuffer of Ray Heling, is stationed at the Great Lakes Station and will be fighting around Chicago . . . . Eddie Webb, a Jacksonville sailor boy, lost a decision

to Larry Azoes but in a reclash, Eddie copped the duke. He is on the U.S.S. Vixen . . . . Jackie Carter and Herman Nolte visited Jacksonville. The boys are in the Marines at Charleston at present.

AT LAST . . . . The big fights planned a few months back and then postponed at each turn, is definitely ON. Can't say what the Camp Blanding soldiers will do as far as getting bouts on the card but the local Navy Base will be playing a major part. Among their entrants are Steve Belloise, Tommy Tucker, Al Nettlow and Frankie Poreda. Steve has been matched with Raul Carrabantes, Chile, South America boxer. Nettlow is to meet Sixto Morales. Tucker and Poreda will face the best around for them, of possible equal calibre. Cal Cagni would have been placed on the card but a cut over his eye from Young Kid McCoy, gives him a bye. Georgie Abrams' meeting with Billy Soose keeps him out of the card also. The program is a benefit for the Fight Infantile Paralysis and a crowd of around 10,000 is expected.

Eddie Higgins, well known fight manager from the Bronx, also enjoys a big task ahead, which he proudly feels his part. Eddie has Raul Carrabantes to face Steve Belloise; Small Montana against an opponent; Sixto Morales to fight Al Nettlow and may have another boy or two in there. He is one of the best liked fellows in the game, this Eddie Higgins. Maybe that his Mickey Dugan will clash with Tommy Tucker.

Servicemen; don't forget to get your most interesting reading book, The Ring. At all Jacksonville newsstands or at your camp canteens. Tell your friends.

Congratulations to Corporal Phil Edmondson, Savannah's Marine boxer under Jackie Carter's tutelage, upon his recent marriage. . . . Add to Jacksonville's newest Ring Readers . . . . Mike Castronis, high school football star who will play for the University of Alabama. Mike is a graduate of the local Andrew Jackson High; Pete Rose, a fine fight fan and close friend of Harry Stone; Andy Masters, Jersey City, now here and school pal of Stanley Poreda; Johnny Mann, local Golden Gloves entrant, recently joining the Navy and will surely make a good fighter for Uncle Samuel; Mike Wolfe, a great sports fan who makes all the trips to the big fights at the Garden. Mike has been a consistent reader of The Ring for years; Leon Aboud, who is up in Boston and has The Ring to follow how the Southern boys are doing.

Seen at Johnny Blaine's Gym; Al Nettlow sparring several rounds with Joey Dunne and both looking good. This boy Nettlow is in wonderful condition. Joey is snapping his punches as seen and training with such as Al, is the finest experience for the local youngster . . . . Frankie Poreda working out and attracting talk about the big boys again; . . . Tommy Tucker, ace lightheavy, a center of gazing by gym onlookers who keep up the conversation with, "He fought in Madison Square Garden" . . . . Stevie Belloise, yep, the showman himself and a fine fellow. One of his pet stories is about how his car's generator wouldn't "gen" and the carburetor wouldn't "carb" . . . . The boys down here got a big kick when George Romanoff, the wrestling promoter tried to get his featured grizzly bear "rassler" a room in a big hotel downtown and was refused. George had to take the bear to the zoo until "rasslin' time".

George Moye, Jacksonville soldier boy, is at Galveston where he sends a copy of the Jack Dempsey-Jess Willard Championship fight, ably covered by the late Robert Edgren. Thanks very much, George . . . . Tell all the boys, hello.

Leonard Rosenberg, one of the co-partners of the local Blaine Gym, did a visit to Miami where we saw him. Leonard was anxious to get back home for his issue of The Ring . . . . Other co-partner, Seymour Hoffenberg, won a five dollar bet from a friend in which The Ring Magazine became proof for Seymour to prove his argument about a certain subject. Seymour, nice boy, didn't take the money from his friend but told him to read The Ring and "you'll know something about boxing, then" Beautiful words . . . . Cal Cagni comes out with something good and friends of Fred Apostoli will be glad to hear that he is now serving Uncle Sam as instructor at the Norfolk Navy Yard. . . .

The Ring Magazine has lost two of its staff, Eddie Borden, whose ratings have been appearing in this publication for fourteen years, and Stanley Weinberger. Both are in the Army. Eddie quit work a month ago to enlist in the Canadian Army with hopes of getting overseas, and Stanley is now in Co. A 30th Battalion, Engineers Replacement Center, Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri.

Stanley is "Making the Grade." He has just received a medal for sharpshooting. Ring readers are urged to write to "Stanley," whose ring records and covers have been enjoyed by them for a long time. Both Eddie and Stanley will rejoin The Ring staff when the emergency is over.

Tommy Gomez, Camp Blanding Heavyweight battler, came through with two wins in the past month. His first was an unpopular decision over the former middleweight champion, Teddy Yarosz and then a two round kayo over Mickey Dugan at Miami. The Yarosz bout was in Tampa . . . . Frankie Foley did good work also in winning three good bouts. His best was over Billy Murray, an upset.

Relax with The Ring and argue your points out with the accurate reporting this magazine supplies all. Any questions etc. will be gladly answered you. Send to The Ring a stamped envelope for return reply. If The Ring isn't in your canteens or ship service, put in a word for it. Let me hear from camps all over the country.

This column is YOUR column. The Ring in Jacksonville can be bought at Jake's Stand at Forsyth and Hogan Sts., and at George's Smoke Shop, 200 block West Bay St. Adios, fellows. My address: Tom Ephrem, 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida.

BOXING IN PANAMA CAMPS

By PVT. P. L. CAPARELL

IN a strong campaign to boost boxing, Promoter Simmons, Panama's Tex Rickard is doing all within his power to bring new talent to the front. Having already imported from the States three good lads, Simmons plans to carry on this importation of pugs in order to make Panama the No. 1 fighting republic of Central America. So far seven fistic carnivals produced by Simmons have clicked.

Al Berlier, who came here from the States, was K.O.'ed in the seventh canto of a ten-round bout by Young Hurtado, Panama's triple champion. Battling Nelson, former 112-pound king, earned a popular ten-round nod over Leo Torres in a contest which helped keep the fans on edge. Young Shadow returned to the limelight to cop a hard-fought bout from Cuba's Kid Pambelie. It was a ten-rounder.

Kid Zeffina, title-holder in the bantamweight division, successfully defended his laurels against Cuba's Young Castrado in ten.

In an upset, Rene Sanchez, Cuba's middleweight and welterweight boss, scored a colorful K.O. over Panama's undefeated champion, Battling Ambrosio, in the sixth canto of a non-title fray.

Two bouts featured the monthly boxing show staged at the Strand Theatre in Colon, when the Costa Rica Kid defeated Young Gallahad in a torrid six-round welterweight contest. Young Gallahad evened matters, however, when he returned the following week to reverse the verdict.

Panama Al Brown, former bantamweight champion of the world, now at the tender age of 36, will attempt to climb back in the fistic picture, when he clashes with an unnamed opponent at some future date here at the National Gym.

CUFF NOTES—Al Berlier, the New Orleans flash, and Young Hurtado have been signed for a rematch . . . . Doug Fairbanks, Jr., dropped in at the "Y." and autographed eight pairs of boxing gloves for the boys. Now I'm having a difficult time in locating the mitts . . . . Alice Faye signed a copy of the May issue of The Ring and quoted that she thought the only good thing about boxing was handsome Billy Conn . . . . The boxing commission has ruled that those seeking main event bouts must first show their ability by boxing a ten-round exhibition before the commission . . . . Paul "Cyclone" Cook, the fiery little truck driving featherweight from Albrook Field, is trying to talk Promoter Simmons into giving him an exhibition bout in Panama.

The Post Canteens are well stocked with The Ring. Don't forget to place your order for one, and you will have one each month. Last month, due to the added material in The Ring and Louis and Simon pictures, all canteens and civilian stores were sold out. Place your order either with the P. X. or subscribe to The Ring. In doing this, you will be guaranteeing yourself of a sure copy regularly.

CONNECTICUT NEWS

By DON HAMILL

THIS month saw Hartford's Bobby Ivy fight his way back into the featherweight picture by scoring over Joey Archibald in Providence and then winning the duke over Harry Jeffra in Hartford. These wins have placed Ivy among the leaders in his division and may win him a title bout to be held in Hartford before the summer is over.

Hartford—Bulkeley Stadium—Bobby Poison Ivy, 128, Hartford, rallied in the last round to edge out a close decision over Harry Jeffra, 124½, Baltimore, in the ten-round feature before a crowd of 5000 people. Willie Pep, 127½, Hartford, looked good in stopping Eddie DeAngelis, 124½, Boston, in the third round. Pedro Hernandez, 125, New York, was awarded the verdict over Johnny Rudd, 128½, New York, when Referee Frankie Portelle stopped the bout to save Rudd further punishment. Mickey Williams, 137½, New Haven, won a six-round decision in a bout put on after the main event over Bobby Allard, 134½, Boston. Harry Hitlian, 129½, Worcester, won a close decision over Billy Marcus, 127½, Hartford, in an interesting four-rounder.

Milford—Walnut Beach Stadium—The promoters of this club, making its 1941 debut, ran into a little trouble when main event fighter Frankie Conn of Jersey City ran out at the last minute. Conn, who was fighting on a percentage, said that he wouldn't fight for any 30 or 40 bucks. The gross gate was $320. He was to have met Jimmy Kidd Hatcher of Florida in an eight-rounder. Maxie Katz, 162, Waterbury, outclassed Young Eatman, 165, Norwalk, in the six-round semi-final. Frankie Young, 147, New Haven, won a close decision over Ray Bonti, 142, New York, in another six. Dick Schaeffer, 138, Bridgeport, stopped Lee Hogan, 140, New Haven, in the first round of their bout.

Norwalk—Stack Arena—Angelo Rodano of Norwalk flattened Petey Beilish of Scranton, Pa., in 2:58 of the first round. The Scranton lad had no chance against Rodano. In the semi-final, Mickey LaRosa, 136, of Brooklyn outpointed Johnny Cockfield, 133, of New York in six.

Snooks Lacey, Charley Brown's colored featherweight, made a close and gallant attempt to wrest the New England featherweight crown from the head of champion Abe Denner of Boston in a fifteen-round title bout at Providence. Lacey, who recently beat Bobby Ivy in Holyoke, is a clever little ringman capable of giving the leaders in his division plenty of trouble. Frankie Young, Lacey's stablemate, knocked out Al Costa, Woonsocket, R. I., welterweight, in the fourth round.

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COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By MARK FANNON

FITCHBURG: Twice postponed because of rain, this city started its weekly shows with Howell King, 150, booking out of Worcester, stopping Felix Garcia, 151, Puerto Rico, in the eighth. King, making his first start in this section in some time, floored the Puerto Rican titleholder in the first, second and seventh frames. Garcia was unable to answer the bell for the eighth.

Jackie Parker of Worcester halted Art Cole of Athol in the second. Five thousand soldiers from Fort Devens were treated to a splendid sports night sponsored by the *Boston American*.

Rip Valenti lined up the boxing program, which featured exhibitions by Mike Kaplan and Honey Mellody, each going three rounds with their spar mates. Wrestling bouts were also on the card.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was much impressed with the program and gave a talk to the boys. Among the others who helped to pep up the program were: Jack Sharkey, the Squire of Chestnut Hill; Jack Conway, sportswriter for the *Boston American;* and Sam Cohen, boxing writer for the *Daily Record*.

Fitchburg: Tommy Jones, 151½, Fitchburg, former colored welterweight champion, stopped Buster Carroll, 149½, Lowell, in the eighth. Jones opened an old cut on Buster's left eye, which caused the bout to halt.

Popeye O'Coin, Spencer, TKO'ed Joey Dunn, Fort Devens, in the third. Flavio DeBonis, Fitchburg, making a comeback, knocked out Pete Reidy of Webster in the first. Joe Landry, Gardner, made his pro debut by kayoing Ivan Jones, New York. Bill Donley, Fort Devens, won a three-round decision over Jimmy Duval, Portland, Me., in a special bout.

BOXING BITS—Julie Kogon, off to a bad start this year, got on the winning side by beating Jimmy Tygh . . . Beau Jack, former Atlanta boy, added George Zengaras to his list . . . Abe Denner defended his New England featherweight championship for the first time since winning it from Sal Bartolo . . . His opponent, Snooks Lacey, proved an easy touch . . . Sal Bartolo, since his bout with Chalky Wright, has been swamped with offers to fight . . . Tony Dupre, who once deserted the N. E. bantam title, met Paul Herrick for this crown at Portland . . . The win to Herrick made him the new N. E. crown bearer . . . Buster Carroll told us he had a lot of trouble with his left eye and was the cause of his being stopped so much in the last few years . . . Woonsocket began its boxing shows with Bill Weinberg whipping Larry Bouchard in an eight-rounder . . . Don Hamill, Hartford scribe, was of the opinion that Jeffra earned the nod over Bob Ivy in their recent go . . . It took Frankie Foley, a New Haven boy, to halt Billy Murray's winning streak . . . The bout took place in Tampa, Florida, close to where Foley is stationed.

RHODE ISLAND NEWS
By PRIVATE P. L. CAPARELL

ABE DENNER, Jewish featherweight, from Boston, Mass., successfully defended his New England featherweight crown against Snooks Lacey, colored battler from New Haven, Conn., in a 15-round title bout at the R. I. Auditorium. Denner, who is a six-footer, and who has a tough time obtaining bouts because of his great height and reach advantage, met a seasoned and tough campaigner in Snooks, but he proved too much for the game and ever trying Lacey, and left handed his way to an easy victory. He carried all but three of the fifteen heats.

Al Costa, local welterweight, from Woonsocket, R. I., returned home after fair success in a campaign of Eastern rings and lost on a four-round kayo to rough, tough Frankie Young of New Haven, Conn. Forging far to the front in the first three rounds, Al dropped Young for the count of nine in the fourth, only to have Young come off the floor and connect with a right hand shot to Costa's chin that put Al away for the full count.

In the other prelims Jackie Capparell, Boston middleweight, defeated Mal Smallwood, also of Boston, in a six-round bout.

Buster Price, Lynn light-heavy, defeated Danny Josephs, by TKO in the fourth round of a scheduled six.

Joe Gainor, Boston lightweight, beat Young Johnny Dyson in a fast four-round opener.

In one of the first top flight heavyweight bouts presented to Providence boxing fans in the last few decades, Buddy Knox, fighting Irish mauler from Dayton, Ohio, kayoed Lorenzo Pack, colored battler from Philly, in the seventh round at the R. I. Auditorium, before the smallest crowd of the season. The bout showed Buddy out front all the way.

Frank Topazio, little whirlwind from Bristol, R. I., defeated Bobby Allard, Boston lightweight, in the six-round semi-final.

In the other prelims Ernie Forte, from Providence, won his tenth straight pro fight when he kayoed Sammy Tenore, veteran welterweight from Quincy, Mass., who, after taking a thorough going over for three rounds, failed to answer the bell for the fourth round. This Forte boy can box and handles himself like an old timer. Local fans tab him as a good future bet. They really think that he will go far in his chosen profession. Amedeo Masi, Providence middleweight, defeated Bobby Wilson of Boston in a four-rounder. Mal Smallwood of Boston beat Frank Ushry of Alabama in the four-round opener.

The first Summer outdoor show of the season also failed to draw the cash customers. The show was headlined by Bill Weinberg, Jewish heavy from Boston, who decisioned Larry Bouchard, French Canadian, in a ten-round bout at St. Ann's ballpark in Woonsocket, R. I.

In the prelims Al Costa took Frank Scully, Philadelphia welter, over the hurdles in the eight-round semi-final. Cliff "Red" Stephenson, middleweight from Pawtucket, decisioned Mal Smallwood in a six, and Amedeo Masi beat Billy Wilson again in the four-round opener.

If any of you Ring readers want a good list of fighters' names and addresses, send me twenty-five cents in cash or money order and I will mail to you my Fighters' Directory. Write to Danny Nardi, 9 Canton St., Providence, R. I.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

HOLYOKE NEWS: Al Castonguay of Holyoke, Mass., boxed twice at Manchester, Ct., losing close decisions to Jackie Reid of New Haven, Ct., and Joe Gans of Manchester, Ct. Castonguay, at 145, gave weight to both opponents but pleased the fans with his willing, aggressive fighting.

Waddell Washington, 162, journeyed to North Adams., Mass., and KO'ed Tony Gillo of New Haven, Ct., in five rounds. Phil Quillan of Springfield, Mass., KO'ed Billy Wilson of Camp Edwards in the fifth round of a semi-final.

Jimmy Hayden, 150 pounder, has gone back to Brooklyn, N. Y. Jimmy had been making his home in Springfield, Mass., but did not get enough work to stay up this way. Jimmy is a good fighter and will get plenty of bouts once he gets going up here.

Mickey Canty, the Springfield, Mass., welterweight, beat Art Moore of Worcester, Mass., in a six-round main bout at Thompsonville, Ct. Mickey had some trouble with a wisdom tooth that cut his jaw, but he now has had this taken care of.

Springfield, Vt., is finding it hard to get fighters for its club. The fans are not turning out to enable the promoter to pay much money and fighters who can fight seem to be able to get more elsewhere. Claremont, N. H., will get going as soon as cold weather sets in and will run every other week. Brattleboro, Vt., will get going again in the fall.

Waddell Washington, 162, has been turned over to Mr. Allen, his trainer, and will be booked by the writer, whose address is 50 Carlton Ave., Chicopee Falls, Mass., phone 1062-W. I am also booking Phil Quillan, 142; Al Castonquay, 145 (white); Harry Clark, 185 (brother of Ace); Jimmy Hayden, 150; Al Simmons, 130; Eddie Elie, 170.

Jimmie Quinton of the Meadowbrook Club, North Adams, Mass., is a hustler, and a likable little fellow with his heart set on the boxing game. Jimmy has two sons, twins, both pretty good prospects but too young to fight regularly. They have been seen in a few bouts at Meadowbrook and have won them.

Beau Jack of Springfield, Mass., is managed by Bowman Milligan of the Springfield Country Club. Letters addressed there will reach him.

Joe Hayden, lost your address. Please send your record. Joe Hayden of Pittsburg, Pa., not Jimmy Hayden, as I have Jimmy's.

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ARKANSAS AND NEARBY FLASHES

By CLYDE SMITH

NORTH LITTLE ROCK, June 16—Bob Sikes of Pine Bluff, Southern heavyweight champion, knocked out Al Reis of Indianapolis, Ind., in the second round. The Southern champion, dazed by right-hand punches in the first round, rallied in the second to land a left hook that sent the big Indianapolis heavy to the canvas for keeps. Sikes weighed 190 and Reis 198.

Paul Ladd, 176, of Little Rock outpointed Jimmy Lunsford, 195, of Blytheville in the eight-round semi-final.

Sgt. Worth Lundin, 166, of Camp Robinson knocked out Don Burton, 164, of Blytheville (4).

James Gomer, 145, and Woody Bell, 144, draw (4).

Johnny Hale, 162, knocked out Bull Monnigosy, 165, (2).

Blytheville, June 22—Troy Scott, 112, of Manila won over Joe Hayden, 115, of Caruthersville, Mo. (6).

North Little Rock, June 30—Bob Sikes knocked out "Irish Mickey" Hayes of Milwaukee, Wis., in the fifth round. Sikes floored his opponent four times in the fourth but the Irishman kept coming back for more. In the fifth, Bob landed with a right and a left cross and Hayes was out for keeps.

The eight-round semi-final was one of the best with Paul Ladd, Little Rock light-heavy, gaining a hard-earned decision over H. P. Murdock, fighting soldier from Camp Robinson. Johnny Hale knocked out Norman Ponder (2). Bill Howard won decision over Jack Hillhouse (4). "Tuffy" Gomer knocked out Carter Seymour (3).

HERE 'N' THERE—Harry Lenny, nationally known fight manager, announced that he has taken over the management of Vernon Hogue of Hot Springs . . . . Burl Schaberg, classy Fort Smith welter has turned pro . . . . Thanks a million, Mr. Kelker, for your letter, will appreciate all news . . . . fight fans around Indiana will remember Andy J. Kelker—drop him a line in care of the Ozark Gym, Fort Smith, Ark. . . . . Henry Levy, North Little Rock promoter, will promote fights in Texarkana and Fort Smith . . . . Bill Burns, secretary of the Arkansas Athletic Commission, is putting plenty of punch in pro boxing over the state; Bill is on the job constantly . . . . Johnny Hale will be handled by Izzy Kline and Ed Stein, manager of Bob Sikes . . . . Jeff C. McCutchen, Little Rock upholsterer, used to box under the name of Jerry Munro. He's remembered in St. Louis and Memphis rings . . . . Yours Truly would like to put Jack Rodriquez, 170, Mexican, in with Paul Ladd. Promoters can get in touch with me at 1003 E. Magrill St., Longview, Texas.

Memphis, Tenn., June 28—Neville "Tiger" Beech, 190, Picayune, Miss., and Irish Dan Dowling, 195, St. Louis, Mo., drew (8).

Charley Jerome, Memphis, won decision over Dan Marshall, Bauxite, Ark. (6).

Jesse Fussell, Forrest Hills, and Jimmy Lunsford of Blytheville, Ark., drew (6).

Billy Davis, Bauxite, Ark., knocked out Knox Snellgrove, Jackson, Miss. (3).

Memphis, Tenn.—Jack Marshall, 190, Dallas, Texas, stopped Kayo Smith, 200, Birmingham, Ala. (3).

Memphis, Tenn.—Jack Marshall won over Neville Beech (10).

Tulsa, Okla., June 6—Junior Munsell, Oklahoma City, knocked out Jack McDonald, Portland, Ore., wrestler, in the third round of the scheduled 10-round main event. Munsell weighed 192, McDonald 198.

Vincent Myers, 164, former Cameron Aggies star, technically knocked out Sammy Weiss, 154, Tulsa, in the second round of their scheduled four-round preliminary. It was Myers' first bout as a professional.

Marvin Liddell, 152, Oklahoma City, won by decision from Joe Johnston, 147, Dallas, Texas (8).

Harry Jacobson, 151, Tulsa, won over Amos Tiger, 147, Tulsa (6). Battling Shell, 202-pound Tulsa Negro, pounded out a decision over Elliott McKnick, 182, Sapulpa Negro (4).

Tulsa, Okla., June 28—Junior Munsell, Oklahoma City Indian southpaw, belted out Joey Parks of St. Louis, Mo., in the second stanza of a scheduled 10-round affair. George Deer and Harry Jacobson, drew (8); Tommy Rollins won over Jakie Stephens (4); Johnny Pancho won over Leo Bland (4); Larry Martin (colored) won decision over Paul Wyatt (colored) (4).

Around New Orleans, La.—Boxing has been very quiet . . . . Lew Raymond, the fight impresario, made his bow as matchmaker in Birmingham, Ala. . . . . Harry Weekly and Cosby Linson opened his first show—Weekly won over Carmelo Fenoy, South America (10), and Linson beat Don Eddy (10) . . . . Harry Frisch will not fold, as reported. On the contrary, he plans plenty of activity . . . . "I will make my own matches until Lew Raymond returns" . . . . Armand Truxillo will open his shows soon, and would like to hear from all leading boxers that plan on coming down his way . . . . Natchitoches, La., has resumed staging Negro fights . . . . Nickie Camarata is back from Houston, Texas. Nickie stopped Wesley Pryor (8) . . . . Cosby Linson and Manager Jack Russo are considering moving to Los Angeles . . . . Keep your eye on this boy Linson—he is tops.

IN MINNESOTA RINGS

By DARWIN GOMER

FISTIC GOSSIP—Gus Schleifer, ex-middleweight boxer from St. Paul about a decade ago, is in a tavern partnership with Tom McNulty here. Tom is a brother of fight manager Mike McNulty, now in California with Charley Meigel . . . . Dave Vandestug, lanky, curly-haired Sauk Centre amateur middleweight boxing aspirant, and Johnny Whitson, clever Sauk Centre welterweight amateur and RING Magazine fan, have just graduated from Sauk Centre High School. Whitson, a friend of yours truly, is employed at a Sauk Centre theatre, as is Vandestug . . . . Buddy Gomer is studying for a Civil Service job . . . . Which reminds me, I have a $55 Civil Service course for sale at only $20 cash, which I just completed . . . . Write me at 252 Thomas Avenue, St. Paul, Minn. . . . . Al Hostak stopped off in his "home town" of Minneapolis long enough to say he believes a Hostak-Tony Martin fight here would draw $15,000 . . . . Stanley Cylkowski, 36, former St. Paul fighter, better known as "Kid Silk," died recently in Ancker Hospital after an illness of two years . . . . Billy Emkie, a good middleweight several years ago, is a bouncer at the Park Recreation in St. Paul, besides being an auto salesman . . . . Gene Tretter, former Cretin G. G. welterweight champ in 1938, is now a bookkeeper at the Rap-in-Wax Co. . . . . Jerome Zarembinski, welter novice toughie, is back in the Red Wing Reformatory.

I dropped in at Ray Temple's Bar in St. Paul the other night for a chat, and the five feet ten inches clever lightweight speedster during the late twenties tells me he intends to start a free gym here this winter in hopes of bringing out hidden talent. It's a swell idea, and good luck, Ray! . . . . Doc Holly, former St. Paul middle, has sold his bar on Rice Street and is operating at Balsam Lake, Wis., now . . . . Fred Lenhart, the old Tacoma light-heavy, still has his bar at beautiful White Bear Lake, Minn. . . . . Buddy Gomer, the ex-"butcher boy," was awarded $250 in back pay by the state . . . . Russ Wasser and Johnny Simpson are chief spar-mates for Jim Robinson, while Red Bruce and Karl Malm serve for Lou Nova.

At Holyoke, Mass.—Henry Schaft, veteran Minneapolis light-heavy, startled us by popping up way out East on the Beau Jack-Speigal card. Schaft lost by a seven-round T.K.O. to rangy Al Gilbert of West Palm Beach in the semi-windup.

Minneapolis Auditorium—Seven thousand fans paid $7600 to see Lou Nova, 207, Alameda, Calif., number one heavyweight contender, score a three-round knockout over Big Jim Robinson, 211, the "Sheik from Philly," in their scheduled ten-round fray.

In the six-round semi, clever Kelly Ward, 167, state champ from Minneapolis, again scored over wild-swinging but rugged Gordon Palmer, 170, Mill City slugger, in a non-title bout. It was Ward's third win over Palmer and twelfth straight win. Pleasing Ernie Derho, 144, South Bend, Ind., slugged toe to toe with southpaw Billy Smith, 138, Minneapolis, for six rounds, winning a close one with sharper punching. State champ George De Gidio, 126, Mill City Italian, outpunched game Sammy Scully, 132, aged Chicagoan, in six. In fours, southpaw Warren Corbett, 152, lanky Mill City Irishman, back from the Army which kept him inactive a year, returned to whip tough Tony Yates, 149, Mill City Italian slugger, for his fifth straight triumph. Fred Fulton came down from Park Rapids with his huge Karl Malm, 211, who kayoed Karl Ogren's new boy, Johnny McCarthy, 185, in the third for his second straight pro kayo win. McCarthy hails from Stone Lake, Wis. In the opener, Ted Morrison, 181, stocky St. Paulite, floored Johnny Stevens, 186, St. Paul, seven times in the first to easily win the decision, which was Stevens' eighth straight defeat! As amateurs, Morrison beat Stevens five times! Needless to say, Promoter Tommy O'Loughlin again made a handsome profit. The fight was broadcast over an NBC hookup, with Bill Stern and Sam Taub on hand.

LEFT HOOKS—A Lee Savold-Buddy Baer fight is brewing for Minneapolis, which should be a good scrap, with young Baer holding a decision over Savold . . . . Local referees are asking for a wage increase, and are pretty sure of getting it . . . . Buddy Gilbert, St. Paul middle with speed and cleverness, was rated tenth best in the world by *Amateur Boxing News*. His real monicker is Buddy Gomer, in pro circles.

JABS—Joe Louis will box an exhibition in Minneapolis soon, besides doing a little golfing and fishing around the state. That is the word we receive from Promoter Tommy O'Loughlin and *Star-Journal* sports editor Charles Johnson, both in New York for the Louis-Conn fight . . . . Six months ago they said Oscar Rankins was "washed up," but Eddie Horn of Chicago knew better, and he was right! Now we find Rankins outpointing the highly-regarded Pat Valentino in Los Angeles for some sort of an upset . . . . The proposed Fritzie Zivic-Tony Martin fight here has been shelved until August, as the champion is so heavily booked for July . . . . Lem Franklin is ready to fight here again . . . . Karl Ogren, promoter, manager and Northwest fistic figure from Stone Lake, Wis., has been notified that he may be called in the draft this fall, even though he is married . . . . Redwood Falls, Minn., is having a boxing boom with outdoor shows featuring its very capable George "Chief" Wabasha, who has whipped the best in the state. The American Legion is sponsoring the shows, with Wally Hyde, ex-professional Mill City middle, as the matchmaker . . . . Morton, Minn., has developed several representatives, due perhaps to George Wabasha's success and teaching.

Wayne Armstrong, Newcastle, Nebr., middleweight youngster, was rated best prospect of the month by Eddie Borden in the August RING. Armstrong turned pro under the guidance of yours truly, boxing a draw with Don Brouillard here.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

WATERLOO, IA.—Frankie Morrison, veteran Cedar Falls, Iowa, middleweight, scored a kayo over Willie Anderson of Waterloo in 1 minute and 30 seconds of the fifth round.

A series of short right hand jolts softened Anderson for the 10 count. In the fourth round Morrison floored the Waterloo Negro twice with body blows.

Clyde Stitt, Waterloo welterweight, punished Johnny Dudley, Waterloo Negro, in the final round to take a close decision in the semi-mindup.

Don Schenck, Waterloo middleweight, outpointed Herman Howard, Waterloo Negro, in a four-round preliminary.

In the four-round opener, Ogie Dodon, New Hartford middleweight, drew with Bob Read, Detroit, Mich.

Ponca, Neb.—Billy Gill of Jackson, Neb., scored a decision over Lyle Swatzke of Crofton in the feature bout of a boxing card staged here.

Duke Wellenstein of Ponca decisioned Howard Carter, South Sioux City lightweight, and James Talley of Elk Point outpointed Bob Jones of Crofton.

George McInerney of Elk Point decisioned Dwain Briney, Ponca 155-pounder, and Bill Jones of Crofton, 125, scored a victory over Bob Cornell of Ponca. In the opener, Casey Conrad, 110, defeated Bud Brudder of Crofton.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Tommy Ryan, former Des Moines, Ia., boxing promoter, and old time fighter 40 years ago, died at Peoria, Ill., where he was injured in a fall . . . . His name was often confused with the former welterweight, "Syracuse Tommy" Ryan . . . . O. J. B. of Philadelphia, Pa.: The account in my records is as follows: "Breese knocked Tygh flat on his back with a left hook to the body and a right cross in the fourth round" . . . . Down at Corpus Christi, Tex., Manuel Azteca stopped Sammy Musco, Omaha lightweight, in six rounds . . . . Ditty Nelson, hard hitting welterweight from Ottumwa, Ia., is a cook in the 113th Cavalry at Camp Bowie . . . . Joe French, Jeffersonville, Ind.: Have not forgotten you, will give you the information this fall when the season opens . . . . Jess A. Hayslip: Get in touch with George Truckenbrott, 515 Warden Apts., Fort Dodge, Ia.

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NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

THE brightest star on Texas' fistic horizon today is Manuel Azteca, slender 19-year-old Mexican lightweight with a dynamic knockout punch in either hand. During the past month, he blasted out a decisive ten-round victory over Wesley Pryor in which he had Pryor perilously close to a knockout in the ninth when he connected with a smashing left hook that put Wesley down for a nine-count and forced him to hang on desperately to last out the next session.

Azteca followed up this victory the following week with a five-round knockout over the rugged veteran Omaha lightweight, Sammy Musco. Only Lew Jenkins, of all the good boys Sammy has met, was ever able to put him in the resin and this sparkling performance speaks volumes for the hitting ability of young Azteca. Manuel, a native of Mexico, now lives in Galveston, where he has established himself as a tremendous card with his pleasing style.

Owen Smith, John Tarleton College light-heavy, looks like a real future white hope. The 18-year-old youngster showed a lot of class in handing Bernie Peterson a trimming at Galveston. Smith is short on experience but possesses a lot of natural ability and hits with telling effect. He is being handled by the smart veteran, Roy Beard, who incidentally was the very first one to ever tutor Lew Jenkins when Lew was just a half-grown kid.

Punchin' Paul Altman, Houston's sensational young lightweight knockout kid, made short work of Jimmy Valentine, veteran Florida battler, flattening Valentine in two heats. Paul had more trouble, however, with Carlos Morales, who managed to last the distance in two attempts. Paul banged Morales with a terrific right to the body in the fourth and Carlos gave up the ghost. Later, he managed to last the distance, but absorbed a terrible beating, visiting the canvas several times. At this writing, Altman is matched with Felix Montalvo, classy young Port Arthur 135-pounder, and if he gets by that one, he will be well on his way to bigger and better things in the boxing game.

Of all the boxers plying the trade in the state at present, there is one who stands out head and shoulders above the rest. He is Mustang Garcia, New Mexico Indian lightweight, who has been trimming any and everything in sight. The Mustang is one of the greatest club fighters it has ever been our pleasure to watch, and he has the ability to hold his own with any 130-pounder in the business. He has far too much experience and all-around ability for the younger crop of boys hereabouts and is having a hard time finding opposition.

HOOKS AND JABS—Houston is again dark. Promoter Bink West closed his doors after several unsuccessful attempts to revive the game here. We still maintain, and the past records bear us out, that Houston is one of the best fight spots in the country, but it will take some first-class promotion to revive it as the fans are fed up on poor matches . . . . Only Corpus Christi and Galveston are operating clubs, with both drawing fair houses . . . . Lew Raymond, popular New Orleans impresario for the past couple of years, has shifted the scene of operations to Birmingham and is meeting with success in the "Magic City."

Fans hereabouts are excited about the title chances of our own Jimmy Webb. Jimmy, always a perfect gentleman, who never failed to give the cash customers a run for their money, is one of the most popular lads ever to appear here. Everyone is wishing him the best of luck in his coming fight for the championship. Webb, incidentally, is a HOUSTON boy. This is his home and his people all live here. In former years he claimed St. Louis as his place of abode, but now Houston has a genuine claim to him . . . . Wilcy Rivera, Puerto Rican bantam, scored quite a hit here with victories over Chick Sanchez and Jesse Villareal . . . . Ralph Smith, matchmaker at Galveston, says he can use colored fighters, especially heavyweights. His address is: 2302 Ave. E, Galveston, Texas . . . . Eddie McGeever and Kenny LaSalle, veteran welters, have left these parts for California . . . . Jimmy Yeager has a very good 140-pounder in Raphael Esparza . . . . Ralph Sikes has a real comer in Ray Smith, welter . . . . At Corpus Christi, they are shouting the praises of a young middleweight, Johnny Hale, who is undefeated and has been knocking out just about everyone he has faced. Johnny is a two-fisted hitter with definite promise . . . . State champions in the various weight classes will be named in the near future, which should prove a boon to the game.

RESULTS—Ray Ingram drew with Eddie McGeever; Wilcy Rivera decisioned Jesse Villareal; Raphael Ezparza won over Jimmy McLaughlin; Pat Patton defeated Alex Cupiano; Ty Snuffer beat Huey Long; Natie Howard decisioned Tommy Smith; Elmer Ray decisioned Obie Walker; Mustang Garcia won over Joe Mendoza and later drew with Mendoza; Tiger Clance drew with Ray Smith; Steve Santana won over Burtis Fewox; Peachy Bertilino stopped Charlie Chance.

Manuel Azteca knocked out Sammy Musco and won over Wesley Pryor; George Silvas K.O.'ed Frankie Limon; Carlos Morales stopped Manuel Medina; Pete Abrego kayoed Romero Hernandez; Tommy Irwin stopped Jack Roberts; Eddie Ownby scored T.K.O. over Roy Beard via cut eye; Johnny Hale won from Charles Watkins; George Silvas decisioned Peachy Bertilino; Pete Abrego stopped Leo Montalvo; Obie Taylor beat Jack Young.

Paul Altman beat Carlos Morales; Peachy Bertilino and Ray Smith drew; Dixie Dean trimmed Vanilla Keyes; Louis Holmes flattened Eddie Oliver; Mustang Garcia defeated Chief Ramey; Johnny Hale stopped Frankie Castillo; Tommy Irwin beat Jack Roberts; Carlos Morales won over Benny Williams; Henry Fisher K.O.'ed Jack Young.

Paul Altman K.O.'ed Jimmy Valentine; Leon Foucart decisioned Bernie Peterson; Charles Surnson defeated Martin Flores; Danny Callier and Pete Sanchez drew; Louis Holmes decisioned Percy Thompson; Nick Camarata scored T.K.O. over Wesley Pryor; Wilcy Rivera K.O.'ed Chick Sanchez; Raphael Esparza beat Don Eddy; Pete Sanchez stopped Wayne Bolton; Natie Howard kayoed Houston Ross; Roy Beard scored T.K.O. over Leon Foucart, when Foucart sustained a broken hand; Owen Smith won from Bernie Peterson; Jack Rodriquez stopped Tarzan Fernandez; Vanilla Keyes beat Joe Fox.

At Abiline, where the "Battle of the Bums," as the proposed four-round exhibition between Tony Galento and Kingfish Levinsky was dubbed by the scribes, the fans saw both fighters, but not in fistic action. They appeared at a show which featured Babe Hunt and Joe Vandiver, but shot back at each other with wisecracks but not a single fighting gesture.

Babe Hunt retained his Texas heavyweight boxing title by taking a ten-round decision over Joe Vandiver.

MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

AT the Century Club's weekly offering, the fans were treated to a double wind-up, both set for ten rounds. In the first, Buddy Moore mixed it with Johnny Shkor, with Shkor looking great when he stopped Moore in the second heat. Johnny is a vastly improved fighter since his last appearance here, and with the proper coaching he is receiving from Johnny Buckley, he is destined to go a long way in the heavyweight ranks. The feature ten-rounder saw Slugger White and Frankie Wills battle ten hectic rounds that had the fans standing and cheering, first for one and then for the other. Frankie got off to a fast start with the Slugger figuring out some way to overcome a twelve-pound advantage that Wills had and used. The Slugger kept up a steady attack and kept boring in with both hands to the body. This soon had Wills a very tired battler. He grabbed and held at every opportunity with the Slugger trying to push him off and the referee having a time to break them. White was the master and carried off the duke. In a six, Kid Alexander won over Pee Wee Lewis in a hard-fought battle.

The Century Club presented Bob Montgomery and Manuel Villa II in a main go set for ten rounds. In the very first round a left hook sent Villa sprawling for a count of nine, only to get up and catch a right that downed him for the count. The fans didn't see much of the highly regarded Montgomery. The semi-final, a return go, saw Billy Banks win very easily over Jimmy Collins, only to have the decision called a draw. It was a weird verdict. In a six, Leon Hare was too much for Raymond Stewart. The referee halted proceedings in the fifth. Another poor decision was given in the opener between Pee Wee Lewis and Norman Fleming, in which, in the writer's viewpoint, Lewis won, only to have the verdict given to Fleming. This show drew over $4000.

The Century Club presented another double wind-up, each scheduled for ten rounds, in which the feature bout saw Red Burman hook up with Al Hart. Burman started right on his much heavier opponent and stopped him in the second heat. The second ten saw Manuel Villa I try to put a stop to the winning streak of Slugger White, but to no avail. The Slugger went right to work with his never-tiring style, and used both hands to the inside, with a right always finding its mark into Villa's mouth. Villa landed some telling blows also. In the sixth, a hard right cut a deep gash over Villa's eye and the referee stopped the fight.

In a six, Eddie Finnazzo avenged a former defeat when he won over Babe Scott, who put up a very listless fight. In another six, Pee Wee Lewis hooked up again with Norman Fleming. These lads went at it hammer-and-tongs right from the opening gong. In the second, Fleming sustained a very badly cut eye, and the commission doctor halted the slugfest.

At Washington's Griffith Stadium, Joe Turner and Gabe Menendez presented Bob Montgomery and Wishy Jones in a main go set for ten rounds. Bob scored easily. By the time the sixth round came around, both of Wishy's eyes were badly cut and the commission doctor halted the fray. Bob looked mighty good.

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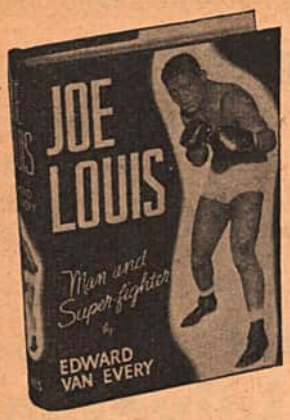

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BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

SANTIAGO SOSA, sterling Havana lightweight, made an uphill struggle to cop the judges' decision from Carl Guggino, U.S.A., in ten rounds of boxing and slugging. Guggino's left puzzled Sosa for three rounds, but after that, Sosa had things his own way. He scored a knockdown in the eighth round. Guggino made a last round rally, but the decision deservedly went to the Cuban lad. He is managed by Luis Gutierrez, who piloted Kid Chocolate to world's honors.

Baby Coullimber (real name Pablo Roca) featherweight champion of Cuba, made short work with Eddy de la Torre, scoring a knockout over the hard-punching Eddy in three rounds. This was Coullimber's third defense of his crown. Fermin Lopez, 131, won from Felipe Martinez, 128, in six rounds, and Juan Guerra easily defeated Ramon Saavedra in four. Raul Sanguily, 111¼, drew in four with Jose Luis Pena, 112¼.

Small Montana, Filipino flyweight, returned to Havana after showing his wares in Mexico, and drew in ten good rounds with Lorenzo Safora, the Cuban bantamweight champion. Montana showed his usual speed and cleverness, and won the plaudits of the customers. Enrique Rodea, 128, of Mexico, was stopped in the seventh round by Miguel Acevedo, Cuba, 123, and Roberto Martinez technically stopped Rogelio Oliver in the sixth and last round.

Luis Castillo, Mexico's dynamic flyweight, is expected to return to Havana soon. Castillo, on his home trip to Mexico, was given a reception, music and all. He is an idol with his countrymen. Soldier Serrano, 157½ was too good for Ramon Crespo, 157½, and won hands down in six rounds.

Lorenzo Safora, Cuba's bantamweight champion, scored a three round knockout over Cuban Baby Canzoneri in a titular contest at the Cristal Arena. Canzoneri had the champ on the floor in the first round, but could not keep him there. Safora is a clever boxer, and he showed his worth in his contests with Luis Castillo of Mexico, and Small Montana of the Philippines. Mario Hernandez, 133, won from Jose Ferrer, 135, in four hot rounds.

Kid Espinosita, Cuba's flyweight champion, successfully defended his crown against Chile Cantero. Cantero was stopped in the seventh round. Valeriano Duset, 117¾, drew with Mario Morales, 117½, in six rounds, and Diego Sosa, 118, stopped Sergio Napoles, 115, in the third. Lorenzo Collazo, 125, drew in four wild rounds with Jorge Estrada (Bulldog), 129.

Mario Baeza, 135, caused the biggest upset in years, when he scored a five round kayo over Pedro Martinez, 129¼. Martinez scored a nine count knockdown in the first round, but Baeza's weight and wallop proved a big factor. It now remains to be seen if this defeat will hinder the youngster who was coming along great. Angel Pino, 130¼, was winner over Luis Diaz, 130, and Reinaldo Puentipi, 127 won from Joe Armstrong, 127, in six rounds. Juan Villalba, 129¾, earned the judges' decision over Isidro Delgado, 129¾.

Adolfo Giz, 122, known as National Kid, scored a knockout in four rounds over Mario Diaz, 126. This National Kid certainly is an aggressive hard puncher.

Mexico has sent over some fine scrappers, Juan Zurita, Joe Gallardo and Enrique Roda. Zurita is Mexico's featherweight champion, and Gallardo 135 and Rodea, 126, are two hot scrappers. These boys will be seen in action soon.

Joe Legon, Cuba's popular welterweight champion is still without opponents. We think the National Sports Committee should import some good boxers for Joe, as he has never failed to give the customers a run for their money. How about it boys?

Luis Parga, Boxing Commissioner, reports that an amateur team from Mexico will arrive in July to meet a select Cuban team. This will stir up plenty of interest in amateur boxing for which we thank Parga.

Amateur Boxing Results: Cecilio Gilbert, 146, beat Joe Ferrer, 145; Pedro Calderon, 124, beat Conrad Quinto, 128; Juan Blanco, 156, kayoed Gabril Solis, 150; Ramon Cardenas, 85, beat Asuncion Acosta, 86; Genardo Estrada, 139 beat Santiago Crespo, 139; Mario Valdes, 101 beat Rob Rodriguez, 100; Julio Marrero, 97 beat Jose Martinez, 101; Carlos Valdes, 105 beat Gabriel Silvaje, 106; Pedro Martinez, 126 kayoed Juan Pastor, 126; Jose Sosa, 110 beat Jorge Grandall, 111; Rolando Delgado, 103 beat Joe San Ramon, 107; Julio Pedroso, 141¼ beat Raul Moreno, 142; Rodolfo Tolon, 107 beat Jose Lopez, 112; Adolfo Mendoza, 125 beat Rene Orta, 124½; Baby Chirino, 65, beat Rene Tejador, 67; Alfredo Barrio, 126 beat Efrain Lopez, 125; Martin Rivera, 136 beat Jesus Navarro, 131; Angel Hershey, 124 beat Jose Lopez Nunez, 126; Rafael Soria, 124 beat Luis Lage, 125; Jose Gomez, 71 beat Raul Valdes, 72; Carlos Casanova, 126 beat Jose Gonealez, 123; Rafael Diaz, 123 won from Evelio Torres, 126; Rolando Aguilar, 126 beat Pedro Penalver, 124; Chino Ofarril, 104 beat Robert Tolon, 105; Manuel Herrera, 115 beat Jose Lopez, 114; Alex Fuerte, 120 beat Miguel Caceres, 117; Rene Camacho, 110 beat Alfred Boliver, 110; Alberto Escobar, 96 beat Miguel Rodriguez, 95; Melquiades Diaz, 140 beat Roberto Alonso, 141; Hector Delgado, 124 beat Obdulio Crespo, 126; Miguel Pena, 113 beat Alberto Portu, 110; Venerando Soria, 131 beat Alberto Nunez, 130; Bebo Fernandez, 118 beat Rogelio Cespedes 118¼; Juan Pastor, 127 beat Gilberto Pinelas, 126; Armando Perez, 124 beat Manuel Gonzalez, 129; Alfredo Castro, 139 beat Rimigio Lugo, 138; Miguel Lorenzo, kayoed Francisco Martinez, 135; Frank Castellanos, 150 knocked out Juan Ferrer, 151.

Kid Chocolate was referee at the Marianao Oval, in a big benefit show, and what a hand he got! The Kid is boxing instructor at the National Boxing Academy.

Amateur fights are held Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, in Havana and Marianao, and looks like it'll take a long time to eliminate the large number of youngsters who are striving for supremacy. What a job.

WITH THE VIRGINIA PUGILISTS

By DAVID HARTMAN

RICHMOND, VA., presented its Annual Police Boxing Show at the City Stadium before a crowd of 10,000. In the feature, Richmond's rough and tough middleweight, Joey Spangler gave Georgie Abrams a slam-bang battle for 10 rounds, and though losing the decision, likable Joey stole the show with his great showing against a heavier and better rated opponent. Abrams proved just a bit too shifty for Joey, continually beating him to the punch, but he had to weather some stormy moments and was a tired boy when the bout ended.

In the co-feature, also scheduled for 10 rounds, Jimmy Webb, The Ring's Number 1 challenger for the light-heavyweight crown, stowed away Johnny (Bandit) Romero, battered ring veteran, in three heats. The California southpaw managed to make a scrap of it while it lasted, but handsome Jimmy's two-fisted attack put him down for the full count in that round.

Both Webb and Romero injured their right hands in the opening round of their scrap.

In the six-round prelims, Walter Roane decisioned Wilbert Reaves and Flash Lightning outpointed Charlie Harris. In fours, Gene Kieran of Quantico, Va., kayoed Eddie Fehler of Camp Lee, in the third round, and Cowboy Coates, of Norfolk, dropped Arne Jannssen of Camp Lee, in the second.

Jots and Jabs: Gene Tunney, Lieutenant Commander of the United States Naval Reserve and former heavyweight champion, occupied a seat just behind the press row at the Police Show. Other noted celebrities included Ken Overlin, ex-middleweight king (N. Y. and California version), General James E. Edmonds, commander of Fort Lee, and Bobby Cruickshank, noted golf pro.

NEW ZEALAND NEWS

By R. S. BELLENGER

THE glove game is still alive in New Zealand and they are getting some excellent houses for the class of match offering. Naturally, the prevailing conditions prevent the importation of overseas men, but we have a few here who are not of much class. However, this has been the means of giving some encouragement to the local boys.

Locals who have recently come into the spotlight include Vic Patrick, Billy Rainsbury, Kid Young, Al Basten and Ritchie Sands. Of these I expect to see Rainsbury go the furthest. Sands and Patrick depend almost entirely upon their punch, while Young takes everything to try to give twice as much back. Basten has been in and out of the game for some considerable time, so he is not really a newcomer.

The promoters have now turned their attentions to wrestling, so boxing will be again sidetracked for a few months. It is rather difficult to understand the reason for this, especially as boxing was just again finding favor with the public. The wrestlers run a season for three or four months, and then they disappear almost entirely, while it is possible to promote boxing for the whole twelve months. However, the promoters are supposed to know their way around!

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KENTUCKY NEWS
By JOE FRENCH

FREDDY POPE, classy young bantamweight star of Columbus, Ohio, made his third appearance in Louisville and scored another victory by stopping Doug Gibson, veteran Los Angeles featherweight, in the eighth round. Pope floored Gibson in the seventh frame for a count of four before stopping his opponent for good in the eighth round with terrific punches to head and body. Grady Flynn, a stablemate of Gibson, engaged in a rough eight-rounder with Gib Jones, Cincinnati light-heavy, in the semi-final spot. Flynn combined hard punching with clever boxing to win the decision after a hard-fought battle that saw both boys connecting with hard blows in the fifth session and hitting the canvas at the same time. Kenny Barrett, Louisville featherweight prospect, continued his winning streak by taking a decision over Buddy Kelly of Cincinnati in a six-round prelim.

The next Louisville boxing show was headlined by Woody Jones, tough and rugged puncher of Terre Haute, Ind., and Grady Flynn, young light-heavy, who earned top billing by his victory over Gib Jones. This bout went the full distance of ten rounds with Flynn winning the decision by a wide margin. Flynn handed Jones a two-fisted beating and floored the game Terre Haute tough boy for a nine-count in the seventh heat.

The semi-windup was a rough scrap between Marty Fields, veteran lightweight, and the speedy Jimmy Maddox. Fields began to get rough right at the start and continued punching away at Maddox after the bell had ended the first round. Mr. Fields continued to get rougher and Maddox quickly put a finish to this by smashing Fields to the canvas in the third session and dropping him two more times in the fourth before the bout was stopped and awarded to Jimmy on a T.K.O. Punching Kenny Barrett, local featherweight, was outweighed eight pounds by his opponent, Buddy Kelly of Cincinnati, but floored the Cincy scrapper four times to win a six-round decision. In another mixer, Tommy Campbell, blond Atlanta welterweight, forced the fight all the way to decision Buddy Wright of Dayton, Ohio.

Wishy Jones, a few years ago Louisville's outstanding lightweight star, met Bob Montgomery, the Philadelphia Negro ace and THE RING's sixth ranking welter, at Washington, D. C. Montgomery won on a fifth-round T.K.O. when the referee halted the contest due to bad cuts over the eyes of Jones.

WITH THE SOCKERS AND THEIR SKIPPERS—Sonny Brentz, busy Louisville featherweight, who is fighting in New York rings, was named as the best 126-pound prospect in August issue of THE RING . . . . The fight club at New Albany, Indiana, has closed down as the promoters have been unable to find a suitable outdoor location for the summer . . . . One of the most polite boxers you would ever care to meet is Jimmy Maddox, the Oklahoma lightweight, who is now making his home here . . . . Jimmy is a fine fellow, both inside and outside of the ring, and a fighter who really fights . . . . Charley Jones of Louisville, who pilots Sammy Angott, N. B. A. lightie king, was in Columbus, Ohio, to work in the corner of Freddy Pope in his fight with Cleveland Brown . . . . Pope is the latest addition to the Jones stable . . . . Stiffy Williams, Dixie fight pilot, plans to form a new stable of boxers and is looking for fighters of all weights . . . . contact him at 205 Leak Street, Cartersville, Ga.

The writer is again back at 1015 Tenth Street, Jeffersonville, Indiana . . . . we would be interested in a position of publicity writer for a fight club and will handle publicity for any club in any city, large or small, if terms are satisfactory . . . . Promoters interested may contact us at the above address . . . . Grady Flynn, clever and hard-hitting light-heavy under the banner of J. J. Kelly, is rapidly becoming a favorite with the local fans . . . . Jack Lofthouse of Peoria, Illinois, is looking for Mid-West action for his colored featherweight ace, Dickie Wells.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

DESPITE the loss to Billy Conn at Pittsburgh, Buddy Knox, the Dayton heavyweight, leads the parade of punchers in Southern Ohio for the current session. One cannot overlook Oscar Menachoff's big boy in recent weeks. Following Buddy's 10-round decision win over Wallace Cross at Newark, N. J., on June 23 Buddy went to Providence, Rhode Island, where Knox crashed over a knockout in seven rounds over Lorenzo Pack of Detroit.

It seems as though Knox hits certain spurts and when he is right, we'll say Buddy is a fine fighter.

Cincinnati came in for its share of top fight honors when on the night of June 9th at the Crosley Field, Ken Overlin won a 10-round decision over Cincinnati's own Ezzard Charles. In the semi-final, Dodo Woods repeated an eight-round verdict over Hershel Joiner.

Cincinnati, thanks to Promoter Becker and the Cincinnati newspapers, is rapidly regaining a foothold in fisticuffs.

On June 17 at Columbus, Ohio, Tony Shucco of Boston, weighing 183 pounds, again won a 10-round decision over Buddy Walker, 194 pounds, of the Capitol City. One thing can be said of Walker—he always stands ready to fight the tops in the heavyweights.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Jack Moran, former fighter, promoter and manager and president of a torch lighter concern, told this writer he may return to the game as a manager . . . . Jack can be reached through this writer at 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . this address also available for those promoters, managers and independent fighters interested in my fight flash service which is only one dollar per year . . . . complete information to all who write in . . . . this address can also be used for amateurs, as I have something which might interest you . . . . I would also like to hear from fighters of all weights, who have no managerial connections . . . . Benny Becker is now pointing toward a match between Al Gilbert of Washington and Ez Charles . . . . nice match, Benny . . . . Less Huffman of Columbus reports that his two good battlers, Mickey Goodwin and Jackie Carpenter, are ready to go, along with the junior welter champion, Jackie Taylor.

Johnny Mack, erstwhile Cincinnati boxer and wrestler, may make a tour of the southwestern states, where he should make a hit on the wrestling pad . . . . Matchmaker Ralph Smith of Galveston is after Jack Trammell for Elmer Ray in the Tex-town . . . . Lloyd Pine, former junior light champion, lost a hard one to Chalky Wright at Wilkes Barre . . . . Joe French of Jeffersonville, Indiana, and Ray Heling of West Allis, Wis., are two of the best of the younger cream of fight managers . . . . Ralph Ressinger of Portsmouth, Ohio, is one of the most capable third men in southern Ohio . . . . Walter Melrose of Los Angeles and one of the leading managers in the country, has what you would call a second Henry Armstrong in Jackie Wilson, a colored lightweight . . . . when the California Commission names a man welter and lightweight champion and only weighing 135 pounds, and earned it by fighting, well, you have something.

This writer is helping to organize the American Federation of Boxing. This organization is strictly for those interested in boxing, promoters, managers, sport editors and fans alike. It is the aim of the Federation to secure closer harmony between promoters and managers all over the country. The A.F.B. is not an outlaw organization. It is open for any boxing person to join. A.F.B. is American through and through and it looks to THE RING magazine as a guide in many of its principles. To date, many of the leading boxing names are enrolled as members.

This writer will be glad to furnish any information regarding the A.F.B.

Lloyd Pine of Barberton, Ohio, regarded in Ohio as the junior lightweight champion, lost at Wilkes Barre, Pa., to Chalky Wright of Los Angeles.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI
By ROBERT D. DANA

THE elevation to the chairmanship of the Missouri Athletic Commission of Mr. A. G. Heyne made the most important pugilistic news in this sector. Little is known of Heyne in sports circles as he has not been active thereabouts before, though he has an athletic background. A lawyer, Heyne succeeds a pair of bankers.

The retiring chairman, Col. John J. Griffin, leaves the incoming commission with an ample deficit, which though not entirely of his own making, was largely the result of boxing inactivity in Missouri during the Colonel's tenure. And it was our belief that Griffin was culpable in this regard. Unless you have promoters, there is small chance of having any boxing. For one reason or another, Griffin saw fit to discourage both Pete Febro in St. Louis and Gabe Kaufman in Kansas City.

Though there is nothing concrete to report this month, the situation looks more encouraging for boxing here than at any time since Russell Murphy and Frank Foss rang down the curtain on our Golden Age of boxing, brief, albeit brisk—both amateur and professional. We predict that there will be boxing activity among both the pros and simon pures starting almost any day, if the new prexy will play ball with all. Ollie Russo and the Slaughters may be expected to return to their amateur shows and don't be surprised if Benny Greenberg and Pete Fabro return to the wars. Yes, prospects are very encouraging, very encouraging. What's more maybe we'll have something to put in this space from now on. Who knows?

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IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By HARRY MANSBACH

MEADOWBROOK BOWL'S opening card showed a classy exhibition of expert fighting with Louis "Kid" Cocoa, Puerto Rican facing Norman Rubio, Albany mauler. Cocoa Kid dropped Rubio in the 3rd also damaging both his eyes badly. Rubio rallied in the latter rounds but could not overcome the lead that the Cocoa Kid had piled up. The crowd was well pleased with Referee Gene Romans' decision favoring the Kid. Dynamite Daniels, Newark T.K.O'd Pat Celli, N. Y., in the fourth round, after flooring him in the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th rounds.

Al Bryant, one of the toughest and most sensational lightweight fighters of a few years back, is trying to enter the services of Uncle Sam as a boxing instructor.

Red Cochrane, welterweight contender scored a 3 round K.O. over Frankie Fariello of New York at Long Branch. The finishing punch was a right to the stomach. Fariello was a last minute substitute for Savvy Tauriello. In the semi-final, Dynamite Daniels, 120, Newark, stopped Dave Russell of Philadelphia.

George Gunther has a heavyweight Bob Smith, a former Golden Glove champ from Detroit. He appears to be one of the most feared fighters around these parts, and can't seem to get any fights. Recently defeated Jack Trammell in Florida.

A rejuvenated Allie Stolz, 132, Newark K.O.'d Joe Marinelli, 130, of Dayton, Ohio, who was counted out in 1:38 seconds of the seventh round at Meadowbrook Field, Newark. Fresh from a victory over Terry Young, undefeated New Yorker, Stolz showed the class he possessed before he was taken ill over a year ago. Vinnie Vines, knocked out Buck Streator of Philly in 1:36 of the sixth frame. This was Vines' first Newark appearance since his nose was broken by Phil Furr some months ago.

Commisisoner Abe J. Greene may be well compensated for the wonderful work he has done for boxing around the metropolitan area. He has been named as a possible candidate for the presidency of the N. B. A.

The writer's address is 37 Arlington Street, Newark, N. J. Inquiries will be answered if letters include a self-addressed stamped envelope. I. Q. Gross, former conductor of this column has taken a leave of absence and is handling publicity for the Shelborne Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida. He may be reached there.

Buddy Knox, Dayton Ohio heavyweight, pounded out a 10 round decision over Wallace Cross, former National A. A. U. champ. Cross knocked Knox down for a count in the early rounds, but failed to take advantage of his opportunity. Cross's loss was mainly due to inexperience. Steve Hostek, 154, Newark, drew with Bunky Wall, of Morristown in a well fought six round semi-final contest. Dan Rosati, 147, Newark scored a K.O. over Frank Pompino of Orange. Mickey Adamick, 133, of N. Y., protege of Eddie Borden of The Ring, did a showy job in technically stopping Ted Jankowski, in 2:52 of the first round.

Some of the N. J. fighters now in the services of Uncle Sam are Frank Poreda, Col. Nat Arno, Frankie Zamoris, Allie Wolfe, Al Devito and Charlie Schnaupauf.

Tippy Larkin, 138 Garfield gunner, technically knocked out Freddie Archer, 136½ in one minute and 22 seconds of the first round at Meadowbrook Bowl. Larkin threw more than 25 lefts and rights to the face and head of Archer, who went down with his head banging the canvas. The rest of the card was well rounded out. Although Meadowbrook Bowl has been cut in half of its size and seating capacity, due to a housing project, the fight drew receipts of $5401.85.

Frank Poreda, of Jersey City now in the Navy under Gene Tunney's guidance at Jacksonville, Florida. For the first time in the service he fought Jose Fonseca, Mexican Heavyweight Champion and scored a three round K.O. Fonseca had won most of his fights via the K.O. route, with 23 straight wins out of 25.

New Jersey boxing has been flourishing, and can still use ambitious, experienced and worthy boxers from other states. Fighters without managerial contracts can obtain fights here by writing Harry Mansbach, 37 Arlington Street, Newark, N. J. Boxers who write must be willing to pay their own traveling expenses, have no signed contracts with managers at the present time and must enclose their complete fight records, clippings and self-addressed stamped envelopes for replies.

Eddie Alexander, promising 19 year old light-heavyweight from Hamburg who has been in this country a little more than a year, has really an added incentive to fight for now. His mother arrived in this country from Germany a few weeks ago, and his father arrived here some months ago. Alexander is under the management of Sam Rose, and has been doing very well around New Jersey rings.

At Municipal Stadium, New Brunswick, Joe "Butch" Lynch, 160, of Plainfield and Jack Kenny, 160, Livingston, fought a slashing 6 round draw before a good sized crowd. It appeared that Lynch had the edge all the way, but Referee Paul Cavalier rendered the draw decision which was fairly well taken. In the supporting six, Joe Herman, 132, Newark, was T.K.O.'d due to a severe cut over the eye by Frankie Archie, 128, of Raritan, fifth round. Herman was ahead until the mishap. Kid Mack, 158 New Brunswick was knocked out in 1:45 seconds of the first round by Frankie Jones of Kenville. Referee Hymie Kugal ordered that Macks' purse be held, due to the poor showing he gave. Tony Papa, 132, won a four round bout over Jackie Savage.

Dynamite Daniels, sensational Newark featherweight, who was nosed out of the Golden Glove finals, has won seven of the eight professional fights by the K.O. route.

WISCONSIN NEWS
By MATT DOUGHERTY

GUY SEREAN, a young, two-fisted, rugged fighter from the Coast, invaded Milwaukee and put an end to Phil Zwick's winning streak by beating the Kaukauna veteran in a lively ten-round skirmish. Phil looked like a winner in the early rounds as he kept Serean at long range with his left hand and banged over an occasional hard right to the head. He came close to scoring a knockout in the fifth when he caught his youthful opponent with several sharp right hands, but Guy rallied and from the sixth on took the play away from his tiring rival. Serean crowded Zwick into the ropes and punished him severely in the final rounds.

Savior Canadeo, former C.Y.O. and Golden Gloves champion, now making Milwaukee his home, displayed his finesse in the semi-windup and lifted Indian Billy Lee's state welter crown in an interesting bout. Lee forced the fighting and kept Canadeo in retreat most of the way. Savior let his sharpshooting left do all the work and peppered the Indian with jabs and hooks to gain the referee's nod.

Jimmy Pierce met his best foe to date in Dick Demaray, the southpaw clouter from Dakota, and managed to eke out a close victory. Demaray floored Pierce with a left to the body in the opening round and had James in bad shape. Pierce made a neat recovery, however, holding Demaray off with left jabs and shaking him up occasionally with hard right hands to the head. The decision was unpopular.

In the main prelim, Billy Parsons lost to Matt Dougherty. Matt Mihalovich outscored Billy Reardon, Chicago, in four fast rounds. The lead in this contest changed repeatedly, first one and then the other scoring decisively. Matt wound up with the best work.

Don Wallenfang, Ray Heling's national Diamond Belt champ, turned in his best performance by stopping Frank Pintaro in the third. Pintaro piled up points with a fine left jab, but left his chin open and Wallenfang scored with hard right hands and dropped Pintaro twice. The referee halted the bout. In the opener, Leo Rocco, pudgy Chicago lightweight, stopped Duane Schwartz in the first.

On the strength of his previous showings, Savior Canadeo was given the top spot at the Auditorium. Referee Julius Fidler seized upon the occasion to make local boxing history by declaring his bout with Pat Carroll of Detroit a draw, rendering the worst decision that can be found on file in the Wisconsin records.

Canadeo won seven of the eight rounds and handed Carroll a fancy lacing in the bargain. When Carroll became over-anxious in the second, Canadeo went to work and floored Carroll for nine. Again in the fourth Canadeo had his opponent in trouble with hefty left and right hooks to the body. Carroll let a busy head work for him in the fifth and sixth and cut both of Canadeo's eyes. Savior kept his left hand in Carroll's face most of the time and connected periodically with a sharp right punch to Carroll's whiskers. The seventh round was even and Canadeo finished strongly to leave no doubt as to the winner. The fans voiced their disapproval of the decision.

In another eight, Pat Murphy of Youngstown, Ohio, took a beating from Jim Pierce in the first and then lowered the boom on his opponent when Pierce got careless in the second. A terrific right swing caught James entirely unprepared and he fell forward colder than a West Allis winter, to be counted out.

Jimmy McCormack of Detroit made a courageous display but found Indian Billy Lee too much to handle in another scheduled eight. McCormack took a count in every round until the referee stopped the bout in the fourth.

Jimmy Parks, Gary Negro, pulled a surprise by chilling Matt Mihalovich in the first round. Parks came out with a relentless attack and uncorked a hard right that had Matt in trouble. Matt went down under a flurry of punches and managed to pull himself up but was in no shape to continue. Doll Rafferty scored over a poor opponent in Leo Rocco of Chicago, stopping him with a light right in the first. Don Wallenfang drew a puzzler in Jerry Pitrow of Chicago, but boxed nicely to take down a clean decision.

FROM THE PRESS ROW—Outside the state: Frankie Pintaro, Tait Littman's very promising protege, won over veteran Chuck Vickers and beat Ray Carmes at Chicago. Johnny Roszina scored a good win over Mike Sopko at Marigold. Sopko was undefeated in twelve starts. Also at Marigold, Annunzio Ferraro kayoed Jim Santora in three, and Doll Rafferty beat Mickey Grod. Billy Pierce lost to Jack Hill in a close fight.

By decisively trouncing Carroll, Savvy Canadeo showed that he will give the leading welters plenty of trouble . . . . Guy Serean's manager, Eddie McKenna, is a showman of the first water and stirred up plenty of interest in his protege. Serean would be welcomed back here at any time . . . . Jimmy Demetral, Madison matman and impresario, plans to run in the Capitol City shortly.

Seen at Cleveland—Youthful Joe Maxim and Clay Rowan working out for coming contests. Maxim is a light-heavy and one of the best prospects in the Middle West.

At Columbus, O., Freddie Pope, who was with Eddie Stanton on the Coast last summer, is now under the tutelage of Charley Jones.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By RAY M. TODD

PAT COMISKEY of Paterson, N. J., stopped Willie Ritchie of Lubbock, Tex., via the T.K.O. in the first round at Jake Mintz's Hickey Park Bowl. Ritchie was sent to the canvas on three occasions and had his lip cut so severely Referee Red Robinson intervened at the final knockdown and awarded the bout to Comiskey. Comiskey weighed 215 pounds and Ritchie came in at 205 pounds. Johnny Dean of New Castle beat Joe Rivers in the six-round semi-final only to have the officials disagree and call the affair a draw. Dean, who suffered a deep gash under the left eye, weighed 175, and Rivers came in at 172½.

Jimmy Franklin, 160, of Homestead won the decision after six heats with Bobby Berry of Cleveland. Berry suffered a cut eye in the third round. He weighed 159. Tommy Yarosz of Monaca, 153, won by T.K.O. in the fifth round with Mark (Jitterbug) Lockman of the Hill. Yarosz suffered a badly cut left optic in the third round. Lockman weighed 152. Sammy Parotto of the Hill trounced Billy Miller of Alliance, O., in the four-round opener. Parotto weighed 133, and Miller 132. The show drew a gross of $1,678.

Harry Bobo won by T.K.O. in the fourth over Mike Alfano of New York. This was a scheduled ten-round main bout at Hickey Park that drew $1,854. Bobo scored three knockdowns before Referee Al Grayber wisely stopped the affair. Bobo weighed 202 and Alfano, 211. Tony Cira of Bloomfield got the nod after six rounds with Bearcat Jones of the Hill. Cira weighed 237 and Jones came in at 183. It was Cira's fight all the way. Otto Blackwell, 146, of Homestead beat Eddie Guerra, 153¾, then stopped the New Yorker in the third. Sammy Parotto trounced Billy Miller of Alliance, O., in six. It was a good fight. Both weighed 130. George Clark and Ray Harris put on a sizzling four-round opener with Clark the victor. Harris weighed 154 and Clark, 158.

Curtis Sheppard, local heavy, repeated his victory over Lee Q. Murray in ten at Hickey Park. Sheppard scored six knockdowns and won the bout handily. The loser weighed 199 and Sheppard came in at 182.

Jimmy Franklin trounced Freddie Lenn in six. This was Franklin's second pro affair. Both are local boys. Franklin weighed 161 and Lenn came in at 159. Popeye Donaldson scored a kayo in the second round of a six-rounder over Mike Gambois. Donaldson weighed 142 with the loser coming in at 146. Both are local lads. Frankie Hammer, 181, of Los Angeles, scored an easy T.K.O. over Johnny Flynn of Rochester, N. Y. A deep gash on the nose caused Referee Ernie Sesto to halt the affair in the second. Hammer weighed 181 and Flynn came in at 193. Tony Cira of Bloomfield kayoed Lee Terry, Hill Negro, with a smashing right to the chin in the opener. Cira weighed 241 and Terry, 181½.

Jimmy Bivins, Cleveland clouter, upset the dope by easily defeating Curtis Sheppard in ten rounds at Hickey Park. Bivins weighed 176½ and Sheppard, 174. Frankie Hammer, 180, of Los Angeles, scored a decision in eight over Bearcat Jones, 183. A very good six-rounder saw Beauford Glover of Cleveland score a clean-cut victory over Jackie Adragna of Homestead. Both weighed 152 pounds. Bobby Comerene, 138, dropped a six-round decision to Buddy Samuels. Samuels weighed 136. The opener saw Mimie Adragna and Sammy Parotta battle to a standstill in six.

Any information regarding the fight game will be obtained but only if you enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. My address is 1208 Lower Meadow Avenue, Charleroi, Pa.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT ALLENTOWN—Billy Speary, popular Nanticoke featherweight battler, appeared here in the ten-round featured encounter, opposing Johnny Marcelitie of Philadelphia. Speary won the decision of the two judges while the referee cast his ballot in favor of a "draw" verdict. This was Speary's first bout since his ten-round defeat at the hands of Mike Raffa. Speary's superior boxing skill gained the decision of the judges.

In the other bouts on the Speary-Marceline show, Lou Bolish of Coplay kayoed Charlie Collins of Philadelphia in three rounds; Andey Derr of Allentown beat Cal Seralta of New Mexico in six; Lee Schnieder of Allentown stopped Angelo Neccoli of Philly; while in the opener Freddy Domico stopped Frankie Dom in two heats.

At Johnstown—In the two bouts featuring the main event and the semi-final, two Hard Coal Region lads opposed two scrappers from the Soft Coal Belt. The two Hard Coal Region boys were Jimmy Young, Italian light-heavyweight from Dunmore, and Stanley Mrak, welterweight from Wilkes-Barre. Young opposed Teddy Yarosz, one-time middleweight boss, in the ten-round main bout. The decision went to Yarosz, after both boys displayed skillful boxing, which was mostly left jabbing. Benny Leonard, (retired) undefeated lightweight, refereed this bout. The decision was unanimous in favor of Yarosz.

In the semi-final of six rounds Tommy Yarosz, brother of Teddy's, won the verdict over Stanley Mrak. This bout was packed with action and a thriller throughout. While the verdict went to Tommy Yarosz, the plaudits went to Mrak, who kept tossing leather until the final gong sounded. This show was sponsored by the Milk Fund Committee of Johnstown. Eddie McCloskey, Jr., arranged the matches, which were to everyone's satisfaction. The writer of this column took in the show, which attracted a net gate of twenty-four hundred dollars.

A BIT FOR ALL—Bill McDade, Wilkes-Barre promoter, accompanied Stanley Mrak to Johnstown for his battle with Tommy Yarosz . . . . Ray Foutts, popular fight pilot, has added "Irish" Bobby Berry, Cleveland middleweight, to his list of battlers . . . . Lou Murphy, Scranton lightweight, is now working in a defense factory in Bridgeport . . . . Look for boxing to "boom" in the Anthracite Region . . . . Gene Pinter, McAdoo middleweight, will play the featured role around Hazleton way, as an attraction . . . . THE RING is on sale at most newsstands throughout the country . . . . The team of John McDade and Howard Burton is planning "big things" for the indoor season . . . . Jimmy Young issues a challenge at the leading light-heavyweights . . . . THE RING can be purchased at Spec's Book Shop, corner Wyoming Ave. and Linden St.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

VERY little in boxing to report from our state the past month. For towns where business is booming, our cities are certainly in tough shape, when they can't put over boxing shows.

While the past month was very dead around here, next month should provide more action. A bout between "Rough Roscoe" Toles and Al Delaney, good Canadian heavyweight from Windsor, is in the making. Two different promoters want this bout.

While nobody boxed here, lads campaigning out of this section kept busy in other towns. Sammy Secreet, Newcastle, Pa., welterweight, who has headquartered here the past eight months, made a good bid for fistic fame by outpointing Milt Aron in a Marigold Garden headliner in Chicago. Two weeks later, however, Aron reversed things by getting Sammy the "hard way" in five rounds.

Harvey Dubs, "The Windsor Spitfire," lightweight prodigy, continued his winning way by defeating tough Jimmy Tygh in a Chicago bout.

Chuck Robinson is back in training, after a short vacation due to injured hands. This heavyweight has a world of ability coupled with terrific punching power, and if he can get going on the right foot, should amount to something.

"Busy Bobby" McIntire turned up in the Queensboro Arena in New York, and battled the great Chalky Wright in a thriller before a packed house. Bobby was dropped in the first, and the bout took on earmarks of a waterfront brawl when Wright hit the deck in the second. The "break" of the fight came in the second when McIntire's left eye was cut, and from then on it was just a matter of time. Wright used the eye as a target and it was closed tight when Referee Steve Hamas halted the bout in 2 minutes and 56 seconds of the fifth round.

Of interest to boxing fans might be a little dope about local boys now in the service of Uncle Sam. Eddie Kozole, former National Amateur champion, and a good southpaw lightweight, is now Sgt. Ed Kozole, if you please. Joe Knight, who was a popular preliminary boy until hand injuries forced him out is a Corporal in the Field Artillery. A few others in the service are Johnny Kardis, Joe Pasiuk, Ed Bogart, and Bynum Moss.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

JACK HERMAN'S wrestling season is over, insofar as indoor shows are concerned. The crafty Jack may take a chance at a couple of big open-air carnivals if he can get the right matches. Ed (Don) George, who beat Bill Hansen in his last local appearance, might take on The Angel (Maurice Tillet) under the lights at the stadium. Last year this pair drew a large crowd and a bumper gate. Herman plans many surprises and a lot of new faces for the mat business during 1941-42.

HERE AND THERE—Ike Klipfel, veteran timekeeper, confesses to 77 years . . . . Ike has the quick mind of a man of 40 and is one of the best liked sport figures in these parts . . . . Jack Singer is hunting high and low for new fistic talent . . . . No one can tell the loquacious and portly manager that boxing won't come back with a bang . . . . Tommy Moore, the smart little fellow who has staged pro boxing in Jamestown for over twenty years, will positively get going again this fall . . . . Moore's word is his bond and he knows boxing from A to Z . . . . Billy McCarney says there is nothing wrong with boxing that wouldn't be cured quickly with another Jack Dempsey . . . . Bill declares that good talent is certain to crop up with so many youths boxing at Army training camps.

Good boxers of all weights desiring to locate in Buffalo should write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers should be free from managerial contracts and alliances.

Gus Dorazio, the Philadelphia buzzsaw, gave Clarence Jones, Negro, one of the worst shellackings ever meted out in a Buffalo ring on June 12 in a bout which, despite its one-sidedness, was a pippin for action. Jones put up a good battle but Dorazio was too good for him.

Dorazio may never be able to lick Joe Louis or top-flight heavies, but he is a dynamic fighter, a crowd pleaser, and one well worth booking anywhere. He is managed by Billy McCarney, one of the smartest mentors in the fight business. The Dorazio-Jones match was staged by Promoter Charlie Murray at the Memorial Auditorium and a good crowd turned out for the melee. The entire card of bouts provided fireworks, and more attractions on this order will soon have the fight fans interested again.

Joey Pirrone, that "punching fool" from Cleveland, added another victory to his local list when he stopped Harris Blake, Buffalo colored boy, in the second round. Pirrone looks like an embryo champion—if he isn't rushed.

Other bouts on the cards resulted as follow: Bernie Miller, New York, whipped Henry Claypool, Cleveland, six rounds; Rudy Zorich, 169, beat Gene Pinter, Syracuse, 163, six rounds; Rudy Spain scored a technical knockout over Norm Cardaro in the opener.

Officials were: Referee, Jimmy Goodrich; judges, Bill Meyers and Harry McCoy; timer, Ike Klipfel; announcer, Bob Kliment.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Jackie Donovan is home for the hot months and has gone to work . . . . Jackie hopes to harden up and at the same time give himself a little mental vacation from the fight game . . . . If you don't think the boxing business is in the doldrums, just take a peep at Bert Finch playing pinocle on his front porch . . . . Finch, the perennial night hawk and man-about-town, now domesticated, clearly demonstrates the changes the boxing slump have brought . . . . All kidding aside, Uncle Bertram will surprise a few next fall when he branches out with a new gym and a stable of youngsters . . . . Buffalo is too good a boxing town to remain on the sidelines much longer.

Jack O'Brien writes from St. Mary's Pa., that John Henry Thomas, Negro lightweight, is a corking scrapper . . . . O'Brien says Thomas will carve a name for himself if given the opportunity . . . . It is likely that the colored star will soon get a chance to fight in Buffalo . . . . The Crescent A. A., Inc., will get going next fall and big league shows are in line for this city . . . . Charlie Murray's Queensberry Club will probably stage one or two cards during the summer if Murray can arrange worthwhile attractions . . . . Big Boy Brackey is around Lackawanna again after a trip to California . . . . The heavyweight boxer would like to turn wrestler and take on K.O. Koverly of Jack Herman's behemoth herd . . . . The much-talked-of shakeup among officials of the state athletic commission has not taken place . . . . Five judges and four referees are too many for Buffalo with boxing shows staged so infrequently.

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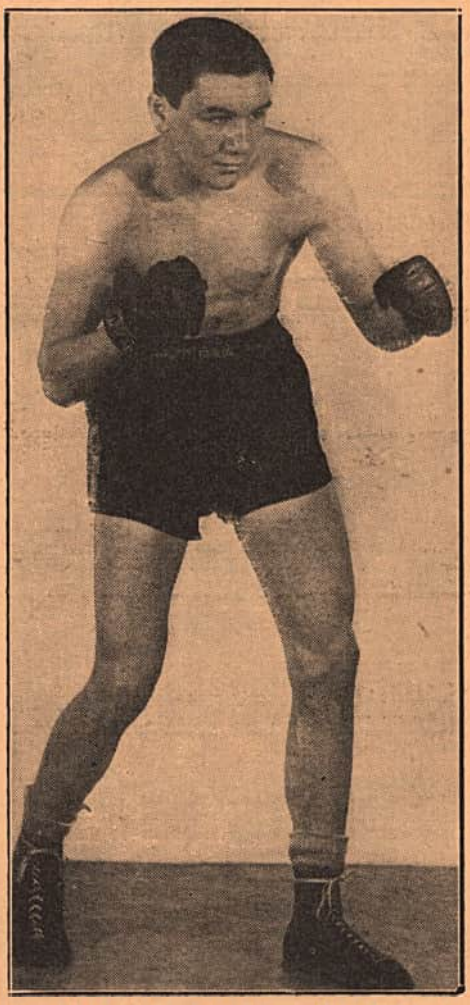

Tami Mauriello, who is rapidly forging to the front as a light-heavyweight.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

BOOKER BECKWITH, the middle West's outstanding light-heavyweight, took a crack at another pugnacious heavyweight and this time stopped the much heralded Nash Garrison from Los Angeles, California—Booker ended hostilities before a minute and a half of the opening fray had elapsed.

In all, Garrison threw but three punches. A lightning-like left-hook to the Mexican's midriff set him up for the final crushing blow—a piston-like right hand shot that dropped the west-coast heavy for keeps, at Bill Rand's inaugural outdoor production.

In the semi ten rounder, Nick Castiglione, West Side Italian lightweight, won a surprise verdict over the capable and leading 135-pound challenger, Leo Rodak—Rodak made the mistake of letting Castiglione set the pace and doing the leading and finally when Rodak opened up on his spurts were not of sufficient duration to enable him to annex the decision.

Quentin "Baby Face" Breese, rough and rugged Kansas belter, took a thrilling ten round decision over Chief Crazyhorse, or otherwise known as Frankie Martin. Breese hammered the Chief to the canvas on two occasions for short counts.

The concluding match had Altus Allen, dynamic sepia clouter and Bill Petersen strike it out in their bout slated for eight rounds. For two rounds both gladiators scored heavily but in the third and final round, Allen scored a heavy barrage of terrific blows that chilled Petersen stiff.

In a four rounder, Jimmy Joyce, brother of the well known Willie Joyce and protege of Duke Calloway, beat Ronald Born, Granite City speedster.

Sammy Secreet, 21-years-old Cannonsburg, Pa., 152-pounder, astonished the railbirds as well as Milt Aron, when he beat Aron in 10 hard-fought rounds.

Billy Marquart, seasoned Wippipeg, Manitoba lightweight walloper, took the measure of Quentin "Baby Face" Breese, at the end of ten stormy sessions. Both contestants roughed it up aplenty and a low blow landed by Breese proved costly in the final point summation.

And in still another ten round conflict on this card, Johnny Colan, a great prospect, made it two-in-a-row over the aggressive Frank McBride by a ten round kayo.

In an eight round joust, Willie Joyce, won a sizzling glove whirl from the sturdy Nick Castiglione.

In the opening fracas, Billy Seward of Ingomar, Mont., scored a one round knockout over Floyd K.O. Hagen, of St. Paul, Minn.

Harvey Dubs, elongated Windsor, Ontario boxer, pounded out a triumph over Jimmy Tygh, who was declared the loser at the end of ten furious rounds. In the five round semi-windup Jack Hill, Bloomington middleweight, won a clean cut victory over Billy Pierce, classy Milwaukee middleweight. And in the four rounders Tito, "Swing man" Taylor, Southside welter, repeated over Bobby Berger, Northsider. Doll Rafferty, Milwaukee lightweight colored terror, won over Micky Grod, Westside, and Annunzio Ferraro, another "Brewery City" antagonist, earned a decisive verdict over Jimmy Santora, lightweight.

Boxing will start again in Hammond at the Civic Center, where yours truly's connection is that of a publicity agent—Fisticuffs will be presented semi-monthly in the outdoor setup, which is adjacent to the Civic Center Building. Rain or shine, the program will always be in progress, as the seating accommodations will be in readiness in the Building.—Just in case?

Milt Aron reversed the tables on Sammy Secreet in a return bout when he stowed Secreet away in five rounds. This time Milt tore in relentlessly, and showed real merit.

In the eight round semi, Johnny Barbara, after a long layoff, won the unanimous decision over Jack Hill, a young pro recruit. And in an additional match scheduled for the same distance, Floyd K.O. Hagen of St. Paul, Minn., stopped Bud Cottey, Indianapolis, in the second frame.

Frank Pintero, Milwaukee, Wisconsin lightweight, beat Chuck Vickers, Indiana youngster and Johnny Balmer, Peoria, Ill. welterweight, outpointed Johnny Williams of Danville, Ill.

Sam Morris, a bronze bomber that possesses a potent kick in either hand, arrived back in Chicago from a successful tour in the South—Morris engaged in seven contests in and around Clearwater, Florida and scored six victories and had one draw. Promoters, should you desire this sterling heavyweights' service, contact Joe Kniff, in care of the Trafton's gymnasium.

On the Phil Zwick and Guy Serean featherweight program held at Milwaukee, Wis., Savior Canadeo, a former Golden Glove and C.Y.O. welterweight champion, was very impressive in his decisive victory over the rugged Indian campaigner, Indian Billy Lee— Canadeo took down the six round verdict with plenty to spare—Canadeo has class.

And in a four rounder, Bill Reardon, Chicago lightweight lost to Matt Mihilovich.

Leo Rodak one of Chicago's two outstanding lightweight challengers—the other being Davey Day, gave Armando Sicilia, a boxing lesson in ten frames, in their glove-spat at Indianapolis, Indiana.

Joe Ghnouly, aging but still capable St. Louis 138-pounder, had a severe task on his hands before he was able to beat Al Dorlac, also of St. Louis, Mo., eight rounds.

Tito Taylor, busy South Side welter colored boy, won a split decision over the rugged Jess Ackerman in eight.

Bill Petersen, heavy-hitting Indiana Harbor, Ind. 202-pounder stopped "Irish" Dan Dowling, from St. Louis, Mo., in the opening session. And Johnny Trotter, local light-heavyweight biffer, won handily from the durable Buddy Rose, Sarasota, Fla. 165-pounder in eight.

Jess Darcy, well known fight mentor, who handles the reigns of Nick Castiglione, has an amateur heavyweight, who weighs around 210-pounds and stands 6 ft. 6 inches in height.

Johnny Colan, Paul Damski's middleweight charge, chalked up another impressive accomplishment in his brief fistic span here in Chicago. Colan, opposed the sensational Johnny Trotter, younger brother of Orlando, and stopped him in the ninth round. Up until the eighth round, Trotter had a shade.

Leonard Bennett, Detroit, Mich. welterweight kayo artist, chilled Chuck Vickers of Indianapolis, Ind., in the opening stanza. And Lee Oma of Detroit, stopped Lou Campbell, Southside heavyweight in the second round.

Johnny Rozina, middleweight from Milwaukee, surprised with his four round conquest over Mike Sopko of Indiana Harbor, Indiana, and Frank Pintero, also of Milwaukee, knocked out Ray Carmes of Indianapolis, Ind., in round two.

Attention fighters: Any experienced fighters without managerial connections in the Middlewest, would do well to get in touch with Gene Engel. Please enclose photo and clippings of your past record. I can be reached at Trafton's Gym, 180 West Randolph St., Chicago, Illinois. So, until next month, fights off!

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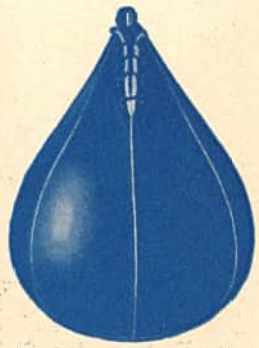

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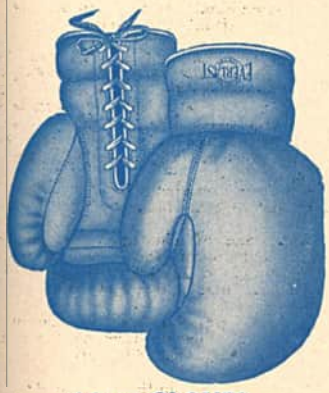

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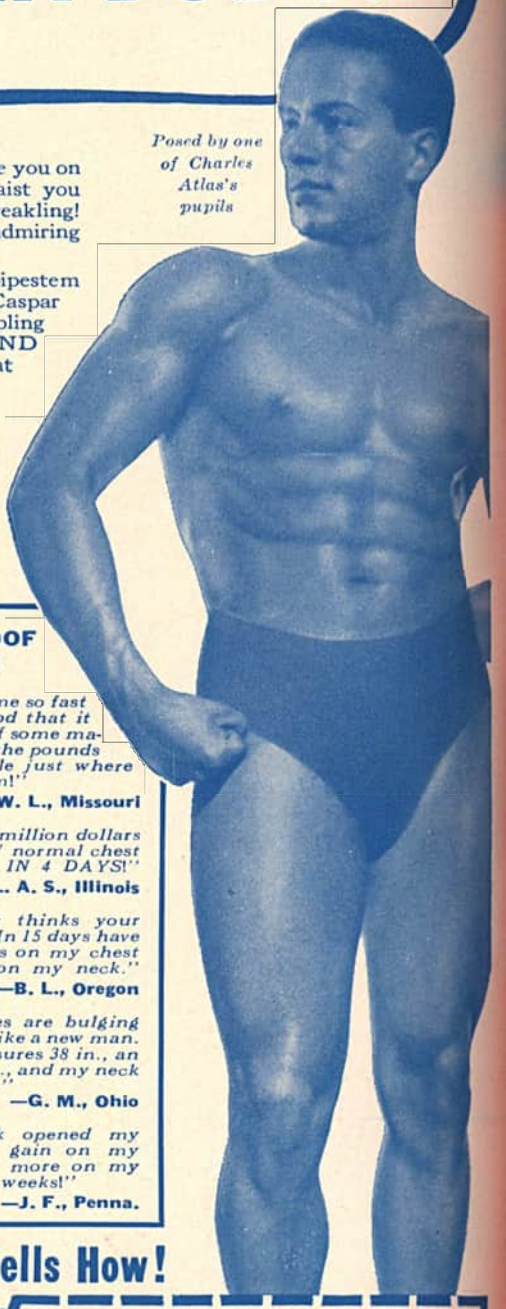

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